CHRONICLES OF MONROE

ORANGE CO., N. Y.

IN THE OLDEN TIME

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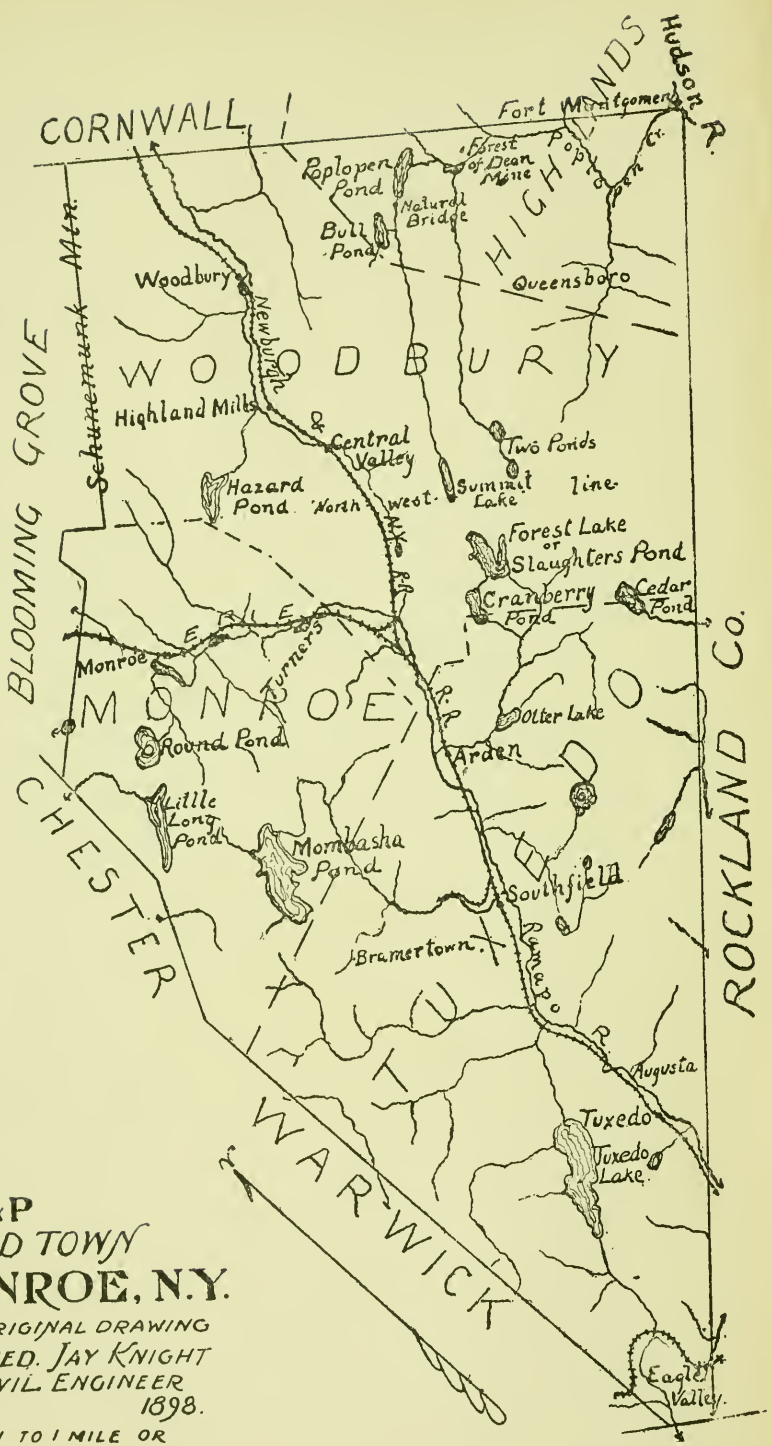

MAP
of the OLD TOWN of MONROE, N.Y.

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING
BY FRED. JAY KNIGHT
CIVIL ENGINEER
1898.

SCALE 5/8 INCH TO 1 MILE OR
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CHRONICLES

OF

MONROE

IN THE OLDEN TIME

TOWN AND VILLAGE
ORANGE COUNTY
NEW YORK

BY

REV. DANIEL NILES FREELAND

NEW YORK
THE DE VINNE PRESS
1898

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To

My former beloved parishioners of

Monroe, New York,

and many other kind friends of the town and village of

that name, both living and dead,

is this modest volume

Dedicated.

It is a token of grateful appreciation of many kindnesses received by both me and mine, and intended to preserve, for the entertainment and instruction of their children, the memory of the history, incidents and sayings of bygone age and generation. When I came to Monroe fifty years since, I found then living many venerable people, remarkable for intelligence and clearness of memory, their range of vision extending almost to the War of the Revolution. Finding also I was standing on historic ground, the thought entered my mind to gather up some of the conversations and experiences of these aged ones before they should be called to the land "from whose bourn no traveller returns." From their lips much of the material was gathered. It was first a lecture, the very ink of which had almost faded out. But an urgent request

having come from many sources that the material might have more permanent form, I have consented to give it to the many-fingered printing-press; and although "of making many books there is no end," I ask the indulgent attention of those more particularly interested in such a work. For more recent material I have been indebted to a number of living friends, to whom I tender most hearty thanks. In my personal reminiscences I have studiously avoided intrusion into the sanctities of private life; if alluding to faults, only presenting them as a background to virtues; if mentioning humorous incidents, they are thrown in as a pungent spicery to make the menu more palatable, and playfully present the features of the Ancient Past.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

HAVING noticed that other parts of the county of Orange have received marked attention, and had their historians and investigators, while the town and village of Monroe seem to have been passed by, we have thought it would be of interest and somewhat of the nature of a return for hospitalities received in said town, to investigate its early records and traditions and throw them into the form of a historic monograph for future preservation and study. The importance of this is evident from the fact that the old people are rapidly passing away, and unless some one should volunteer to gather up what they remember, they soon will have been gathered to the grave, "where there is no device nor knowledge." After a few years the opportunity will have gone irrecoverably. He, therefore, who has been cotemporary with some of these aged ones is conferring a favor on the future in obtaining their reminiscences and giving them permanent form. The fact that so much must be derived from tradition, and that the historical documents and data are so meager and scat-

tered, makes the task no easy one. When others have preceded us, they have chosen to dwell upon the misdeeds of its famous marauder, rather than upon the achievements of its better citizens; and the rudeness of its early population; and its rocks rather than its progress in wealth, culture and all the elements of modern life. So they have conveyed a false impression of its character and resources, until, indeed, some of its own people have been inclined, in view of our contemplated task, to say, "Can any good thing come out of Monroe?" Our answer is of old, "Come and see." We purpose now to take compass, chain and knapsack, and endeavor to find some of the ancient landmarks, run some of the old courses and gather up such information concerning Monroe as will tend to reproduce, for the instruction of the present generation, its topography, its ancient manners and such historical incidents as will exhibit its progress to the present day.

When the first survey was made, Charles Clinton noted in his Field Book that the needle pointed to the wealth of minerals which its very rocks contained. So its wealth, historical, archæological, social, ethical and religious, attracts the needle of our affection, exciting our interest and study after years of absence. And now we propose as a labor of love to take compass and chain, and revisit the Highlands and Valleys, or Cloves as they were called, reviving personal reminiscences, verifying historical incidents and bringing to record the results of some original investigations.

CHRONICLES OF MONROE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHEESECOCK PATENT.

WHEN King John demanded of certain nobles of England by what authority they held their lands, they laid their hands on the hilts of their swords. But when any old settler of the town of Monroe was asked a similar question, he answered as promptly, and with as much of right, "By the grant of Queen Anne, in the document called the Cheesecock Patent." But if questioned further as to the reason for the name, and who procured the Patent, and when and how the lands were surveyed and distributed, he could give little information. When we asked the question fifty years ago, Why is so singular a name given to that instrument? we were told a certain English Lord Cheesecock was active in its procurement. But in looking over books of heraldry and English history, we could find no such name, either among the nobility or the common people. We then tried to solve the mystery by connecting it with some dairy product or cheese cook or expert, but it failed to furnish a solution. Then we fancied that

the lay of the land might afford a clue, in the frequent occurrence of rounded knolls like Woodcock, Pedlar and numerous similar formations in this region, which might be likened to haycocks or even rolls of cheese. But that required too much imagination for the matter-of-fact people who were trying to find a home in the wilderness where they could have liberty to worship God and found a new commonwealth. We then turned to the document itself, and found that it grants a certain tract of upland and meadow. Now in the Algonquin tongue the name for upland was *Chis*, up—*kauk*, land, and there it is the Highland Patent. The term "patent" or "letters patent" was applied to a document issued by an authorized party, granting an exclusive right to a tract of land or other property for a term of years. The sovereigns of England were accustomed to issue such letters patent to favorites and friends, parceling out and conferring the lands the government had acquired on this continent, as if feudal lords of the soil. As these lands were imperfectly surveyed and were acquired some from the Indians and some from the Dutch government, it is not strange that there should be confusion in the boundaries and conflict in the grants. This very patent to which we refer was the occasion of no small litigation, while the grant on the northeast of it, the Captain Evans patent, had to be recalled.

During the governorship of the colony of New York by Edward Hyde, under the title of Lord Cornbury, his rapacity and prodigality led him to give out the public domain with a lavish hand. It was through him, and probably at his instance, that the Cheesecock Patent was granted by Queen Anne. A copy of it is in the office of the Secretary of the Province of New

York, in the Book of Patents begun A. D. 1695, folio 353–355, recorded at the request of William Smith and Co., the 2d day of June, A. D. 1736.

The following is the text of that remarkable document — a facsimile of its abbreviations, capitals and other peculiarities:

Anne by the Grace of England, Scotland, ffrance and Ireland Queen Defend$^{r.}$ of the faith &c. To all to whom these Presents may in any wise Concerne Sendeth Greeting, Whereas our Loving Subjects Anne Bridges, Hendrick Ten Eyck, Dirick Vandenburg, John Cholwell, Christopher Denne, Lancaster Symes and John Merritt, by their humble petition Prsented to our Right, trusty and well beloved Cousin Edward Viscount Cornbury, Captain General and Governour in Cheif in and over our Province of New Yorke and Territories Depending thereon in America and Vice Admiral of the same &c. in Council Have Pray'd our Grant and Confirmation of a Certain Tract of upLand and Meadow Scituate Lying and being in the County of Orange Called Cheesecocks be Bounded to the Northward by the Patented Lands of Captain John Evans and the Patent of Doctor Bridges and Company to the Westward: by the said Bridges &c^{a} and the West side of the high hills, called the high Lands to the Southward by the Patented lands of Mr. Daniell Honan and Michaell Howden and to the Eastward by the Christian Patented Lands of Haverstraw and Hudson's River the which Petition wee being minded to Grant KNOW YEE that of our Especiall Grace Certain Knowledge and meer motion wee have Given Granted Ratified and Confirmed and in and by these P'sents for ourselves our Heires and Successors Doe Give Grant Ratify and Confirm unto the sd Anne Bridges, Hendrick Tenicke, Dirick Vandenburg, John Cholwell, Christopher Denne, Lancaster Symes and John Merritt all and Singular the Tract of Upland and Meadow above mentioned and all and Singular the Hereditaments and Appurtenances thereunto belonging within the Bounds and Limitts above in these presents mentioned and Expressed together with all woods and under woods Trees Timber feedings Pastures Meadows Marshes Swamps Ponds Pooles Waters Watercourses Rivers Rivoletts Runs and Streams of Water ffishing fouling hunting hawking Mines and Mineralls Standing growing lyeing and being or to be used had and enjoyed within the Bounds

and Limmitts aforesd. and all other Profitts benefitts Privledges Libertys Advantages Hereditaments & Appurtenances whatsoever unto sd. Land and Premises or any Part or Parcell thereof belonging or in any wise appertaining in Seven Equal Parts to be Divided (Except allways and Reserved out of this our Present Grant all Gold and Silver mines.)

To Have and to hold One seventh part of the Tract of Land and premises aforesaid with the Appurtenances hereby Granted or meant mentioned or intended to be hereby Granted as aforesaid unto the sd. Anne Bridges her Heires and Assigns forever to the only proper use and behoof of the sd. Anne Bridges her Heires and Assigns forever one other Seaventh part thereof to the sd. Hendrick Tenicke his Heires and Assigns forever to the only proper use and behoof of the sd. Hendrick Tenicke his Heires and assigns forever one other Seaventh Part thereof unto the sd Dirick Van den burgh his Heires and assigns for Ever to the only Proper use and behoof of the said Dirick Vandenburgh his Heires and assigns forever one other Seaventh Part thereof unto the sd John Cholwell his Heires and assigns forever to the only proper use and behoof of the sd John Cholwell his Heires and assigns forever one other Seaventh Part thereof unto the sd Christopher Denne his Heires and assigns forever to the only Proper use and behoof of the sd Christopher Denne his Heires and assigns for Ever one other Seaventh Part thereof unto the sd Lancaster Symes his Heires and assigns for ever to the only proper use and behoof of the sd Lancaster Symes his Heires and assigns forever and one other Seaventh part thereof unto the sd John Merritt his Heires and Assigns forever to the only proper use and behoof of the sd John Merritt his Heires and Assigns forever (Except as is herein before Excepted) TO BE HOLDEN of us our Heires and Successors in free and comon Soccage as of our Mannor of east Greenwich in the County of Kent within our Kingdome of England Yeilding and Paying therefore Yearly and every year frome henceforth unto us our Heires and Succsso^{rs} at our Custome house at New Yorke to our Collector upon the feast day of the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary (Commonly Called Lady Day) the Rent or Sume of twenty Shillings Currant Money of our Provincee of New York Provided always and these p'sents are upon this Condition that if no Improvement be already had or made upon the sd Land and p'misses hereby Granted nor any Part or Parcell thereof that then and in such case they the sd Anne

Bridges Hendrick Tenicke Dirick Vandenburgh John Cholw[ll] Christopher Denne Lancaster Symes and John Merritt theire Heires and Assigns some or one of them shall within the time and Space of three Years now next following from and after the Date hereof Settle Clear & make Improvement of and upon the sd Lands and Premisses hereby Granted or of and upon some part or parcel thereof in Testimony whereof we have Caused these our Letters to be made Patents and the seale of our Province of New York to our sd Letters Patents to be Affixed and the same to be Recorded in our Secretarys Office of our sd Province Wittnesse our Right Trusty and welbeloved Cousin Edward Viscount Cornbury our Captain Generall and Governour in Cheif in and over our sd Province of New Yorke and Territorryes Depending thereon in America and Vice Admirall of the same &c in Council at our Fort in New Yorke the twenty-fifth Day of March in the Sixt Yeare of our Reigns Annoq Dm 1707

GEO CLARKE.

I do hereby Certify the foregoing to be a true Copy of the Original Record Compared there with By me

LEWIS A SCOTT Secretary.

The only terms in the document that need explanation are "free and common socage." Socage, we learn, was a legal term derived from the feudal system. It was the fee or consideration upon the rendering of which rights and privileges in land were granted. There were two kinds of socage—free, or common, and villein. The former was a certain fee in money or honorable service; the latter a certain service that might be base or menial. The socage of the Cheesecock letters patent was twenty shillings current money, to be paid yearly as prescribed. A manorial grant like that at Pelham Manor to Lord Pell was without socage, making him lord of the manor with absolute control. The heirs of the old Cheesecock patent, if not originally, yet soon afterward, became lords of the soil by the right not merely of pick and shovel, but of their good rifles and swords.

The original of this patent cannot at present be traced. It is in possession either of some of the heirs, or may be among the records of the Court of Chancery, where so many of its disputed points had to be settled. It must have contained the signatures of the Indians from whom the land at first had to be purchased. The late Peter Townsend stated that he saw the original, and that the Indian signatures were attached to it, with their totems. They were these:

MERINGOMACK, his mark.

SQAWGUS UGH QIAD, her mark.

TEPHANICK, his mark.

ONICKOTOP, his mark.

AJOAQUEAE, his mark.

These appear on a copy in possession of G. R. Conklin, who has it in deeds of lots 2 and 5 of the Cheesecock Patent.

Now there was also a seal attached to the patent. The old seal of William and Mary, according to custom, had been defaced and a new seal brought out to the Governor of the Province of New York by Colonel Nott of Virginia, in 1705. This seal is that of Queen Anne. A copy of it has been furnished us, by the courtesy of William Cowie, counselor in things artistic, and a drawing* executed by the American Bank Note Company is given in this volume.

*See title-page.

The reverse is inscribed: Anna Dei. Gra. Mag. Brit. Fran. et Hib. Regina, Fid. Defen. Nov. Eb. Sig. (Anna, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith. Seal of the province of New York.) On the obverse are the arms of the Stuarts — namely, the usual insignia of Great Britain, with a Greek cross and the legend *Semper eadem* ("Always the same") below.

The first step toward the securing of this patent was taken in December 13, 1702, when a convention was made with certain Indian proprietors to secure possession of the land. Their names were Maringomack, Skawgus Ughquad, Topainick, Onickotapp, and Aighquahaeroe. They were Indians of the Minsies subtribe, whose totem was the wolf. They were a branch of the Lenni-Lenape and part of the Algonquin nation. They had their villages and tribe organizations and territorial possessions. The several subtribes were known by their totems, such as Wolf, Turkey, Turtle, painted on their wigwams and blankets. The chiefs of one of these subtribes agreed in the presence of William Merritt, Esq., one of her Majesty's justices of the peace for Orange County. The document is addressed to all Christian people. "Know ye that we — then are mentioned their names — native Indians, proprietors of a certain tract of land and meadow, situate, being and lying in the county of Orange, called Cheesecocks, bounded to the North by the Patent lately granted unto Captain John Evans; to the West by the high hills of the Highlands; to the South by Honan's Patent; to the East by the lands of Haverstraw and Hudson's River, for a certain sum of money and goods to us in hand paid at and before the ensealing and delivery of those

presents, by Doctor John Bridges, Hendrick Ten Eyck, Dirick Vandenburg, John Cholwell, Christopher Denne, Lancaster Symes and John Merritt. The receipt whereof we do hereby acknowledge ourselves therewith fully contented and paid. We have given, granted, bargained, sold and confirmed, and do by these presents give, grant, bargain, sell and confirm, for us and our Heirs forever unto the above named Doctor John Bridges, Hendrick Ten Eyck, Dirick Vandenburg, John Cholwell, Christopher Denne, Lancaster Symes and John Merritt, all that certain parcel of land, etc., bounded as above mentioned. To have and to hold the said, before recited Tract, of upland and meadow unto the said Doctor John Bridges, etc., their heirs and assigns, to the sole and only proper use and benefit and behoof of the same."

This document differs in its terms from the former only in specifying what is included in these general gifts, namely: "Together with all woods, *underwoods*, trees, timbers, floodings, pastures, meadows, marshes, swamps, pools, ponds, waters, water courses, rivers, rivulets, runs and streams of water," etc. This document was signed and sealed at Haverstraw, on the twelfth day of June, 1704. In addition to the signatures of the first-named Indians is appended that of Toparonick (his mark). It was also sealed and de livered in the presence of Andrew Myer, Ida Myer, and Nonowitt (his mark).

"Then appeared before me, William Merritt, Esq., one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said County, the within named Andrew Myer, and Ida Myer, two of the witnesses to the within Deed, and declared upon the Holy Evangelist, that they saw the

within Indians seal and deliver the within instrument as their voluntary act and deed."

Again it will be noticed that it was "a certain tract of upland and meadow," not mountain alone, as some rival claimants would contend. The boundaries appear quite indefinite. It is bounded on all sides by other patented lands, the only natural boundary designated being the west side of the Highlands. What is meant by these was for a time a subject of dispute. Some of the neighboring patentees would insist that these Highlands were the East Mountains stretching from the Clove to Haverstraw, and that the patent ceased where the western slope of these mountains merged into said Clove. But when the viewers looked down on the rich valleys stretching north and south, and saw mountain ranges bounding them on the west, they put a larger construction on the language of the patent, and made it include these Highlands as well. They had this in their favor, that it was a tract of "upland and meadow," and this embraced both. How far west they would have pushed their claim we know not; but no doubt they would have claimed the western slope of Sugarloaf and Bellvale Mountains, if it had not been that they met with a point of resistance in a certain Dr. Bridges and the Wawayanda patentees. They were just as ambitious of pushing their claim eastward as the proprietors of the Cheesecock were of extending their claim westward. In after years, when settlers flowed in, disputes ran high with regard to the titles to the lands. A tribunal then had to be appointed, which sat at Greycourt or Greycoat Inn (so called because of its sign of a colonial soldier in coat of gray). This tribunal conceded to the proprietors of this

patent their right to the tract from Goosepond Mountain and the Great Beaver Meadow, which was Greycourt Meadow, to the Highlands, inclusive, as far as the Haverstraw boundary and the Jersey line.

The patent required this land to be occupied within the space of three years. We know nothing of its history until the year 1735.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIELD BOOK AND SURVEY.

A SURVEYOR named Charles Clinton was employed to survey the lands under the patent. This gentleman had emigrated with his family, a short time previously, to the vicinity of New Windsor. He was afterward known as Lieutenant-Colonel Clinton. His sons were George and James Clinton. His grandson was De Witt Clinton, an eminent statesman and governor of the State of New York.

When Charles Clinton commenced his survey on the river, Haverstraw village seems to have been already begun. For when he started out he warned its inhabitants to show him their boundary, for the eastern boundary he was to find was that of the Christian patented lands of Haverstraw. These people seemed to have rather confused ideas of their own limits, and, like others, were inclined to push their claims as far as possible. But he terminated the dispute by making Monetcong Creek his base, and commenced running his courses toward the northwest.

He divided the mountain into great lots running parallel with the northwest line, and numbered them from one to seven. These contained five or six thousand acres apiece. The mountains south he divided into lots running at right angles with the former, and

running to the Jersey line. The smooth land in the valley was subdivided into smaller lots containing 150 acres apiece. He carefully recorded his surveys in a field book, and kept a sort of journal of each day's labors and incidents, sometimes mentioning the state of the weather — a storm, for instance; his stopping to repair a wigwam; his having to dispense with horse and carry his provisions on his back. Most of the time he had an assistant or two; but at one time was without a chain-bearer, when he paced the ground with his watch in his hand, reckoning a minute equal to two chains. He was very exact and careful in his surveys, considering the nature of the ground he had to traverse. He proves his work from time to time, correcting errors. At one place he allows a link in each chain on account of the unevenness of the ground, calculating it will measure that much less when the land is cleared.

In surveying large lot No. 3, he says: "I selected an object in a very thick beaver dam, took a tree a considerable distance forward, and in my way went to a tree that I observed to be in the line. I set the compass again, being in some doubt about the tree I had taken, and when the needle settled I could not take my former tree. I then took a back sight to the station I had left, and my compass would not agree to it. Then returned to the said first station and set there again. Found the same tree I had formerly taken to be in the line according to the position of the needle, by which (I inferred) there was something at or near that station that attracted the needle. Here set the compass a piece forward and took a back sight and found a variation of 10°. Went again back to said first station and set the compass a few yards for-

ward in the line, and found I had there but 6° variation; and a piece further I found I had but 2°. I could not find either iron ore or lodestone near this place, nor many rocks. It appeared a plain ridge. This is the first place I observed that minerals or ore in the earth will attract the needle. Dr. Colden having sent his son with me to make remarks on this curiosity (accounts of which I have given you), therefore will take no further notice of it here."

This same fact he records in connection with other parts of the survey, in one instance mentioning that he ran the line by guess rather than by the needle. He speaks of iron discovered by the Indians near where the O'Neill and Mount Basha mines are at present. Lot No. 18, where the Greenwood Iron Works are, he designates as suitable for iron works. At Tucseto he calls attention to the fall of the watercourses and their suitableness for manufacturing purposes, but cautions in one place against raising the water too high, for fear of spoiling a fine swamp suitable for meadow. When such lowlands were the only resource for forage, they were considered of a value far beyond what they are estimated at present unless carefully drained and cultivated.

When he is surveying lots 68 and 69 he speaks of a high mountain which he calls Mount Bashon, and the pond near by, but he does not name the pond. Mombasha may be only a corruption of Mount Bashon. The Long Pond he names as such. The body of water north of it he calls the Pond with a round island in it; so that it is more properly Round Island Pond. The pond commonly called Duckcedar is Tuxseto on the earliest map of the region. The origin of the name is probably Indian.

Bald Hill, near the present village of Monroe, is so called in the Field Book, probably from some outcrop of slate rock on its side, free from timber, giving it the appearance of baldness.

Lot 43, containing 276 acres, was situated "on a sudden bend of the 'Ramerpo.'" It contained "100 acres of barren and very bad stony land in ye N. E. side of it, and in ye N. W. end. The rest of it is good land. There is some low land and good swamp in some places upon ye River. I take it to be equal to any other middling lot, for it has plowland and meadowland sufficient for a settlement." This and lot No. 16 are the site of the present village of Monroe, while the bend of the Ramapo has been enlarged into the village mill-pond.

Over on the ridge not far from Hazard's Pond he came to land which he pronounced very poor. He was seeking some tract suitable for a parsonage. But one evening he broke off, dissatisfied, and said he should seek for land somewhere else. Shortly afterward he happened upon a piece which he numbered 24, a lot of 150 acres, which he selects for a parsonage, and calls it "a choice good lot." This was held by the Presbyterian Church in this place as a glebe until the year 1804, when it was exchanged for a part of lot 16 at the village of Monroe, containing 58 acres.

A few additional extracts from the Field Book will not be uninteresting. For the selection of many of these items I am indebted to the courtesy of Civil Engineer Fred. J. Knight.

Page 306, Clinton says: "Being all abused by the rain, he built a wigwam."

Page 301, he mentions his first observation of the

influence of iron ore on the needle. This was in lot 4, one of the large mountain lots, afterward Greenwood. He finds similar traces of iron in lots 9 and 10.

Page 321, he refers to a meadow which had been "dammed by beavers." When he came to lot 54 he found a negro named Solomon Peterson, who had built a hut there. Here, near a swamp, he had cleared a piece of land. The entire lot comprised 263 acres, and on it were two free negro settlements. (See page 269, lot 54.) This is the Samuel Webb place.

In surveying lot 61, he came upon the cabin of Casper, a free negro, settled here by Hendrick Nanderlinden near a heap of stones, in a cleared field, near a brook named Paskak. Page 222, on lot 62, he comes on the settlement of Ari King, purchased from this same Nanderlinden, and with improvements made by the latter. This is the Jeptha Clark place, and 61 is the Samuel Bull place. In running the line at lot 69, he came upon the stone house and cleared land of Abraham Hoppers. These lands he formerly purchased from Dr. Johnston. "I did not run the line lest he should stop us, by what we were informed of others. Therefore to avoid an unnecessary quarrel we did not mark it." This lot is in what is known as Dutch Hollow. The small stream through it was called Saddle River. Through it ran the road from Goshen to Ramapo.

He mentions an Indian settlement on lot 52, the place of the late Dr. G. M. Roe, where peach and pear trees were seen. On page 234 he alludes to cornfields. Several times he took refuge in wigwams, which also he repaired. Indian paths are mentioned, some indistinct, crossing the Clove to Wawayanda, Haverstraw and Ramapo. In lot 64, easterly from

Bull's mills, was another Indian settlement. He lodged at wigwams near Sugarloaf. On pages 338 to 345 he speaks of the road from Goshen to Stirling, and on page 34 of a path from Hazard's to Ramapo, "scarce noticeable it is so seldom used."

The surveyor laid out the tract in fourteen large lots, containing about 5000 acres apiece, and 106 smaller lots containing 150 acres. A part of these lots was included in the county of Rockland when that county was organized. Lot 43, on a bend of the Ramapo, which he speaks of as barren, is the site of the village of Monroe.

Lot 44 was the Letts farm, in which was a round island with a hassocky point running down to it.

Lot 61, the S. S. Bull farm, contained a pond which he designates as Second Pond. Mombasha is simply the pond near Mount Bashon. Lot 35 is the D. V. Howell place, on which was a great Bald Hill well timbered on the northwest side, while the rest was barren. This was the late glebe of the Presbyterian Church. The first lot set apart for that purpose was the farm of the late Andrew VanValer, which was so stony in one spot that an Irishman declared the old de'il was carrying stones in his apron and spilled them out to spite the deacon.

The copy of the Field Book from which these extracts have been made was the property of the late David Lynch. It is now owned by Major T. B. Brooks.

CHAPTER III.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE LANDS. MAPS OF LOTS.

AFTER the survey the lands were allotted to the members of the company owning the patent. We find different names from those of the original patentees. Now they are reduced to six, and are as follows: John Chambers, Philip Livingston, John McEvers, Catherine Symes (wife probably of Lancaster Symes), William Smith and James Alexander. Chambers and Livingston were members of the Legislative Council, as was also William Smith, who was at one time Chief Justice, and then Governor of the State, in 1701. The family seat is in the neighborhood of Haverstraw. James Alexander was also called Lord Stirling because of a claim upon an earldom and estates of that name in Scotland. He owned a beautiful estate at Ringwood, was one of the company forming the Stirling Iron Company, and was father of Lord Stirling, who took such an active part as a general officer in our War of Independence.

We would remark in passing that the map-makers of the county have not done this town nor themselves justice in their attempts to represent the boundaries of the patent. In the map published in 1859 by Corey and Bachman of Philadelphia was the first serious mistake. The surveyor seems to have mis-

taken the scale of the old map of the patentees. He started out by making his lots too large on the east, which had the effect of pushing them all bodily the distance of about two lots or more too far to the west. When he came to lay his map of the patent on his map of the town, "the bed was shorter than that he could stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he could wrap himself in it." The result was that he had to omit the whole tier of lots that touch the foot of Sugarloaf and Goosepond Mountains, while he was forced to change the entire shape of others. Hence the map is useless so far as finding the location of lots and patent lines is concerned, and is in constant conflict with all the ancient deeds and surveys of the place. The atlas of Orange County published by Baskin and Burr of Newburg repeats the errors, and unfortunately puts them in more permanent form. It is hoped that some one of Monroe's own sons will some day make the needful correction and produce a map of the town worthy of its ancient reputation.

The map published in this volume is a beginning of better things. It is a facsimile of the handiwork of Civil Engineer Fred. J. Knight, made expressly for this work.

In glancing over the old maps and noticing the distribution of the lots, we find that a large proportion of them, some forty-five, are marked with the name of William Smith. He bought the Cholwell and the Ten Eyck portions, each being the one half of a seventh of the patent, and still another similar portion audited to J. Berger and wife. This circumstance explains the origin of the name given to that part of the tract, namely, Smith's Clove, Upper and

Lower. It is an error to suppose that it derived its name from the famous cowboy of that name who put the bar sinister on its fair escutcheon.

At the time the survey was made, other parts of the county of Orange had been cleared, and a numerous population was flowing in upon them. In 1731, which was a few years earlier, there were 1969 persons in the county. New Windsor was occupied about that time, Newburg was laid out in 1719, while Christopher Denne, one of the Cheesecock patentees, located a residence for himself on the Otterkill as early as 1712, and sent Sarah Wells, an adopted daughter, under the care of three friendly Indians and several young carpenters, with cows and dogs and implements, upon a sloop, by way of the river, to New Windsor, to proceed across the country to his settlement. He and his wife started the next day, and came by way of the Ramapo, at whose falls he stopped, reaching the Otterkill one day later than Sarah Wells and her escort. Shortly after she met with a young English mason named William Bull, from Wolverhampton, to whom she was married at Greycourt Inn, by Friends' ceremony. They afterward located on a tract of land purchased from Christopher Denne, on the Wawayanda Patent, built a stone house still standing, and called the place Hamptonburgh. Here they raised a family of twelve children, from whom sprang the several branches of the Bull family which settled in different parts of Monroe and Chester, and helped develop the wealth, enterprise and intelligence of those towns.

CHAPTER IV.

INDIANS AND INDIAN NOMENCLATURE.

AT the time of the survey this section of country was a wilderness inhabited by the aborigines and a few white men who seem to have squatted upon the land. Clinton several times mentions his meeting with the settlements and wigwams of the former. He took refuge more than once in wigwams, some of which were deserted, which he repaired. He found a settlement upon the Dr. G. M. Roe place, on which were growing peach and apple trees. Another settlement was at Sugarloaf, where he spent a night. These Indians were friendly. Hendrick Hudson found them so when his little ship, the *Half Moon*, ascended the Hudson River, until his crew gave them fire-water, and quarrels occurred, and then war. They danced their war-dance, or *kintekaue*, on the top of Shawangunk or Dans Kammer. After several massacres of the whites about Kingston, the Indians were subdued and a treaty of peace was made.

The Indians of this region were of the Algonquin family, the Lenni-Lenape or Delaware tribe, and the Minsies subtribe. The dominion of the Delawares extended from Kingston to Georgia, south, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Their castle was at Philadelphia. North of Kingston were the Six Tribes. East of the North River were the Mohegans, also a

branch of the Algonquins. Their language was a very perfect one, although unwritten. Rev. George Eliot was the first to reduce it to writing. He found it difficult, because he desired to inculcate Christian and moral ideas, and had to build up his words of many syllables to clothe them, especially in translating the Scriptures. Thus, to express repentance it required nine syllables, and sinful lusts could be appeased with no less than thirty-three letters.

The Algonquins had musical ears and softened the gutturals and harsh consonants into such euphonious words as Wyoming, Wissahickon, Minisink, Manhattan, Monongahela, Mamakating. They had stronger expressions for the rugged features of nature, as Schunemunk, Shawangunk. It is of interest to trace the meaning of some of these Indian names; for, like other geographical names, they sometimes reveal a bit of history, ethnography or sociology. Thus, Wyoming means "broad fields"; Coxsackie means "owl hooting"; Minisink, "many islands"; Seawanhaka, "place of wampum-making"; Manhattan, "bad channel," referring to the East River; Shawangunk is "white man's mountain." Shunam was a contemptuous expression for the white man; Schunemunk signified "the mount of the signal-fires," because the Indians had a castle or palisaded fort on the east end. Onk always means "high land," and auk and haka signify "place," while pogh signifies "stream" or "river": thus, Potomac is the "river of the tomahawk." Ramer is "many"; hence Ramer-po is "the many-watered."

Mombasha has been one of the moot points in Monroe history ever since the first survey. Clinton gives us no help, for he simply mentions a pond with

a high mountain near by, which latter he designates Mount Bashon. Most historians so call the pond or lake. Even the Heine Club accepts that designation. Mombasha then becomes a corruption. But we remind the advocates of this theory that Dr. Eager mentions the burial of an Indian brave at Mombacus somewhere in this vicinity. A learned German schoolmaster translated the word, "King of Minerals." Ruttenber makes basha mean "death," and derives the name from a battle or a cemetery. Sometimes we have leaned to the opinion that the female sachem Basha Bashika, whose name is given to a kill or stream further west, may have been the Deborah of this region. But further researches give as its meaning, "the ensign of bloody battle," mom meaning "pain, agony," and basha, "the ensign of battle." See "Dictionary of the Delaware Language," by M. S. Henry, in Franklin Library, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tuxedo is another obscure name. The vulgar pronunciation is Duckcedar. Dr. Eager claims this is correct, and the vulgar have corrupted it into Tuxedo. He says it was so named because of the ducks and cedars that abound there. Others suppose it to be of Spanish origin, like Toledo, even claiming there is an estate on Long Island with similar name. But the difficulty is, there was no Spanish settler in the region. Clinton calls it "Tucseto," and so do the earlier maps. Let us try our Indian measuring-line upon it. Tuck, in Algonquin, and even in Chinook jargon, means "fresh water." Thus the North River was called Mohicannituck, the "flowing water of the Mohegans." Pawtuxet is applied to the falls of the Merrimac, and means "leaping fresh water." The terminal in Tuxedo we regard as a verbal one, and

means "flowing," so that Tuxedo, according to our theory, is the "lake of clear flowing water": rightly named because of the cascade by which the water entered it, and the natural fall mentioned by Clinton by which it left it. Clinton speaks of its fine water-power, and a valuable meadow that must not be overflowed by raising the water too high.

The term "Cheesecock," applied to the patent, yields even more satisfactory results if regarded as an Algonquin word. Residents of Monroe once imagined it was borrowed from some English Lord Cheesecock, but there was no record of any such person. When we apply our etymological test to it, it gives a different result. Chis in Algonquin is "high," and kauk is "land." Thus, Pas kauk is "burnt land"; Montauk is "the land of the oaks"; Mount Kis ko or kauk is "the mountain of upland." So Cheese cock, or better, Chis kauk, is the Patent of the Highland, as its very contents demonstrate.

The Indians of this tract were generally disposed to be friendly, so long as the white man kept his word with them; and we read of no complaint under the Cheesecock Patent; but under the Minisink Patent the Indians were not paid for their lands which early began to be settled. Wrongs under the Penn Treaty exasperated this same tribe, the Minsies or Lenape, who had their fort at Philadelphia. Hence the incursions upon the frontier settlements along the Susquehanna and Delaware up to Port Jervis and beyond. Minisink suffered terribly. Homes were burned, women and children butchered, cattle driven away, till the region was nearly depopulated. Block-houses were built to protect the few who were brave enough to resist. At the close of

the French and Indian War the Indians were pacified by paying them for their lands, and they remained friendly until the Revolutionary War, when the Tories stirred them up, and the English sent agents among them to engage their arms against the patriotic frontiersmen. During the years 1778 and 1779 the whole frontier was ablaze with the flames of war. The Tory element gave it peculiar horror, because neighbor betrayed neighbor, and even brother a brother. Brant and his Tory allies had their camp at Oghkawaga, now Binghamton. They perpetrated the twin massacres of Wyoming and Minisink, deeds of cruelty burned into the memory of the nation. The latter of these raids aroused the whole region about Minisink, and an expedition was promptly fitted out to punish the savages. They were under the command of Colonel Hathorn and Lieutenant-Colonel Tusten. The brave band plunged into the forest as far as the mouth of the Lackawaxen, and there fell into an ambush prepared by Brant and the Tories. The Spartan band fought bravely till ammunition failed, when the scene closed with a butchery from which only about thirty escaped. This was the historic battle of Minisink, commemorated by a monument at Goshen containing the names of the brave martyrs of Liberty. The date of the battle was July 22, 1779.

Monroe, being situated so far from the frontier, did not suffer directly from these incursions of the Indians. The strain upon Monroe and drain of men was in the direction of the Highlands, where the fiercest struggle was with the flower of the English army, which was doing its utmost to control the navigation of the Hudson.

CHAPTER V.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.

BEFORE we speak of the early settlement of this tract, it is well to glance at some of its physical features, and see what inducements it held out to settlers, and how they were likely to shape their destiny; for the very character of a people depends upon their environment. The lines of the Patent were so indeterminate on account of the contiguity of other patents, that they had to be settled by arbitration, both on the northwest and along the Jersey line, where a "gore line" was claimed reaching to Tuxedo. But when these lines were adjusted it left the town nearly the shape of a trapezoid. The three rectangular sides impinged, on the southeast, upon Rockland; on the northwest, upon Cornwall, and Highland on the north, touching Blooming Grove, and on the west Warwick, the apex just reaching the Jersey line. The tract consists of "upland and meadow," as the Patent describes it. The valley of the Ramapo enters on the south — the only direct route on this side of the Highlands near the river to the north. The valley widens at Greenwood, and divides into two, called "Cloves" — the Upper and Lower Smith's Clove. These are hemmed in by lofty mountains: Highlands to the southeast; Schunemunk to the north-

west; Bellvale Mountain on the west; and Southfield Mountains on the south. These valleys swell up into knolls and ridges with noble prospects and inviting sites for homes and hamlets. The mountains break from ridges to single peaks between which nestle vales as quiet and restful as many in Scotland. Indeed, the region has been called the Trosachs of America, because so like the same in Scotland.

In travelling through this region, scenery of surpassing beauty strikes the eye of the tourist; and if he be an artist, he will want to place his easel or use his kodak. But his æsthetic taste will not seldom revolt at the uncanny names which the early settlers gave to lakes beautiful as Windermere or Loch Katrine. The entire water system of the town is remarkable. The Indian Ramapo, or "many waters," well expressed the fact. The stream of that name rises in the Round Island Pond, a most beautiful sheet of water, where the Indian youth raced their canoes to win their dusky brides; but now the resort of their fair successors from every part of the county. The wooded island called Chestnut Island, and the sunny sloping shores, offer sites for cottages and villas of rare beauty. This spot is really the watershed of the level portion of the town; for the Long Pond, or Walton Lake, as it has been more euphoniously called, lies but a few feet away, and yet sends its waters through Craigville and Chester, furnishing a mill-seat for the former, and domestic supply of water for the latter, and then empties into Murderer's Creek, now Moodna, and so reaches the Hudson far away from the water of its neighbor, the Ramapo. This latter furnishes seats for many mills and furnaces, so great is its fall. It receives the waters of

Mombasha at Southfield, where it affords valuable mill-power. This lake is about two miles from Monroe village. While it is picturesque in surroundings, it presents the remarkable phenomenon of floating islands which break away of their own accord and carry their masses of tangled bushes wherever the wind steers them. The abundance of fish in this and other lakes invites the disciple of Izaak Walton to cast his line and lot here.

A club-house has been built on the border of this lake, making it a very popular resort. Mr. Geo. R. Conklin has bought a number of acres in this vicinity, and is building beautiful cottages, so that it is becoming quite a villa. Water-works are built here, for the water of this lake supplies the village of Monroe. A fine road has also been laid out, which will connect this lake with its rival the Tuxedo, and make one of the most picturesque driveways in the country.

Another confluent of the Ramapo is Wild Cat Brook. It brings down the waters of the mountains below Southfield, over the rockiest of beds, and rushes out near the site of the old saw-works. It is full of speckled beauties, and has given us more than one enjoyable outing. Tuxedo Lake is another source of supply of this remarkable river. Charles Clinton refers to it in his Field Book, speaking of a fine marsh in the neighborhood, and the fitness of the lake to furnish power, but advises not to raise the water too high and spoil the marsh or meadow. He calls it Tucseto.

After passing through various forms of spelling and definition, from the vulgar Duckcedar of Eager to the fanciful Truxillo of Ruttenber, it has settled down to that of Tuxedo, which is the lake of fresh

sparkling water, full of fish, with picturesque rocky shores adapted to just what it has been made, a park for residences and every rural and athletic sport. It was laid out by Pierre Lorillard in 1885, who fenced it in and stocked it with deer and wild boar, and other game, making it, with its villas, club-house, and church, one of the most beautiful parks on the Atlantic slope.

But we have not begun to exhaust the lake system of Monroe in the mention of these lakes; for the whole region of the Highlands is covered with them. Wherever you drive or walk, they burst upon your view suddenly on a mountain-top, in a forest or dell, where least expected. From Summit Lake up in the northeast corner, there is a continuous chain of lakes all the way down past Greenwood to the Ramapo, where most of them empty. There are Two Ponds, Echo, Carr, Cedar, Niggar, Cranberry, Slaughters, and others, till we are lost amid their commonplace names. They belong to a limestone region, the waters of which have dissolved out the mineral and left these picturesque basins, beside which mountaineers love to dwell, and sportsmen to camp.

Poplopens Pond is named after a warrior of that name, who had his castle on its banks. The pond flows through a creek of that name, and empties through Buttermilk or Highland Falls into the Hudson. Woodbury Creek rises in Hazard's Pond, now Cromwell Lake, on the banks of which is a fine hotel kept by Oliver Cromwell — a most delightful resort. The stream furnishes the power for the tannery and gristmill at Highland Mills, flows past Woodbury and joins the Moodna made famous by N. P. Willis' residence and writings.

The geology of Monroe has an important bearing upon its settlement and history. It is one of the principles of physical geography that the physical features of a country largely influence its morals. People of effeminate tastes gravitate toward warm alluvions like the valley of the Jordan, but the men of grit choose more elevated plateaus, where there are flints, sand, lime and iron. Such regions furnish the master minds and heroes of the world. Providence destined this region to be the abode of no mean race. The more mountainous portions of the town would be classified with the azoic period of the world's construction; the rocks being mostly of the primary class. The Highlands are part of the great Appalachian range which forms the eastern framework of the continent — the earliest with the Rockies to be lifted out of the primeval ocean. Monroe is literally old Monroe,

"Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun."

The materials of these rocks are mingled in different proportions: feldspar, mica, quartz; yielding hornblende, gneiss, syenite and granite. Sometimes these materials have scorned admixture, and pushing all rivals aside, have been heaved up and congealed, a splendid crystalline column, as is the case in a remarkable instance with quartz. Beds and veins of iron, magnetic, specular, crystallized and even granular, have also been laid down along with these rocks; iron adapted to every purpose, from malleable casting, for a door-latch, to the sheet-anchor of an iron-clad, or a twelve-inch rifled gun. Beds of limestone were also stored in close proximity to these deposits of iron, while sand for moulding and fire-clay were

within easy reach. But where is the fuel? Timber of best grades abounds, but wasteful man demands something more economical. It was the hope of some that coal would be found in some of these strata. A premium offered by the State stimulated the search; but nothing was found beyond a little lignite, after opening a shaft on Pedlar Hill. The sandstone of that locality is the floor of the coal-measures. Schunemunk is of like formation. On the southwest are coarse conglomerates, which become more and more fine toward the eastern extremity; at one spot presenting an upheaved mass of graywacke, as if nature would give an object lesson in quarrying.

Still further east, where the mountain spreads out into a wide plateau, a rocky acropolis lifts its rugged head, composed of coarse conglomerate. On the surface of this great stone page nature, with iceberg or glacier, has scratched long lines, which the scientist interprets as the record of prehistoric time. In some instances the flints in this stone pudding are cut directly in half. On the lichens that blacken its sides, giving the spot the name of Black Rocks, are scratched the names of those who have scaled these heights, and left their monogram on the stone page and some of their ashes "in Memory's sacred urn." As we descend Schunemunk on the south, we see the moraines of glaciers fringed with boulders, the lighter of which can be traced far down the valleys, intermingled with shell rock, oölite and even with Labrador spar, showing that some time in the hoary past, when this planet was fitting up for man's abode, ice and flood swept over these vales and the mountain-tops were covered. These will account for the deposits of clay, sand, gravel and limestone. But heat,

as the third factor, was necessary to metamorphose many of these and give us the beautiful crystals of iron, serpentine, quartz and calc, all of which invite the student of nature. It boasts also some rare minerals, as brucite, xanthite and spinelles, fine shell impressions, pyrites. One mineral, not found elsewhere, has been named monroeite. Silver was discovered near the Haverstraw border very early and worked; but as no evidence of it has transpired except the abandoned shaft, it may be set down as a failure. Utility has rather been the motto in laying out Monroe. Here are rocks of every material from granite to statuary marble, and every tint from Parian whiteness, through shades of gray, green, pink, red, to the blackest porphyry. Mica, asbestos and slate abound. Even slate pencils of talc were found on the slopes of Bald Hill by the school-boys of a former generation.

A quarry of mica has recently been opened near Mombasha by the Mombasha Mica Company, from which fine sheets of the mineral are obtained, promising Monroe a new source of wealth. Perhaps it might surprise a stranger to see even the Houser ironstone put to a useful purpose; but inasmuch as it bids defiance to juvenile jack-knives, it has been found useful for school-house material. There was no lack of good timber in this region for coaling, fuel, building, or even hoop-poles. These last were long called "Clove wheat." But let us not suppose that it was adapted only to the growth of timber.

The forests were full of trees yielding an abundance of beech nuts, chestnuts and hickory nuts, with vines twining over tree and rock, purple with wild grapes, hedgerow and bush offering their tribute of luscious berries. These forests swarmed with red deer, moose

and squirrel, with flocks of wild turkeys, partridge, pheasant and woodcock; and the lakes and streams were alive with salmon, trout, pickerel and catfish. Thus it was "a goodly land" from the beginning; offering to the settler at least subsistence at his arrival, even in midwinter, with promise of good in abeyance, to cater to both taste and profit.

Soils of great fertility were laid down here; yes, brought from distant hills to furnish slope and meadow. Here are alluvions of great depth and good grain-lands; but what the town is best adapted for is grazing. The grasses, like those of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, contain just those elements which yield fattening and milk-producing qualities. Had the mountains of Monroe been only a mass of rock, like some parts of Scotland, they might have been abandoned to the heather and become great solitary sheep-walks; or if they had been only picturesque vales and quiet nooks, there would have been a temptation to some lord of the manor to make it his park and country-seat. Heaven had a better destiny in store for it: hence mingled rocks and soils so as to invite the plow, scooped out the water-courses to attract the loom and forge, hid away such materials as would bring hither the herdman and artisan, the abhorrence of lordly pretension and elegant leisure. Monroe, from its very physical constitution, was predestined to be the home of honest toil and frugal industry. In the vicinity of what was to be the greatest city of the New World, and on the route of its best approaches from west and north, wealth and prosperity ought to be its sure reward, and doubtless will when the wisdom of men is able to master the situation.

CHAPTER VI.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COUNTY OF ORANGE AND TOWN OF MONROE.

HAVING taken an eagle's view of the land, before we proceed further it is in order to speak of the organization of the county, which preceded that of the town. Orange County was organized in the year 1683, under the reign of William, Prince of Orange, from whom it takes its name. It then embraced all of Rockland and part of Ulster County. These were first set off in 1691.

The precinct of Goshen was erected in 1714. In 1764 it was divided into Cornwall, Blooming Grove, and Cheesecocks. In 1801 the form and title was changed from precinct to town. The name of Cheesecocks was exchanged for Southfield. On the 6th of April, 1808, it was resolved to drop the name of Southfield and take the honorable and historic name of Monroe. This was done in honor of James Monroe, who, having achieved distinction in the War of the Revolution, where he served as aid to Lord Stirling, had been honored by the government with high diplomatic commissions, and still further was chosen by the people to the Presidential chair. For such distinguished public services his many admirers in this vicinity deemed it fit to honor him

still further by naming this historic town after him, and under a name of which it has ever been proud it has won its place in history. The first town meeting was held while yet called Cheesecocks, in May, 1799. James D. Secor was chosen clerk, and Michael Hays, supervisor. All the institutions of the town were put in operation in 1808.

The following is the list of supervisors:

Michael Hay.
Moses Cunningham (6 years).
John Coffey (2 years).
Abraham Letts (8 years).
John McGarrah (1 year).
James Cromwell (1 year).
James Campbell, Jr. (1 year).
James Weygant (9 years).
Robert Fowler (1 year).
Hudson McFarlan (16 years).
Charles Townsend (2 years).
Lewis H. Roe (1 year).
Morgan Shuitt (33 years).*
Chauncey B. Knight in 1864.
Edward Seaman (3 years).
John G. Earl (1 year).
Joseph Rake (2 years).
Charles T. Knight (5 years).
C. Fred. Lamont (13 years).

In the year 1863 a movement was set afoot to divide the old town of Monroe into three towns. A

* Served from 1849–1881. This, we believe, is the longest consecutive period for which any man held an elective office in this State.

petition was sent to the Board of Supervisors, which was granted at its annual meeting. The names of the new towns were, respectively, Monroe, Highland, and Southfield. Monroe held its new town meeting March 22, 1864, electing Chauncey B. Knight as supervisor, and a full set of officers. Highland did likewise, choosing its old favorite Morgan Shuitt, with others. The town of Southfield organized in like manner, Josiah Paterson having been elected supervisor; but the records of the proceedings, for some unaccountable reason, are not in the archives of the town of Monroe. This whole piece of political surgery was at length disapproved, and the *disjecta membra* were brought together and reunited before they had grown cold. In 1865 the legislature was asked to overrule the action of the Town Board, and restore the old town to its pristine glory.

But notwithstanding the lessons of the past, we must chronicle a similar triple subdivision at a more recent date.

In December, 1889, the Board of Supervisors, upon representation of the diverse interests of different parts of the town, resolved to redivide the same into three parts. Three new towns were erected—named, respectively, Monroe, Woodbury, and Tuxedo. The lines were run so as to give Monroe 1150 acres; Woodbury, 23,000; Tuxedo, 50,000. The first supervisor of Tuxedo is J. Spencer Ford; the first supervisor of the new town of Woodbury is John A. Paterson; and the first supervisor of Monroe is C. F. Lamont; the second, elected in 1897, is George K. Smith.

Before we drop this subject it is well to remember a few additional facts, namely: that the first subdi-

vision of the town was made in war times, when it was desirable to get control of a majority in the Board of Supervisors, and it was so carved with a view to that end. The plan failed, so that in a short time even its advocates desired the reuniting of the fragments. When the desire returned in 1889 to divide again, the reason now given was that the town was too large and its interests were too diverse for harmonious government.

The Board of Supervisors resolved that the town should be divided on the old lines, only that the names of Highland and Tuxedo should be substituted for Woodbury and Southfield. This was duly passed upon by the legislature and signed by the governor. Now the boundary line between Monroe and Tuxedo had not been clearly determined by careful survey, or at least had not been marked by monuments. Hence when the Heine Club desired to construct a road from Mombasha, where they were constructing a park, to Southfield, it became a practical question, says Mr. A. B. Hulse, how much of this road must be paid for by each town. Hence a question as to the division line. The men who were with the 1863 surveyor said "it crossed Mombasha Pond, but they did not know where." In this emergency, when war seemed imminent, Mr. Fred. J. Knight, the surveyor, came forward and established the line. He pointed out that the line of 1863 must have been a trial or random line, the true line never having been run. This decided the matter, and to one of her loyal sons was Monroe indebted for the saving of fair Mombasha to the territory of his native town, "to which," says our informant, "Nature intended it should belong." But the mountains in which Monroe once

gloried have been rent from her mantle and turned over to her sister towns. *Sic transit gloria !*

The town, thus shorn of its ancient proportions, enters upon a new epoch of history, which it is hoped will be as worth chronicling by some future historian nourished on its own soil as has been the past.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWN.

WHILE the emigrants from England and Holland were locating along the Wallkill, the valley of Mamakating and the Neversink, clearing farms, building homes, villages and churches, the rough mountain slopes and cloves were passed by and remained a wilderness, undisturbed by white men, except, perhaps, by some Indian trader or trapper, some lover of adventure or traveller, who found that the valley of the Ramapo was the natural and nearest route to Manhattan Island. In course of time, as early as 1742, came a few settlers who staked out their claims and set up their log cabins. These settlers were not the mere overflow of more thickly populated parts of the county, but many of them immigrants from abroad, by the way of Connecticut and Long Island. Among these were such names as John, David, and Hophni Smith, John Belcher, Robert Brock, Henry Cock, John Bull, Solomon Townsend, A. Cunningham, David Compton, Solomon Cromwell, Joseph Davis, John Earl, Alexander Galloway, William Fitzgerald, Elijah Green, Samuel Knight, Henry Mapes, Daniel Miller, Joseph Paterson, Alfred Cooper, James Wilkes, and Jas. Secor. Others could be mentioned, but these are the most

familiar. Some of their name occupy the ancestral acres, but most of the original estates are now held by another generation, who, though just as ancient and honorable in ancestry, yet have come into the town later. The reason why the lands of the Patent were not sooner taken up was that the original patentees, being wealthy, did not care to dispose of their lands. Some were held by the same families till after the Revolution. The desire was to hold a patroon relation to the settlers like the Van Rensselaer patentees in the more northern part of the State. Having no motive to sell, and no disposition to come and settle themselves, squatters soon came in and gave it an uneviable reputation. Such neighborhoods naturally attract the lawless and desperate. The broken nature of the country, the numerous caves and inaccessible cliffs, would afford safe hiding-places for desperadoes and their plunder. But this condition of things could remain only until the more orderly organized themselves into a community, and brought law as well as public opinion to bear upon them. The oncoming of the Revolutionary War delayed the reformation of morals and the establishment of order. The career of Claudius Smith, the notorious cowboy, gave an unsavory reputation to the Clove; and the recent "History of Orange County" even goes so far as to attribute its name to him, whereas it is well known that it received its name long before, from William Smith, one of the original patentees. As an illustration of the reputation which it had early acquired among its neighbors, it is related that when a tramp settler appeared before a Dutch justice over in Warwick, and was warned to leave the town, he asked, "Where, then, shall I go?" The jus-

tice answered promptly, "Vy, go to Schmit's Clove." From the nature of the case there would be frequent disputes over the ownership of land and trespasses of cattle, so that lawsuits were of constant occurrence. Then there were horse races and trainings, accompanied with drinking-bouts, and often rude wrestlings and more serious combats. One of the matrons spoke of a flat rock near the village, where some of these rude contests occurred, when a newcomer would leap from his horse and make the chips fly like a whirligig. As these were days of travel in primitive style, by saddle and stage, there were many public houses encouraging social drinking and treating. Loungers were always hanging around, and neighbors dropping in to hear the news from the city or seat of war; hence there was abundance of idleness and dissipation. On one convivial occasion the revellers literally raised the roof of a well-known tavern, and tried to tear it from its place. But, as is often the case, these wild carousals were not the work of those at home. They naturally attracted those of like tastes from abroad, and these, feeling less restraint, would go to greater lengths. One of the old men said "the boys of Sugar Loaf came over to have a lark with the Monroe boys, and we had a good time, but we were the hardest of the lot." Liquor was largely accountable for this condition of things. It was sold at every corner grocery. Their old ledgers to-day bear testimony to the excess to which the traffic was carried. The accounts of the common laboring man show how much of his hard earnings went for liquor. At first it was rum which came by way of the West Indies. Whisky followed when the orchards began to bear. There was a still on the

Still Brook, near the old village; but the chief source of supply was Blooming Grove, where were many distilleries. The brown jug and demijohn travelled back and forth on that road around Pedlar Hill, which might account for its crookedness, and give it the name of the "jug-u-lar vein." The late John Brooks, one of the earliest advocates of total abstinence, went over to that town and delivered a lecture on the subject. He said they resented it as an impertinence. It is well known that neighboring towns were accustomed to look down on the Clove and call it the "Kitchen of the County." It is related that a young couple signified their intention to take up a tract of land in Monroe, rather than remain on the old homestead, with its fertile fields. When the old folks could not prevail upon the young couple to change their purpose, they said: "Well, go to the Clove and live on rye bread the rest of your life." It was one of time's sweetest revenges when the farm they took became a model farm, and the young wife became the boasted bread-baker whose wheaten loaves elicited the inquiry: "How do you mix your bread to have it always light?" "I mix it with judgment," was her reply. We cite attention to the jog in the northwest boundary of the town. It reminds us of the wart on the nose of old Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, and, by the way, progenitor, if we may credit their tradition, of families of that name in Monroe. The artist wanted to omit the wart in his portrait, but he forbade the omission.

The jog originated in a desire on the part of dwellers on the summit of Schunemunk to attend town meeting in the more convenient valley on the southeast. As soon as the town was organized and

requisite officers appointed, the wheels of business were set in motion. The first subjects of legislation were the offering of bounties for the slaughter of wolves and other predacious animals which infested the wilderness and annoyed the early pioneers. Earmarks were recognized to be placed on stock; for as soon as swamps and forest were cleared herding and stock-raising were introduced. Then troubles came from the herdmen of neighboring towns allowing their cattle to trespass on the newly cleared pasturages; to prevent which, stringent measures were threatened, if not enforced.

In such conditions of society, litigations would naturally spring up. Not merely would there be difficulties concerning the ownership of stock, but troubles about boundaries of farms and wood lots, pastures and marshes; for these last were most desirable ranges before the plow and more recent grasses had changed the face of nature. But towering above these petty lawsuits, which constituted the entertainment of the early settlers, were the disputes over the Patent lines. We have already alluded to the lavish and careless manner in which those lands were given to favorites by royalty. The same lands were sometimes given twice, the lines overlapping. So much trouble came about the Evans Patent on the northeast that the Patent had to be recalled. Troubles arose over the Kakiat Patent and the New Jersey State line; that commonwealth claiming a gore line that extended up as far as Tuxedo. Then the Wawayanda Patent lines were as indefinite as the Cheesecock. Naturally this interested all along the borders, and aroused such animosity that it became a border warfare. Commissioners were appointed, and through

the offices of Aaron Burr, who sat with the commission at Greycourt in 1801 and helped settle the question, the present zigzag line was fixed as the western boundary between Monroe and Warwick; while Carpenter's Island in the Delaware was made the northwest extremity of New Jersey, where it is marked with a monument which has three sides, one toward New York, another toward Pennsylvania, and the third toward New Jersey. The other extremity of the last-named State's boundary is a bolt in a rock on the Hudson, directly southeast. The line is marked by monuments of square stone every few paces.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

BUT, pending these boundary disputes, a more serious question disturbed the pioneers of Monroe—the question of national independence. Before the Declaration of Independence the control of the navigation of the Hudson was regarded as a most wise strategic measure. Parliament ordered it kept open to their forces, and sent Sir Henry Clinton with a powerful fleet to keep open communication with Canada. Congress also resolved upon measures for the obstruction of the river even as early as 1775. The Provincial Legislature concurred and appointed a secret commission. This latter suggested the erection of forts at the mouth of Poplopens Creek, and the stretching of a boom and chain across the river to Anthony's Nose. Forts Montgomery and Clinton were built, the latter being on the south side of the creek and hence in Monroe; a chain was also constructed with a boom and put in place as suggested. It may be of interest to inquire as to the origin of this chain. The "Encyclopedia of American Biography" gives credit for the construction of the "famous chain" over the Hudson to Samuel Wheeler, an eminent blacksmith of Philadelphia, who, it represents,

was recommended by General Mifflin in answer to an express wish of General Washington for a person to make such a chain. Mifflin said there was such a man in his command, but he could not do the work there, but could at his forge at Philadelphia. At the Wecaco forge, it is said, the famous chain was made and transported across the State of New Jersey and up the west bank of the Hudson to Fort Clinton, where it, together with a boom, was stretched across the river a half-mile to the promontory opposite. Now here are two improbabilities:

First. That an order should be given for such a work so far away, when there were iron-works within easy reach: viz., Forest of Dean, Stirling, New Windsor, and Poughkeepsie.

Second. That such a weight of iron in such shape should be exposed to the risk of passing the enemy's lines — a risk greatly enhanced by the vigilance of Tory spies and cowboys all along the route. It could have weighed scarcely less than 150 tons. It would have taken fifty ox-teams upwards of five days to accomplish it.

We get a clue to the construction of that chain in Colonel Boynton's "History of West Point." He tells us that a part of it was sent from Lake Champlain, where it had been used to obstruct the river Sorel. The balance was made at the Kemble forge, of iron from the mines of Livingston Manor. Thence it was floated down and stretched across the river from the mouth of the creek that separated Forts Montgomery and Clinton.

These forts were under command of Governor George and General James Clinton. The garrison consisted of about 600, mostly untrained militia.

They were the yeomanry of the neighborhood, who were mustered as minute-men to defend their own mountain citadels. When the exigencies of home or harvest required, they were permitted to exchange the sword for the plowshare. A system of beacons and signal-fires was agreed upon to call these brave men to their post, and the moment they saw the signal on yonder hills, leaving plow in mid-furrow and bidding adieu to those at home, shouldering gun and knapsack, they joined the hardy band ascending the mountain path.

In October, 1777, Sir Henry Clinton manœuvered his fleet and forces so as to deceive General Putnam. Not so Governor Clinton, who hastily adjourned the legislature, mustered the militia, and occupied the two forts just mentioned. The crafty Briton landed his forces on the east side of the river, then hastily transported them across to Stony Point, where he landed about 4000 men. At daybreak on October 6, the advance-guard, consisting of 500 regulars and 400 Tories, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, marched around Dunderberg to the foot of Bear Mountain; while the main column of 1200, under General Vaughan, moved to a position on the right. General Tryon, with the rear-guard, remained in a valley where the force separated. A small force was sent out from the forts to meet the enemy with a single cannon, but were easily dispersed. Campbell's advance attacked Fort Montgomery on the rear, and Vaughan swept down on Fort Clinton. The resistance was of the bravest character; but the garrison was not sufficient to guard such long lines of defense. Surrender was refused, whereupon a bloody scene occurred. Some prisoners were taken, but, hopeless

of resisting such an overwhelming force, the remainder escaped and made their way to the camp at New Windsor. Among those who escaped were the governor and his brother James Clinton, the latter wounded by a bayonet. The attacking force lost few men, among whom, however, was Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell.

Another memorable hero of that engagement was Colonel William Allison, ancestor of Monroe families. He was commander of the Goshen regiment, sharing that honor with Colonel Tusten, and taking command alternately. It was Colonel Tusten's turn when the battle of Minisink was fought, where he fell. But it was Colonel Allison's turn when the English moved to attack Fort Montgomery. His aids were Captains Woodhull, Tuthill, and his own son Lieutenant Micah Allison. When it was known that the British troops were moving up the river, he threw out the signals to summon the yeomanry from the surrounding country, among whom were the minute-men of Monroe. In the fierce conflict that ensued Colonel William Allison was among the hundred or more prisoners taken, who were imprisoned some in the old sugar-house, others upon a prison ship, the horrors of which will never be forgotten. Which was the place of the colonel's confinement does not appear, but a letter is in possession of Mrs. C. B. Knight, written from Long Island while he was a prisoner under parole. A commission is also in existence making him brigadier-general, signed by Governor George Clinton, and dated 1782, a facsimile of which is in the history of the Allison family. His son Lieutenant Allison was among the killed, and no doubt was cast with the rest in a small

pond in the town of Monroe, and close at hand, where their remains presented a most pitiful spectacle and illustration of the horrors of war. We may state in passing that Colonel Allison had two daughters, Mary and Sarah. The former was married to Dr. William Elmer and the latter to Sheriff W. D. Thompson. Dr. Elmer, of Monroe, traces his descent from the former, and Mrs. Chauncey B. Knight from the latter. The Allisons of Chester spring from a collateral branch. After the engagement the chain was taken up by the enemy, a garrison was placed in the forts, and the name of Fort Clinton was changed to Fort Vaughan. The British commander then sailed up the river to Kingston, which he burned. But, hearing of the defeat of Burgoyne, he beat a hasty retreat down the river, withdrawing all his forces from the fastnesses of the Highlands.

Soon occurs another incident of interest to the denizens of this old town. We refer to the construction of the second chain. The importance of obstructing the river became still more apparent now, because of the ease with which the enemy's fleet had passed the former obstructions and the havoc that had been made with mills, towns and forts, so that Albany was the only city lying between them and Canada. It was apparent, also, that more formidable means must be devised. General Hughes first wrote to General Gates, November, 1777, stating that he, with the Clintons and an engineer, had visited the fortifications on the river, and had decided that forts be erected at " the West Point," and that a chain and chevaux de frise be stretched across to Constitution Island. It was followed by a correspondence between Governor Clinton and Generals Gates, Putnam and

the commander-in-chief. The last so emphasized the necessity as to pronounce it of infinite importance. Accordingly measures were taken to fortify West Point, and that was selected as the place best fitted to stretch a chain and boom, because the river was narrowest at that point and could be swept by artillery on the shore. And still further it had the advantage of being situated at a sharp bend of the river where the vessels would lose the wind and their momentum, and be compelled to tack. Radiere was designated to engineer the fortifications and Deputy Quartermaster-General Hugh Hughes to superintend the chain.

General Putnam, who had command, in a letter to General Washington referred to the former chain as made of "bad iron." With this hint, General Hughes repaired to the firm of Noble, Townsend & Co., whose iron-works were situated at Stirling, on a lake of the same name, just over the border of Monroe in the town of Warwick. This extensive plant consisted of 23,000 acres of land, a furnace, forge and anchory. These were established in 1752, before the foundation of the government, and had the honor of making the anchors for the first United States frigate. Deputy Quartermaster-General Hugh Hughes visited Stirling February 2, 1778. The traditions of the Townsend family are that the visit was made on Sunday morning and the visitor arrived in a heavy snow-storm. The order was given and the work instantly started. Articles of agreement were drawn, in which the said Noble, Townsend & Co. agree to furnish, on or before April 1 ensuing, a chain, an iron chain * of the follow-

* The links of the chain, as seen at Glen Island, N. Y., measure 45 inches in length, 12 inches in breadth, the bar iron being 4½ inches square.

ing length and quality: that is, in length five hundred yards, each link to be about two feet long, of the best Stirling iron, two inches and one quarter square, or as near thereto as possible, with a swivel to every hundred feet, and a clevis to every thousand feet, in the same manner as those of the former chain. Twelve tons of anchors of sizes needed were included. For this work the United States government stipulated, through its agent, to pay at the rate of forty pounds for every ton delivered. In case there should occur some variation in the value of the money, they were to be paid 400 pounds sterling for the chain. For six weeks, night and day, seven fires were kept at forging and ten at welding. Sixty men were granted furlough from the army to assist in the work. The work was completed within the time contracted for. The chain was divided into sections of ten links each, loaded on ox-carts and hauled to New Windsor, where it was delivered to Captain Machin to be put together at his forge, thirty miles from Stirling, but the roads part of the way were doubtless very rough. Besides, the weight of the chain, which was one hundred and thirty-six tons, made the task of transportation a formidable one. From the bill of Captain Machin it consisted of iron "wrought into booms, bolts, chains, swivels and bands." The several parts were put together and floated down the river; the boom on April 7, the chain on the 16th, and all was in place on the 30th. General Heath, who properly belongs to Monroe, wrote a description of the chain and its adjustment; stating that it was fastened to poles about sixteen feet long, sharpened at the end, with a collar cut in the middle, and secured to the chain by staples. Anchors

were fastened at proper distances to keep it from swaying, and great bolts held it to the rocks at either end. He says the chain was fixed with great dexterity by 280 men, without accident. The boom was placed in front, and consisted of logs put together with lighter links and placed horizontally, so as to break the force of a sailing vessel before it could reach the chain. According to this same writer, it is evident that the structure was swung around in the winter, to protect it from injury by the ice. Now this was the chain that General Arnold was said to have weakened, by removing a link, at the time of his attempt to betray West Point into the hands of Major André. But how he could have removed it for pretended need of repair, without suspicion and without destroying its integrity, no one can divine. Of his treachery, however, there is no question.

Benedict Arnold had been a very brave officer, and for valuable services had received many honors. But some disappointments had soured his temper and undermined his patriotism. The temptation was presented and the opportunity came. Sir Henry Clinton wanted West Point, the Gibraltar of America, and conceived the idea of resorting to bribery, the force of arms having failed. The time was favorable. Both sides were weary of the strife. Congress was divided; the treasury empty; the money depreciated; the brave men unpaid. A deep cloud rested on the cause, which even the aid of France did but partially alleviate. Then it was Arnold opened a secret correspondence with Major André, Adjutant-General of the British army. The former wrote under the name of Gustavus; the latter under that of John Anderson. It was discovered that Gustavus was no less

than the distinguished commander of West Point, to which post he managed to secure his appointment in order to carry out his traitorous scheme. Arnold made his headquarters at the Beverly Robinson House, which stands on the east side of the river, about two miles south of West Point. In Arnold's letter of August 30, 1780, the transaction is attempted to be disguised under the guise of a business venture in tobacco to be exchanged for ready money; but some difference in regard to the goods, and delay in obtaining the kind, would postpone the arrangement some days. The money for which this Judas was to betray his country, according to this letter, was 300 pounds sterling. After a number of notes it was arranged that Arnold should meet Anderson at Dobbs Ferry; but a strange course of Providence frustrated the plan. Nothing daunted, Arnold laid another plan, which came near succeeding. Anderson, or André, with Robinson, sailed up the river in the British ship *Vulture*, to a point near the house of Joshua Hett Smith, which is still standing, situate two miles from Stony Point. This Smith was son of one of the proprietors of the Cheesecock Patent. He was a man of education and refinement, hospitable, and largely trusted by the officers in the patriot army.

According to his journal, he had a brother in the Clove who lived about three miles from the public road. This brother is supposed to have been the father, Claudius Smith, the famous cowboy. However this may have been, certain it is, both were in sympathy in their opposition to the cause of independence. Their methods were very diverse, but the animus was the same.

The house of Joshua Hett Smith was chosen for the trysting-place of the conspirators. Robinson wrote to Arnold, under pretext of anxiety about his property, arranging the meeting. Washington came with his staff to King's Ferry, met Arnold, who talked about the *Vulture*, which was in sight, and also showed Robinson's letter. The commander frowned on the proposal; yet the traitor took not the warning, but rushed on his fate. After a futile attempt to meet André at Dobbs Ferry, he succeeded in his scheme on the night of September 21, 1779. Smith had sent his family to Fishkill. Then, with two of his tenants as boatmen, with muffled oars he was rowed to the *Vulture*. Meanwhile Arnold, with Smith's negro servant, both on horseback, rode to a clump of fir trees, about two miles distant on the shore. Smith brought André to the spot, and here the two plotted till daybreak. Afraid of detection, the boatmen refused to convey the British officer to his ship; hence he and Arnold were compelled to seek concealment in Smith's house. After breakfast the firing of artillery was heard from the shore opposite, and from the window the *Vulture* was seen to swing out and drop down the river. The plotters remained in concealment and close confinement all day. At evening Arnold returned in his barge to the Robinson House, while Smith and André crossed to the east side of the river, to try and reach New York. Smith parted from him on the first night and joined his family at Fishkill. André took the river road, disguised in the clothes of Smith. When about a half-mile from Tarrytown three brave pickets sprang out upon him and ordered him to halt. Upon careful search of his person, they found documents, in Arnold's handwrit-

ing, giving full details of the disposition of forces about West Point. Neither persuasion nor money moved his brave captors. The commander of the post was inclined to send the papers and prisoner to Arnold; but by a strange dispensation of Providence the letter failed to reach the hands of Arnold, who was quietly awaiting developments. Meanwhile Washington was on his way from Hartford to meet Rochambeau. He spent Sunday evening with Joshua Hett Smith's family at Fishkill, and rode in the morning to the Robinson House to breakfast with General Arnold and his family. While seated at table with his host and his family, a messenger arrived with the missing note to Arnold. With coolness he arose with an apology, and repaired to one of the chambers, informed his wife of his misfortune, kissed his sleeping infant, and left the house suddenly, as if to cross by his barge to his post; but instead he was rowed by his boatswain to the *Vulture*, which was at anchor below. Washington was surprised that he had not been at the Point, and crossed to the Robinson House, where Lafayette and Knox handed him the papers concerning André. Convinced of Arnold's treachery, he exclaimed," Who, then, can we trust?" That night every garrison and picket was put on the alert. Joshua Hett Smith was arrested, and, together with André, was confined at West Point. Both were sent to Tappan and tried. Smith was handed over to the civil authorities, but André was condemned to be executed as a spy. While his candor and amiability commended him to the mercy of the commander-in-chief, who would gladly have spared him, yet the condition of the army and the country constituted the military necessity that seemed to demand

the execution of this truly brave officer. He was executed at Tappan, on October 2, 1780.

Smith was sent to Goshen and confined in the jail; but afterward escaped, went to England, returned, and died in New York.

Arnold also fled to England. He was seen afterwards by an American party, to whom an Englishman said: "He is the only American who has not a friend in his own native land."

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORY OF CLAUDIUS SMITH.

NOW while these events were occurring in the Highlands, against the dark background was projected another figure that did not lend one relieving tint or line. We refer to Claudius Smith, the notorious cowboy. That title was applied to marauders who robbed farmers and others of their stock and valuables, and drove the former to the British headquarters, at this time at New York. They worked in gangs and robbed the loyal Americans far and near. The valley of the Ramapo was their favorite stalking-ground, because of its lonely solitudes and caves. Now Claudius was the Robin Hood of this gang. He was of English parentage, coming into Monroe from Southold, L. I., with his father. It is supposed that he was related to Joshua Hett Smith, of whom we have been writing. His father, David Smith, lived off the village road, on what has been known as the John Goff place. His wife is said to have been Jerusha Rumsey; and whatever may have been her political sympathies, she shows her disapproval of her son's career in his quotation of her words on the gallows, when he kicked off his shoes: "Claudius, you will die some day like the

trooper's horse." His father was buried in the old part of the cemetery on the lane, and on the old red tombstone are inscribed these lines:

"Here lies the body of David Smith
"Esq'r whose alms he
"has Dispersed abroad his
"works and faith is still before his God his name
"Shall Long on earth remain
"while envies Sinners freat in vain
"My advice is to both Old and Young
"to make their calling and Election
"sure and to work out their own
"Salvation with fear and trembling
"the Deceased composed this
"work some time before his Death"
Born in April 15 in the Year of
1701 Died in Year 1787

The above is a facsimile of this quaint epitaph, for the elucidation of which we are indebted to a friend who to the zeal for the "ancient past" in Monroe adds the patience of Old Mortality. He says the capital letters and spelling are exactly the same as on the tombstone. It is interesting as a sample of the learning of the day and the orthodoxy of the old man. The allusion to his "alms Dispersed abroad" savors of the trumpet of the Pharisee. But we forbear, lest we should be classed with "envies Sinners" who "freat in vain."

As the son of such a father, better things might have been expected of Claudius. But his environment was one of lawlessness. Then he embraced the Tory principle of resistance of the will of the people as expressed in the Declaration of Independence; adhering like many others to the cause of the so-

called "good King George." While the patriots were fighting for liberty with Briton and his Indian allies, Claudius and his gang were raiding their farms and homes in the Clove. He was a man of stalwart frame, and proud of his stature and strength. On some public occasion, said the late J. Harvey Bull, he boastfully said, "Here I stand like a pillar of old St. Paul's Church, and I defy any man to move me." Whereupon Ben Havens replied, "I will remove the pillar with my sledge-hammer fist," suiting the action to the word. Claudius lived in a cabin made of plank set perpendicular and hidden in the brush that skirted the roads that crossed opposite to Cunningham's mill and what afterwards was the late John Knight's garden. Part of the foundation was plowed up by the latter, and bits of crockery were found. It was a suitable den for the laying of his plots and making his forays upon the neighborhood and hiding his plunder. Other lawless characters joined his gang, and with them those who claimed to be loyalists sympathized and lent their aid. He had three sons who inherited his cruelty and became his confederates in crime. These rough outlaws would rob their neighbors of their cattle and drive them down the Ramapo valley to Suffern, where they would dispose of them to the British army whose outposts were established there. Hence they were called cowboys. But they were not content to rob from the fields, but broke into dwellings at night or while the men were absent on military duty, terrified the women, and stole food or money if they could find it. Some of his apologists have asserted he stole from the rich and gave to the poor. But it is characteristic of that class of villains that they try thus to atone for

their Heaven-daring crimes. Even Captain Kidd was "the gentlest man that ever cut a throat or scuttled ship."

The rough nature of the country favored these marauders. The mountains, and specially the Ramapo, were full of caves and dens where they could conceal both themselves and their plunder. There was such a cave near Man-of-War Rock; another, near Indian Kill, which the daughters of the late Peter Townsend called Libalcad, composed of the initial syllables of their respective names. Another hiding-place was somewhere between Monroe and Blooming Grove. The flues of the old Elmer Earl House were another place of concealment. Here in later years a mechanic was driven to madness by the cruel joke of companions, who hoisted a pumpkin cut to represent the face of the outlaw and illuminated by a candle, after the young man had retired for sleep.

Claudius displayed great cunning and adroitness in his depredations. Like Ishmael, "his hand was against every man and every man's hand against him." Sometimes he would seek to cripple a neighbor, perhaps on some petty pretext, as when he carried off the still-cap from the distillery of Mr. Bell on the Still Brook. Again, he would break in on the slumbers of some family whose head was absent in the trenches, insult the women, and rob the house of food or treasure and carry off poultry or cattle, as his fancy or need dictated. When he had gathered a sufficient number of cattle and sheep in one of his hiding-places, in the shadows of evening he would drive them down the Ramapo pass to Suffern, where the British army had its outposts. He and his band would skulk back again and spend the proceeds in some of his dens, the

caves or cabins of confederates, in revelry and feasting. But such a career could not continue long. His very success in crime encouraged him to greater deeds of cruelty. While making a raid in Blooming Grove with his band, he entered the house of Major Nathanael Strong; and when that brave soldier resisted the ruffian, Claudius deliberately shot him. This was the culmination of his career. The crime enraged the community, and led Governor Clinton to put a price on his head. He now became an outlaw, and was hunted down like a wolf. His brothers and companions were included in the same ban. He was hunted out of the country, fleeing to Long Island, hiding away where he thought himself unknown. But the feet of an avenging Nemesis were soon on his track. Major Brush, of Orange County, hearing of his hiding-place, raised a band and found him at Oyster Bay, where he arrested him, took him over to Connecticut, from whence, by a requisition from Governor Clinton, he was brought and delivered to the sheriff of Orange County, at Goshen, who ordered him chained to the floor of the jail for safe-keeping. He was afterwards tried at the court-house at Goshen, January 13, 1779, and executed on the 22d, with five of his companions. It is worthy of mention that a sermon was preached at the scaffold by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Ezra Fisk, D.D., in the presence of 50,000 spectators. His text was Numbers xxxii, 23: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

The sermon was very solemn, and from the unusual circumstances was calculated to make an indelible impression. He was buried in the grounds of the Presbyterian Church, in the southwest corner, that

being regarded as a sort of public property. Within the memory of some living, a citizen of Goshen who was lame and walked with a crutch broke through, his crutch or cane penetrating the neglected grave. This led to the taking up of the bones, which were stowed in a shop near by. My informant relates that a citizen applied to a well-known blacksmith to make him a carving-knife. The knife was made, but he had no buckhorn for a handle. A happy thought struck him. He went to the spot where the bones of the famous marauder lay neglected, and took a thigh bone and worked out a handle for the carving-knife. A startling instance of poetical irony! Vigorous means were taken to exterminate the gang after Claudius' death. One of his followers was shot on Schunemunk; one left his bones whitening over on the East Mountain, above the Ramapo. His son Richard fled to Nova Scotia.

Efforts were made by the credulous to find the treasure of the robber; but, like that of Captain Kidd, it never materialized. Indeed the people had nothing but Continental money, and but little of that. To illustrate its depreciation, it is related that one of the farmers sold a cosset lamb about this time for 500 Continental dollars to a foraging party.

The disorder and terrorism caused by Tory and cowboy led the commander-in-chief to send detachments from the army to guard the roads through the Clove. A cavalry camp was established at Highland Mills, on the Morgan Shuitt farm; another at Monroe, near the bridge, on the D. Knight property. It was on the west side of the stage road, the second lot from the homestead now the residence of Clarence Knight.

The following are the epitaphs of two noted Revolutionary attachés buried near Ringwood, New Jersey, in the Ramapo Valley:

In Memory of
ROBERT ERSKINE, F. R. S.
Geographer and Surveyor-General to the Army of
The United States.
Son of the Rev. Ralph Erskine
Late Minister at Dumfernline in Scotland.
born
September 7, 1735.
died
October 2nd, 1780.
Aged 45 Years
And 25 Days.

In Memory of
ROBERT MONTEITH
Clerk to Robert Erskine, Esq.
born
At Dumfernline in Scotland,
died
December 2nd, 1778, Aged 33 Years.

I am indebted to Mr. Mahlon J. Brooks for these inscriptions. He says that the graves are side by side. The stones are laid flat, on brick-work about two feet high, covering the whole grave. The lettering of the two stones is very plain, except the names of the two places in Scotland.

CHAPTER X.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

AFTER such a storm there is always a ground swell. It was some time before the bitter feelings engendered by the contest were allayed. We must not forget that the War of the Revolution was really a civil war. It occurred among subjects of the same government, and was a movement to throw off allegiance to a king and set up a new form of government. Such a radical question not merely separated neighbors, but divided families. It became an internecine war, and that is proverbially bitter. The cruelty of it is illustrated by the career of Claudius Smith. Now even this had a sequel after he was executed. Some of the gang who had been in hiding determined to avenge on neighbors their leader's death. They selected Henry Reynolds, a Friend, as the object of their vengeance, because he had been active in giving information against him. He lived in the stone house now standing by the brook on the Gignoux place.

They came at midnight and surrounded the house, which the inmates barred. Finding they could not break in, they climbed on the roof and tried to descend the chimney. But one of the ladies opened a pillow and poured the feathers on the fire, which was too much

for them. They then retired, but returned again when Mr. Reynolds was at home. They entered, pretending they were commissioned to look for deserters. They took Mr. Reynolds, tied him to the lug pole, and hung him in the chimney while they searched for treasure. But his daughter Phœbe cut him down. Then they caught him again and suspended him. They also cut him with their swords and knives, leaving him for dead. His daughter cut him down again, and, assisted by other members of the family, dressed his wounds and saved his life. He lived to a good old age (eighty-three years), and showed his scars as honorable mementos of the encounter. The plucky daughter also gave the alarm to the neighbors, who pursued the miscreants, wounding one and shooting another. One, named Kelley, was found dead on East Mountain, and on him were the clothes of Friend Reynolds.

The brave daughter Phœbe was married afterwards to Jeremiah Drake and removed to Sullivan County, where she reared a family, and is mentioned, with an account of her adventures with great interest, in Quinlan's "History" of that county.

The proclamation of peace was hailed by every true patriot and reflecting mind with sincere joy. It is recorded of Peter Townsend, then a young man, that he rode on horseback all the way to New York to see the British fleet evacuate the harbor. Warm welcomes awaited the return of the brave soldiers to their homes. But these they did not find in a prosperous condition. Buildings had been burned, cattle stolen, fences thrown down, and fields and gardens overgrown with brush and weeds. But the Anglo-Saxon is not one who sits down in despair,

but has wonderful recuperative energy. He betakes himself at once to rebuild. He starts again the plow. His axe rings through the forest. He lays out new roads and projects new enterprises, looking with hope for their realization in the future. He has had enough of war and ruffianism. He believes in the regeneration of society, encourages home building, immigration, the setting up of the school, the organization of the church and all those institutions that belong to a well-ordered society. He crowds out the lawless, who retire to the mountains. The disloyal find it uncomfortable to remain, and some move to other parts, or learn to hide their pedigree or hold their tongue.

Now come in most of the modern families who engrafted upon the old form a new society, the foundation of Monroe of the present.

It is an interesting matter of history that James and Charles Webb came from Goshen in 1798 and bought each 300 acres on opposite sides of Mombasha, dividing it through the middle. Their father was Samuel Webb, who was seven feet in height. He was killed in the Minisink war by the Indians, who boasted they had killed the biggest man in the settlement. His brother was also very tall, measuring more than six and a half feet. Samuel Webb, Jr., was the son of Charles, succeeding him in ownership of lands in the east side. He had also a sawmill below the outlet where was an old road soon to be reopened to afford a beautiful drive about the lake and to connect with that from Tuxedo. Cyrenius and the late J. Madison are the sons of Samuel Webb, and they or their heirs still occupy the same tract, now for a hundred years in possession of the family.

CHAPTER XI.

HOME BUILDING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE log cabin is the prototype of the homes of Monroe. Under these thatched roofs rich and poor alike rested. By these rude firesides the best of her sons learned their first lessons of life. In one, it is said, the Father of his Country did not disdain to rest. But it was not long before an evolution began. Soon the sawmill arrives, and lumber is drawn for a "lean-to." Then there is a stoop, with rude benches, where the family receive neighbors, crack nuts, and tell the news. But soon comes an honest pride. The log cabin must go. A neighbor of more means has started with a frame house, and so the cabin is converted into a stable, and in its place rises the dry-goods box, which is topped out with gambrel roof and two-story piazza; this again passes through a white elephant period, or "Crazy Jane," at last effloresceing into a Queen Anne with all the modern improvements. Some, however, "to the manner born," conceived, more in accord with the fitness of environment, that in a country of granite rocks stone is the proper material for the homestead; hence persons like Harvey Bull, John Brooks, and Dr. Carpenter built their stone mansions, at once enduring monuments of their sturdy good sense and taste. One of these gentlemen

would point to some of the stones of the corner and tell the story of their quarrying with loving pride. But let us look outside on garden and farm. Would you know what it cost of toil to subdue a little piece of ground for garden, we call to remembrance a small piece cultivated by Phineas Brooks opposite the Granite House. Year after year the old man toiled, throwing out the stone till he had a huge pile, enough to macadamize rods of road; and still there was plenty. Asking Sammy Gregory to explain their origin, he said, "He guessed they growed." But we need not smile, for one of the old furnace-men at Southfield remembered "when Tom Jones' mountain was no bigger than a coal-basket." These pioneers had to content themselves with the simplest and coarsest esculents of the garden, and the humblest modes of taking care of them. It was related of one of the careful dames that she took her turnips to bed with her to keep them from freezing, finding them but poor bed-fellows. The dirt-cellar was soon thought out, and became a necessity. The Hessian had gone home, leaving behind only his curse, the wild daisy. But his cauliflower and sprouts and Antwerp berries were a better legacy. The love-apple developed into the tomato. The black-bog Irish potato found a friend in the Rev. E. P. Roe, who gave us the perfection of tubers. And since that the cornucopia of the world has been pouring in seeds of plants and flowers from the uttermost parts of the earth. The puckery crab-apple of the Indians has been superseded by the Newtown pippins, dominies, and seek-no-furthers of the orchards. Deacon Van Valer used to say, "Never plant a shade tree when a fruit tree will do as well." His farm was an orchard, and when, nearly eighty

years of age, a neighbor laughed at him for continuing to plant and graft, he said: "I not merely expect to gather fruit from these trees, but to pick from this ladder which I am making." And he did.

If it was so hard to make a garden, what must it have been to clear a farm? The sturdy woodsman would soon clear up the timber; but the rocks and boulders with which every rood was strewn were enough to appal any but one of these hardy sons of toil; particularly when we remember the rudeness of their appliances: the pick, the crow-bar, hammer, wedge, the gunpowder, the oxen, and stone-boat. No dynamite, no stump and rock extractor. But co-operative industry was the order of the times. Stone-bees were made, and neighbor came to the assistance of neighbor.

The good dame did her part in the kitchen, turning out the pot-pie and other appetizing productions of hands well taught in the culinary art. At such times the best stories were told. Toasts were drunk in the old-fashioned cider, for as yet total abstinence was in its cradle. With mirth and jollity the rocks were torn up as by giants; the stones "snaked" towards the limits of the outlined fields, to be broken up on the morrow by the fence-builder, who would rear them into the characteristic fences of the town. Mr. John Brooks buried the stones on his farm in great holes dug for the purpose. But let us hear him tell the story of his labors:

"'Twas thus by honest toil
I smoothed the rugged soil,
For forty years or more,
Till orchard, grass and grain
Spread o'er the barren plain,

Where nothing grew before.
By powder, picks and sledges,
By levers, bars and wedges,
By prying, splitting, mauling,
I brought the rocks to reason,
As rebels were from treason,
And fitted them for handling;
In fences rough and strong,
In fields square and some oblong,
Then took they proper station,
As they came struggling through
The rubbish of creation.
As each redeemed spot,
Grew to a garden plot,
A longer breath I drew,
Took courage from the past,
And prayed that I might last
To put the hard task through.
And now in fact 'tis done
As I planned when I begun.
And tho' 'tis true that I
Shall ne'er receive the gains,
The needful for my pains,
These fields shall never die.
Whate'er shall be my fate,
E'en up to death's dark gate,
Thro' health, wealth, want or pain,
The fame I fought for most
Will be this honest boast,
I have not lived in vain!"

JOHN BROOKS.

How well expressed! Let the young men who have entered into possession of these ancestral acres learn what they cost, and not be ashamed of the farmer's profession,— for such it is,— nor ever turn away in scorn from the homestead farm even, although the moss covers the roof and the cricket steals in by the hearth.

The implements of the farm were very rude at first.

For example, the plow used was what was called the "hog plow." It had a rough beam, with share of wood shod with iron that had to be taken to the smithy to be sharpened. It was followed by the English plow, which had a movable coulter that would cut the sod and lay it over a curvilinear mould-board in even furrows. What would one of those gray fathers have said had he been told that his grandson would ride behind a spanking team upon a sulky plow of steel, over a carpet-like sod, and lay it smooth as a floor, and another follow after, dropping corn from a patent planter, to be covered also by machinery? This was that same maize which they had received from the Indians, who taught them to plant it when the oak leaves were as big as squirrels' ears, and to go to the brook and bring two shiners for each hill of corn. "Succotash" was an Indian term, as was "kintakaue"; and after eating the one the other helped digest it. This was the elementary lesson of that primitive time.

But sagacity early discovered that Monroe soil was best adapted for grazing; hence attention was turned to pasture fields. But no cultivated grasses were known till comparatively recent times. Meadows and marshes were relied upon to furnish forage and hay. The hay cut with the scythe was raked by hand, forked upon poles, and carried out or stacked up, till winter brought frozen ground that would bear up team and wain. Mr. Samuel Webb could recollect when the first Timothy Hurd grass seed and red clover were introduced. It was an era in agricultural history — a revolution. The marsh is outshone by the meadow, and the milch cow and sleek steers are seen grazing over the clovered plain. The wooden hay-fork and home-made rake give way to

better tools. But for many years scythe, sickle and the clumsy cradle held the field before anything better was thought of. The present generation can remember when the carpenter left his bench, the clerk the counter, and the smith his anvil, to take part in the labors of the hay and harvest field. The country was one vast hive of industry. There was turning the grindstone, the boy's spectre, which kept saying, "Beware of the man who has an axe to grind"; and whettings that filled the air with clear metallic strains; hanging of scythes, which Webster regarded as successfully done when he hung it in a tree; then the march of the peaceful procession across the field, with even step and graceful sweep as well timed as an aria in Handel's "Seasons."

Then came the little army with hand-rakes drawing hay or grain into windrows, to be followed by binders if grain, or tossing into hay-cocks or mowing away if hay. All this had to be done by hand, with rude tools and slow ox-teams. It made weeks of frolic and hard work for field hands and wives and daughters; for all were interested, and not seldom could be seen the fair hands of Ruth bearing, if not the sheaves, at least the basket of lunch for the tired reapers. But how all is changed now! First came the horse-rake; then the mowing-machine. The last came in 1854. It was the Ketcham machine, cumbrous and heavy, galling the necks of the horses, and unwilling to back down when it struck stump or rock. This gave way to lighter and more convenient inventions, the acme being reached when the reaper and binder came into the field. Then, when the horse hay-lifter and mower followed, the burden of farming was also lifted, and the problem of gathering the

crops with few hands was solved. Indeed, if such improved machinery had not been introduced, much of the crops during the Civil War must have been ungathered.

Vehicles passed through similar evolution. First, the cart; then the wagon without springs; then the spring seat. In these rude, lumbering things they even went to church. Chairs were set in them when a number rode. On one occasion, when at a later period the custom was repeated, after the load had been deposited at the church door one of the little girls in the congregation, seeing the wagon and chairs pass the window, observed that "some one was moving." One of our older citizens remembered distinctly the time when the first springs were introduced and the gossip they occasioned.

Oxen also constituted the earliest beasts of burden. They snaked out the stumps on week-days, and took the family to church on Sunday. Moonlight rides in the one-horse open sleigh were then undreamed of. The patient ox was better adapted to the slow work of subduing the wilderness. Experiences with them were sometimes odd: as when a green son of the Emerald Isle yoked a pair of steers facing each other, and said, "Did yees ever see the loike?" or when John Fowler's cattle stepped on a large snapping-turtle; and on another occasion, when he left them yoked to feed near a fence while he went to dinner, and found one of them choked down by a large black-snake. He cut the throat of the ox and dressed the carcass. Attention was largely paid at first to the raising of cattle for market, but this gradually gave way to the dairy business, and the development of the best milch cow has been the aim and effort since.

The scrubby native animal with crumpled horn had to give way for the coming of the Holstein, Jersey, Alderney, and lastly the *chef d'œuvre*, according to one of our best cattle-raisers, the belted stock. Fifty years ago the butter-producing quality was the aim, when the very bank-notes of Orange County took on a butter hue. But in 1841, when the Erie Railroad was constructed and sent its first train into this region, keen eyes saw the advantage of sending milk to the great city; and ever since the Monroe farmers have turned their attention to milk.

CHAPTER XII.

THE IRON INDUSTRY OF MONROE.

THE surveyor Clinton calls attention to lot No. 3, which he calls "the great iron lot." Twenty thousand acres in this vicinity were sold by James Alexander, Lord Stirling, to a London company who established the Stirling Iron Works in 1752. The anchory and forge were built over the line in Warwick, but the mines are largely in Monroe. When owned by Messrs. Noble and Townsend the great chain was forged, as we have already described. The Forest of Dean Furnace was started before the Revolution, but the fall of Fort Montgomery forced it to close, and now it is an unsightly ruin. Queensboro continued till the War of 1812, when it extinguished its fires. The Augusta works were established in 1783 by Solomon Townsend, for the manufacture of bar iron and anchors; but the plant was removed elsewhere, leaving a picturesque ruin on the banks of the Ramapo. Greenwood Iron Works were established in 1811. At the opening there was a procession, each workman bearing the tool of his branch of work. Songs were sung, toasts drunk, speeches made, an ox roasted, and dinner served. Messrs. Robert and Peter P. Parrott were the owners. This furnace

furnished the iron from which most of the cannon used by the government during the late Civil War were made. Now the fires of this historic furnace have been extinguished; the well-known and respected manager, Mr. P. P. Parrott, is dead; the property has passed into other hands, the scene of toil turned into a park, and its name changed to Arden.

Southfield Iron Works came into the possession of Messrs. William and Peter Townsend in 1827, and have had a memorable record. For seventy years the fires glowed and the huge engine puffed, the molten stream poured forth, and weird figures moved in the lurid firelight, while on every hand were signs of thrift and labor. How sweetly came the sound of tinkling bells across the valley, as the cows of the cottagers returned from the mountain pastures; and how restful the notes of the whippoorwill in the gloaming, when around the old homestead played the grandchildren of that old couple who knew so well how to "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest"! But the scene is all changed now. Some of the family return to spend the summers, but the fires of the furnace are out, the long breath of the engine is no longer heard, the teams are released, the men discharged, and their honored employer and his benevolent wife are resting on the cliff yonder, whither sturdy hands, not without tears, carried them a few years since.

The scene was a very different one some sixty years ago, when the iron industries of the country flourished, as will be seen from the following lines from the fertile pen of our town poet, the late John Brooks, who was employed as clerk and storekeeper for the Stirling Company about the year 1832:

"Mr. Peter Townsend:

I send you by our lazy brawny,
Chuckle-head and a Montawney,
Eighty-four bars well-wrought and strong,
Two tons, one hundred fourteen pounds;
Send us some Indian and some flour
Immediately, if in your power.
Send us some shoes, we're out of leather;
We can't go barefoot this cold weather.
Bill Babcock wants a pair; also his wife;
'Tis twelves both wear.
Some of our dames do scold and pout,
Because our tea does not hold out—
Three and a half pounds allowed per week;
For I'm so dumb I've not yet found
The art of making from three pound
Just sixteen quarters. Must I serve
The first that come, just like the rest?
Or will you send a little more?
Three and a half and sometimes four.
Send me the news, for I want to know
How Adams and Old Hickory go.
Some of us will want some money
For training; therefore I'll just dun ye.
Two shillings each will pay stage fare,
And as much more will keep us there.
But send as much as you can spare.
The coaling jobs go on right well;
But on the forge there lays a spell.
And where 'twill end no one can tell;
Tho' now she thumps away like Sheol.
Now when you and your better half
Are reading this, 'twill make you laugh.
'Tis childish verse wrote with pot-hooks
And trammels. I remain,

Yours, John Brooks."

Now if these lines have little merit on the score of rhetoric, they are worthy of preservation as giving a picture of the times, and of some of the cus-

toms in that mining region. Supplies were furnished the families from the company's store. Estimates were made on the basis of three and one half pounds of tea to a family. But as the clerk had not learned the art of making sixteen quarters from three pounds, it was obvious that he must have some more tea, or there must be an unequal distribution. Other touches of humor will be appreciated by those who were familiar with the author and his times.

The last generation witnessed much greater activity in the iron industry than the present. The time was when the mines near by were all worked, the smoke of furnaces mingled with that of cabins in the mountains, teams toiled along the roads from Bull Hill, Forshee, Rye, Hogancamp, O'Neal and Frederick mines. But, owing to several causes, a change has come over the scene. The exhaustion of timber, the necessity of using costlier fuel and of penetrating deeper for the ore, have all conspired to produce the present condition. When foreign supplies are exhausted and tariffs are better adjusted, the iron-men will again look to these hills, and with better machinery take out the rich metal which the magnet indicates is still stored there.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MILK BUSINESS.

THE all-absorbing business of Monroe is producing and selling milk. We may say there was a predestination for it in the very composition of the soil and in the situation. But it did not materialize until the Erie Railway was organized and laid to Monroe.

The first train ran through in 1841. It created a great sensation at the time, as we describe elsewhere, and opened up a new channel of industry not merely for the town, but the county also. Hitherto the county was famous for butter. Shortly after the opening of the road, Mr. John Milton Bull conceived the idea of utilizing the new means of transportation for the benefit of the farmer, by shipping his milk to New York. It was soon caught up and put in practice. John Milton, Jesse and Ira Bull, in the spring of 1842 started the enterprise. When the business was in its infancy we are told that varied receptacles were employed, such as cans, churns, and tubs.

Cloths were placed under the covers to prevent leakage. The early cans had no handles or flanged lids, but were carried by a bail. We are also told that the brakemen bolted upon bringing the empty cans back, because they were so hard to handle. The farmers were their own collectors. The price began,

as we are informed from the books of a farmer, with one and three quarter cents per quart for summer and two for winter; but went up to four, five, six, and even seven cents during the late war. At first the milk was cooled in troughs, sometimes lowered into wells. The supply of milk was small, so that farmers would borrow and lend or club together. The scarcity of ice rendered it difficult to keep the milk; hence it was shipped twice a day. All kinds of business received an impulse. New needs were created. Milk-wagons, cans, milk-houses and cooling-tubs, ice-houses and ponds, better cows, better barns and stables, different feeds and new methods of farming, all were in demand. The big churn was out of use, the churning-machine dilapidated, the dog dead, and the very piggery deserted. "Yes," said one old gentleman who had been used to the old régime, and who was vexed that a storm or accident had thrown hundreds of quarts of milk on his hands and the good-wife could find no means of disposing of it, "we want a new kind of woman."

It brought a new age, if not a new kind of woman. For ever since the labor of the milking-yard, the handling of heavy cans has fallen upon men; while she is released to attend to her own realm in home and social life. After the introduction of this new business it was found it was not without its own irregularities. Now it was a combination of middlemen, then an over-supply, again a cut in price on milk or feed; then an increase in competition from the opening of new roads and widening areas of milk supply. But the great obstacle to the prosperity of the farming community has been the uniform rate of shipment by the railway companies for long and

short distances. A gleam of hope shines in from a recent decision of the Supreme Court, bringing the interstate commerce regulations to bear on the case. To remedy some of the difficulties above referred to, creameries were instituted. Monroe and Turners were early in the field. The Farmers' Creamery, or Monroe Dairy Association, has shown what farmer managers can achieve in conducting a coöperative business. The two other creameries, one for the collection of milk, the other for the manufacture of fine cheeses, are built on the lake, and another is conducted at Satterly town by the Neuenswander brothers.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDUSTRIES OF THE HOME AND FARM.

OUR sketch would be imperfect if we did not advert to the industries of the home. In the early days of farming, the farm was expected to yield nearly all things needed for subsistence, clothing, and comfort, and the housewife was expected to adapt them to the needs of the household. As in Bible times, "she looketh well to the ways of her household. She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle; her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed in double garments." How true in every particular except the spindle and distaff! But its more advanced sister is there in the flax and woollen spinning-wheel. All the linen used for bed, table or clothing was the product of her hands; sometimes from the hetchelling to the final bleaching. So with the wool. She carded and spun and knit, and sometimes wove. The very name "wife" was derived from weaving, she being the woof; while spinster was from the art of spinning, and was then an honorable name for married and unmarried alike. How the needles flew in those days, verifying

their supposed derivation, "ne—idle"! The travelling tailor would "whip the cat" from house to house statedly, to help make up or cut the garments for the men. Such despatch could sometimes be reached in those days, that it is said that the wool was on the sheep one Sunday morning, when marriage banns were published, and on the next Sunday, when the couple were to be joined, the same was on the bridegroom. The hides raised on the farm came home in shoe leather. Then the travelling cobbler came around and shod the family, from father down. The father sometimes tried his hand at cobbling, and on one occasion had not time to trim the sole of his boy's shoe before school, where he called forth the derisive remark, "They be big enough for oxen." But the cuisine must not be overlooked. When we consider the conveniences, it was a marvel. The huge, clumsy fireplace, with its crane and pot-hooks, its hearth and oaken bench, its glowing coals and steaming vessels, was always an object of unique interest.

Before the Dutch oven came, the fowl was hung up by a cord before the fire, and the frying-pan, with its long handle, was propped up by a stick. The oven received special care in construction and management. It must be heated with good chestnut oven-wood; carefully brushed out when the proper temperature was reached; no ashes must cling to the loaf of bread or cake. What experience and care were required! Yet out of that oven would come a marvellous supply of most delicious brown loaves and cake, sometimes six kinds from the same dough. She was an alchemist, and if she had not found the philosopher's stone, she certainly out of that stone shrine of hers brought some masterpieces which the old

men never ceased to praise: pumpkin loaf, succotash, crackling, apple pot pie, venison steaks, shortcake, oily koeks, crullers, Sally Lunn, and her *chef d'œuvre*, black fruit-cake, the glory of the wedding feast.

The housewife had to manufacture so many things from the very foundation. Her yeast she must obtain from her own hop-vine, or borrow it from a neighbor over on the turnpike, whose skill is perpetuated in the name. Her sweetening comes from the maple-trees, and, at her will, becomes either molasses or sugar. Her cider can be converted into vinegar if she wishes, supplying the place of mother to it. Cider apple-sauce supplied the place of sweetmeats. Her kitchen is a laboratory. Tins shine like silver; tubs are scoured to marvellous whiteness; churns and butter-tray are sweet as a heifer's breath; and her broom, the work of her old man, constitutes her sceptre, which all have in sacred awe.

Rock-oil had not been struck as yet. Spermaceti was a luxury too expensive for common use. Illuminating material must be found on the farm. Beef-tallow was utilized. Candles were made by twisting a cotton wick and dipping in melted tallow until they were of sufficient size. These primitive lights were dim and dirty, requiring the snuffers and frequent attention. They were used in church and home. By them, the family read and the minister wrote his sermon. He gave notice of evening service "at early candlelight." The thief in the candle and the flickering flame in the socket were often an object lesson for him in his dimly lighted chapel.

Characteristic features of the hearth in those days were the andirons, innocent of spot; the shovel,

tongs, and bellows; the crane, with its row of pot-hooks, so often cited by the schoolmaster as a comparison for the writing-lesson. Building the fire on such a hearth is a fine art, the very test of a good prospective wife. Back log and top log must be there, and kindlings rightly laid. The old man may insist upon bringing in the first over the highly polished floor with the pony; then there is a small hurricane about his ears, for the ancient housewife, as the modern, "went," as was said, "for the last dirt." The wood in order, she will soon have it lit, even if she has to take the axe herself and make better kindlings. Where is the fire to come from? If she has no embers from last night, carefully covered up, she must either go to a neighbor's to borrow, or she must draw on some home device.

There were no matches sixty years ago. Flint and tinder-box were necessary articles of furniture. The tinder was of home manufacture — no other than scorched rags. When these were not at hand, the flint-lock gun, hanging over the mantle, was taken down to give a spark. An old lady described to the writer her experience in an effort of that kind, when she pointed the gun up the chimney, fired it, and was thrown on her back by the recoil, her grandsons having loaded it with shot without her knowledge. One was mischievous enough to say, "Lay still, granny; there are three more loads in it."

Now upon the glowing hearth the skilled housewife will prepare most of her simple repast. The potatoes and roasting ears are pushed into the coals; the griddle is hung on the crane; the tea-kettle sings a merry song; the baby is crowing in the cradle, ready to spring into the sinewy arms of the bronzed son of

toil when he comes in from the fields or milking-yard; then when the group gathers about the humble board, parents and rosy-cheeked, sun-kissed boys and girls,—for fashion has not entered there to curse with childlessness,—when that group is formed and grace is said, Heaven smiles, and out of the Oracle come the words, "Thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands. Happy shalt thou be. It shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine, thy children as olive-plants around thy table."

Come with me to the spring-house, where the milk is conveyed from the milking-yard. Everything is scrupulously clean about the spot. The dames of that day, although not all Wesleyans, remembered John Wesley's aphorism that "cleanliness is akin to godliness." Even the cat and dog had to respect such religion, and wait until the milk was strained, before they received their share. The milk was strained to the last hair; for the process of setting the milk, skimming the cream, and handling the particles of butter is sure to bring any lurking speck to light. What a sight are those shining pans, filled with the creamy fluid, set afloat in the silvery pebble-paved spring! What a curiosity it would be now to see the big churn operated by a machine with inclined wheel and lever, the motive-power being a huge dog or a sheep! We knew of a minister visiting in a neighboring town, who had never seen the like, spring from his bed upon hearing the thud of the dasher against the floor and the bleat of the impatient sheep, and actually get out of the window to inquire what it meant, intimating that he thought it some new device of the adversary. The labor of the churn was periodic and not light, as even the dog learned

and would manage to have an engagement elsewhere on that day. A dog with a log chained to his neck, going for parts unknown, was not an uncommon sight. At such times we have seen the wheel mounted by an Irish boy, and sometimes a girl; the jolly face peering out through a hole made for it over the machine.

The parlor of the housewife is dainty, with its quaint furniture, first efforts of the family in art, vases of bachelors' buttons, dried immortelles, a hornet's nest, birds' eggs, sea-shells, fragments of coral, and curios picked up on sea or land,—a place so sacred that it is opened only for a wedding or birthday party. Her bedroom is not less neat, with its canopied bedstead, valance, small pillows and feather-bed, all of live goose feathers; and she knows it, for did she not pluck the geese herself? The covering of that bed is her own handiwork; the wool of the blankets she spun, the linen she drew from the distaff, the counterpane of blue and white, with her own name woven into it, she carried to the weaver's herself, and every thread in it she had handled. If there is a quilt, you cannot count the pieces; but she will tell you the history of every one. But come and see her jewels. Like Cornelia, you must wait till they come in from school or field. They are a splendid lot, assorted sizes and sexes. Girls counted in that age as well as boys. They are not a pale, nervous crowd, made up by the French tailor and modiste. They are dressed in linsey-woolsey or calico and homespun; and yet they have their simple pleasures, content because they know not the glamour of modern fashionable folly. An occasional spinning-bee, or a husking frolic, or a straw ride, with

merry companions, was enough for them. The mother, however, must make a trip to New York once in a while, to eke out supplies which she cannot find on the farm or at the country store. She wants some Bohea, Merrimac prints, a bit of silk or ribbon, an outfit for the daughter; and she cannot step on the cars or steamboat, but must ride to Cornwall and take a sloop. She takes butter and eggs to trade with. She must take mattress and bed-clothes, also provisions. The captain will allow her to boil her kettle over his fire, but otherwise she must care for herself. Neighbors would go in company, and often more than a week would be consumed in sight-seeing and bargaining. Amusing incidents occurred on some of these trips. On one occasion a neighbor was taking a coop of live chickens by sloop to market. The rats invaded his coops and killed the poultry, whereupon he was very loud in his denunciation, and threatened to scuttle the boat and send the whole concern to Davy Jones's locker if the loss was not made up to him. On another of these trips the sloop was becalmed, and the captain said that the women had knit up all his wind. They were pretty sure to widen the realm of experience and thought; for there were few books and papers then — a Bible, catechism, some old volume of sermons, a novel, and an almanac would comprise the family library. But the trip would bring a book, a new fashion, or some new recipe. The Navarino bonnet came in that way, and the pillow-sleeves and the hoops. But it was not till the railroad was laid that modern fashions and conveniences were adopted. Fifty years ago there were but one piano and one pipe-organ in the village. A sewing-machine came about the same time as the

mowing-machine. It was rude, and soon got out of order. It was handed over to the minister to repair; for in those days it was said, "What he did not know was not worth knowing." He paid himself for his work by making with it a pair of overalls, and every seam gave way, it being one-threaded. What rapid strides of improvement since! A house now without a Singer or a Domestic, a piano or an organ, a steam-heater and a bath-room with hot and cold water, is an exception about Monroe.

If the farmer's wife was such a model of adaptation to her sphere, her husband must be no less so. Since

"Adam delv'd and Eve span,"

farming has been not merely one of the most honorable of vocations, but has required the most of both physical and mental energy. It is not commonly thought so, because in many countries the farmer class are oppressed and so burdened that they have no opportunity to educate themselves or their families. Then, again, Nature is so beneficent that often a very dull person may be able to "tickle the earth with a hoe and make it laugh a harvest." But here especially there is room for the exercise of the largest intelligence, and the best there is in man. The farmer has to do with soils and fertilizers; he must bring some knowledge of chemistry to bear on this department. So must he know of plant life, its laws and enemies. He has to do with cattle and other farm stock; he must be a herdman, and know not merely how to care for these in health, but also in sickness. Then he must be a carpenter, and be able to repair his tools and vehicles, and in these days be a machin-

ist, for the implements and appliances of the farm are such now that one must know how to manage a lathe, a windmill, a steam-engine, and sometimes a dynamo. Farming is not the dull round of crass ignorance, or the amusement of elegant leisure. It is worthy the name of a profession. To do it well demands a technical education. But some will acquire this without the aid of the college. An observing mind on the farm will gather up facts, elaborate them by experience, and make his deductions so wisely that even the college-bred is compelled to come to him for help. Monroe had a remarkable illustration in one of its sons, the late John H. Knight, who was chosen to take charge of the New Jersey State Farm, under the superintendence of Professor Cook of Rutgers College. John managed that farm for this institution for years with great success, his experimental knowledge being necessary to verify and illustrate the theories and deductions of the books and the class-room.

Mr. Knight returned to his native town to give his neighbors the benefit of the knowledge he had acquired, and still further aided the interests of this dairy region by introducing a fine breed of cattle, namely, the belted, or Dutch, breed, realizing what the Monroe farmer has been always studying to find — the ideal milch cow.

It will be of value to some of our readers to present certain facts in regard to the belted cattle just referred to. I am indebted for the following communication to the Hon. A. B. Hulse:

"The Hurd Register of the Dutch Belted Cattle Association states as follows: The original Dutch name, still used in Holland, is Lakenfeld cattle; *laken* being a sheet to be wound around the

body of the animal. Their breeding dates back to the seventeenth century, when cattle interests in Holland were in the most thrifty condition, and this type and color, being established by scientific breeding, decidedly the highest attainment ever reached in the science of breeding. The historian Motley has well said, 'These are the most wonderful cattle in the world.'"

They were controlled by the nobility of Holland, and they are up to the present time keeping them pure. They are not inclined to sell or part with them. They have a broad band or belt around their body, in white, while the rest of the body is black, making a very beautiful and imposing contrast. They are above the average size, commonly known as business size. The early importers in the United States were D. H. Haight of Goshen, New York, who made three importations; the Hon. H. Coleman; and P. T. Barnum, our national showman. The Haight importations were carefully bred on a farm in Orange County, New York. The noted Holbert and Knight herds were also established from this importation by careful selection. These famous herds comprise the foundation of most of the thoroughbreds in America. Some of the finest specimens of this noted breed, now in this country, are descendants of the late John Knight's herd. He was not an importer, but a breeder of some of the finest specimens of these cattle ever bred in this country.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DRESS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE men wore at the close of the Revolution cocked hat, corded knee-breeches, with stockings and low shoes. These were adorned with buckles at knee and ankle. The wealthy had them of silver, with quaint inscriptions, such as:

> "When money 's low the ring must go;
> If that won't do, the buckles too."

The neckwear was a collar and high black silk or satin stock, that held the head up very prim. The hair was tied in a queue. This, when worn by the schoolmaster, was always a point inviting attack from the average small boy. The vest was flowery, long, and flanked with wide pockets, in which was the inevitable snuff-box, which was constantly offered in compliment, and tapped before the delicious powder was applied to the nose. The coat had high collar, and the top-coat long skirts with broad pocket-flaps. One of the elderly ladies said that she remembered seeing one of these old men in such a dress, and as he was a man both of wealth and fine physique, with silver buckles and sometimes a silk dressing-gown, she was much impressed by him. The boy was the man in miniature, with modifications; in many instances the father and older brothers made over. He was a happy boy who was shaken down into his own buckskin trousers to wear the same till they were ready to be cut up

for foot-ball or top-cord. The summer boy belonged to the barefoot regiment. It was his delight to shed his shoes with the first blue-bird, even though he had to warm his feet on the ground where the cows had lain, inviting her ladyship to rise for his accommodation. A city lady once expressed pity for such a boy, and was about to offer him money to buy shoes, supposing it was caused by poverty, but was checked by the remark that he was no waif, but the son of one of the best families in Monroe.

The clothes were usually made in the house, the goods woven sometimes and dyed. Butternut-chips and oak-balls and indigo formed the little stock of dye-stuffs and gave sufficient variety of tint. The travelling tailor would come at set times with his goose and lap-board, and make up the clothes of the men folks, as they were called. 'Nijah Barton was the travelling newspaper and poet of the time. He would sing of

"The old brown overcoat and apple-tree buttons."

For even the buttons were often home-made. The shoes were made by the travelling shoemaker, who came with lap-stone and last. He was a true disciple of St. Crispin, and knew well how to fit the boy with his Monroe ties, and the young man with his first high boots. Copper-toes and patent-leathers were alike unknown then. This sort of trade itineracy was called "whipping the cat." The shoemaker was as full of story and humor as his itinerant co-laborer.

"Rap, rap, rap!
And he shook his paper cap;
While his lap-stone on his knees
Echoed back his ecstacies."

The dress of the fairer part of creation we approach with more of self-distrust,—probably may show ourselves as much mystified and perplexed as was Mark Twain when he exchanged satchels with a young lady, and opened hers at his hotel, supposing it was his own.

"We dressed," said one good dame, "not as we would, but as we could." The working, every-day garb was a short gown and skirt; a check apron for the kitchen, and a white one if a neighbor happened in. The big chintz sunbonnet was always at hand, to slip on if there was an errand out in the sunlight; for there was the same care then as now to guard the complexion from tan and freckles, particularly on the part of the younger women. "The young girls wore flats," said a dame of seventy, "and we tied them down over our faces, and carried umbrellas to screen us from the sun." No such familiarity from Dan Sol or any of the masculine persuasion was permitted till their preordained *alter ego* came along. One old man said, "I sat up with her to feed some little pigs that had lost their mother, and when it got kind of tedious I just kissed her because I thought it had never been offered her before." It must always be remembered that the pink sunbonnet shaded eyes as bright and cheeks as soft and fair, with hands as white and hearts that beat beneath the plain white kerchief as warm as any to-day. Then also was there the same love of dress, the same fickleness of fashion. The old attics reveal to-day some of the quaint articles of costume with which the fair dames appeared on state occasions. Here is an enormous bonnet of straw, that would be as unwelcome at the play as some of the modern plumed aureolas. A

pair of buckram frames tell the story of pillow-sleeves, big as those a missionary's wife found to contain stuff enough to make her child a dress. Then there were gowns of textures oft as delicate and tasteful, if not as rich and costly, as now, just as varied in pattern and often far more elaborate in adornment; for much of the lace and other trimming was made by their own deft hands, which were seldom idle. It is a mistake to suppose that all the artistic fabrics and forms are modern. Silk-weavers seek the antique for beauty of pattern, and costumers revert to Dolly Varden, Mother Hubbard, Marie-Antoinette, and Madame Pompadour when they want to bring out something to astonish.

Now and then a bridal dress has survived the wreck of time, recalling a sentiment which in all ages brings out the best that is in human nature. The veil and wreath were then, as now, the bride's prerogative. Perhaps a dainty slipper appears, filled once by some fairy foot that perchance has lost its lightness. But how it once tripped down the stair, amid the shower of rice, that night she went out a young bride! Among these treasures is a tortoise-shell comb, around which the hair was piled in wondrous folds of rich profusion. One little curl of gray remains on a remembered face, a relic of former beauty not all yet faded. The engagement rings seldom were of diamond, but a plain circlet of gold, on which sometimes was inscribed the couplet:

> "I hope in time
> You may be mine."

The wedding-ring did not often convey a large amount of worldly goods, but it was not the fickle

bauble of fashion to be shifted with every change of fortune, but taken for better and for worse. The miniatures of the olden time reveal many striking forms and beautiful faces. Perhaps the artist flattered them. There were no sun-pictures to bring out the imperfections as in more recent days. But life then was just as real as now, having like virtues and vices, foibles and follies, cares and pleasures. As we look upon those who have survived them, we are looking as it were upon veterans who have come through many a conflict, or upon craft that have weathered many a storm. We may smile at their weaknesses and quaint ways, but let us think how it will be with ourselves when the next generation shall be retrospecting our age; bringing out from the attic our old hats and gowns, our stovepipe hats and flower-garden bonnets of all the colors of the rainbow, our stiff collars and pointed shoes. Some day the college professor will show to the students our clumsy steam-engines and dynamos, and the popular lecturer will set the house in a roar with a description of a modern girl whirling through the avenues on a bicycle, in bloomer costume. Our boasted triumphs will seem child's play to the twentieth-century savant.

CHAPTER XVI.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

WE have read in an old album at Monroe the lines:

> "In vain may old folks scold and watch,
> And barricade the house;
> For surely Love the girls will catch,
> As cats do catch the mouse."
>
> — EXPERIENCE.

We must not forget that these wrinkled faces and stooping forms were not always thus. A gleaming eye, a snowy curl, some relic, ribbon, or jewel, remind us that there was beauty then, and tender hearts, and hearts to love as well. There were quiet lanes, and narrow bridges over babbling brooks, where was "only room for twa." And bits of romance would find their way even into lives amid these rugged rocks and humble homes. The big fireplace — what a spot to woo and dream and forecast the future! The very mode of building the fire was an index of the skill of the hands; the manner in which it burned an omen of the success of the future wife. The replenishment of the fuel and the stirring of the coals gave frequent occasion for mutual help and coöperation. The very crackle of the chestnut logs gave a name to the pleasant pastime. When the fire ceased

to need attention, the youth would get out his jack-knife and whittle; and if the old man should look in, it would be to see if the whittling ultimated in any useful end. Thus he was carving his own destiny. And the maid would ply her needles and "widden or narrow," take up or drop a stitch, and give her answer to the burning question, according to the form it took, either sock or mitten. Rival lovers would try to sit one another out. A fine horse and buggy or cutter would give opportunity to promote the lover's scheme. With what vim they sang:

> "Jingle, bells; jingle, bells; jingle all the way:
> Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!"

Often it would result in a ride to the parson's, or in a message to bring the parson to her door.

"I want you to marry me to this 'ere gal," said a swain to the minister. "But you seem to have two; I can marry you only to one." "Oh, well, come into the parlor and I will tell you which one." The choice was made; the knot tied. Both knelt with their backs to the man of God, the groom disclosing a huge pair of brogans from his overcoat pocket. The ceremony over, he said: "I came away without my pocket-book; I will settle to-morrow." It is needless to say to-morrow never came.

The same minister rode out to a log cabin in the woods, for a similar purpose, and was met at the door by the groom, who was anxious to have the contract made as binding as the law allows, and addressed him thus: "Did you bring one of them things?— them, ah — certif'cat's?"

He was assured everything was prepared to perform the ceremony aright. After some confusion as

to their relative places and the proper answers to be given, they were tied together. Then from the lips of paterfamilias came the query: "Sam, did you settle?" Sam settled; and as the dominie called for his horse, it was said to him: "We would like to have you stay to tea, because we have tea things, but you are in a hurry." The next day they expressed regret that he did not stay, for they had two kinds of cake: gingerbread and biscuit.

The marriage ceremony was seldom performed in the church at that day, at least in Monroe, but mostly at the home of the bride, or at the house of minister or justice of the peace. When the marriage took place at home, it was an event that excited the whole neighborhood. There were dressmaking and brewing, baking, and general furbishing for weeks. Cook-books and patterns ready cut and marked could not be bought then. The experienced talent of the parish was called in, and many an original trousseau and novel delicacy was the outcome. When the bride could make her own attire, and her mother cook the entire menu, that was something to boast of. One such feast we recollect, in which there were nine courses, all of home production.

A wedding party was the scene of great merriment, seldom of intemperance. The music was furnished by native talent. One of the old dancing-masters was of so serious a turn that he would practise on his violin and read his Bible at the same time. While a wedding was at its highest, the rude boys would come and serenade the couple with horn and tin pan, which they called "riding skimbleton." Sometimes they proceeded to great extremes, such as placing a stone on top of the chimney, or snatching

food from the stove. A sharp lesson was administered to them once, when the doctor offered them wine in which tartar emetic had been placed. A very sick crowd was laid out on fence and wood-pile. On another occasion they fired a gun just as the ceremony was in progress. The bride nearly fainted. This time the perpetrators were arrested and fined. And yet weddings and skimbletons continue as of yore.

CHAPTER XVII.

MILLS AND SMITHY.

THE flour and feed mill was needed almost as soon as the country began to be settled. The primitive mill was a private one, consisting of a rude, hollow stone with a rounded one for pestle. With these the corn was pounded as the settlers could learn from their Indian neighbors. The bolting was done with a fan, as in Scripture times. Samp and hominy were the common food at first. But soon there would be a longing on the part of some goodwife for some wheat or rye flour to try her hand upon. We are informed of one of the early settlers who walked to the river and brought home a bag of flour on his back. But it was not long before a flour and grist mill was built in the Clove. In the old records it bears the name of Cunningham's Mill. It was built by some one of the Smith family, for the deeds show that Hophni Smith sold the property to Abner Cunningham for £480 in 1788. The latter sold in 1806 to Nicholas Knight, yeoman of Smith's Clove. The deed mentions the stone arch of the bridge, a white-oak bush as a monument, the raceway and mill, with house, in lot No. 43 of the Cheesecock Patent. The stump of a white-oak tree is on the south side of the highway to-day.

The machinery of this mill was mostly of wood. The bolting was done by hand. An old musket was found in the mill, which Daniel Knight undertook to take apart, when the load exploded and injured his eyesight. He was conducting a customer down to the basement when the old man fell. Mr. Knight said: "Did you miss the steps?" He replied: "I missed the top one, but I hit all the rest." A saw-mill stood a little west of the grist-mill, and most of the timber of the neighborhood was sawed there. The old dam gave way in a freshet while owned by Daniel and Jeremiah Knight, but was rebuilt with greater strength.

When it came into possession of Chauncey B. Knight the mill was entirely renovated. The wooden machinery was taken out, and the latest improvements, even a new wheel, introduced. But the water-power was soon found to be inadequate to the increased dimension of the wheel and heavier machinery, especially in a dry time. This led its owner to build a steam-mill in the village near the depot, which has done its work for more than a quarter of a century, and under the management of Messrs. Chas. Knight and Geo. R. Conklin is doing yeoman service to-day. The scene now is very different from the mill scenes of seventy years ago, when the farmer's boy came on an ambling nag, with a bag of grain divided for a saddle, and the plethoric ends swinging on either side. The dusty miller, after nagging him, helps unload and swing the grist within his dusty domain, and then proceeds to toll it before it is emptied into the hopper. Now the farmer drives up with sturdy team, weighs it on the platform scale, himself with it, and straightway loads a ton or two

of reed, weighs, drives off and fills his bins at home, from which he feeds his splendid herd with the independence of a lord of the manor.

It is related that a portly yeoman expressed some surprise that his loaded wagon weighed so much more than he expected. "Oh!" said his little grandson, "Grandpa, you forget you were in the wagon, and weighed yourself."

Another well-remembered mill near Monroe village was the old fulling-mill. It stood on the bank of the Outlet Brook, near the mill-pond. It was the property of Nicholas and afterwards of Daniel Knight. The history of its acquisition is worthy of record. According to the deed, Philadelphia Cock sold to Nicholas Knight her one-half dower right in the property — the fulling-mill and house and 181 acres of land — for the consideration of five shillings. No doubt there must have been some unexplained encumbrance assumed by the purchaser.

Now this mill, after running many years, was overhauled and put in order by the late Horace Hall. Although he had no previous experience, he repaired it and acquired therefrom a reputation for like work throughout the neighborhood. He lived to tell of it until recently, when he died, September 8, 1892, in his eighty-fourth year.

It is often asked by the present generation, Of what use is a fulling-mill, and what is the process of fulling?

The wool, after shearing and washing, was brought hither by the good dame who had no conveniences at home, nor sufficient skill, and was further cleansed, bleached, and carded by great cylindrical cards into rolls. It was then ready for spinning, and skilled

housewives preferred to do this with their own deft hands, spinning-wheels being necessary furniture of every well-regulated household. But sometimes circumstances rendered it expedient to have the subsequent processes finished at the mill. It was then woven into cloth or blankets, rolls of flannel, or coverlets, which were then put into troughs with fuller's earth or suds and soaked and pounded, then hung on frames with tenter-hooks and dried. When it had been thus cleansed and shrunk, it was folded and laid on an iron table, with a heavy iron plate laid on the cloth, while a powerful screw pressed the plates together until the material had every drop of moisture pressed out of it and was ready for the draper and tailor.

This was an important industry in the early days, when the shears and knitting-needles were common implements, and great factories and merchant tailors were unknown.

The old house that belonged to the fulling-mill is still standing, just beyond the road across the pond. That road was not there in the days of the mill, but was built about 1858.

The Seamanville mill is an old one. It belonged to Daniel Miller, who is remembered as the person who gave the land on which the old Presbyterian church stood, and the present burial-ground. It had been owned and operated many years by Charles Turner, son of the late Peter Turner. The mill had the reputation of grinding very fine flour. There were a sawmill and distillery on the Still Brook, some of the timbers of which, or the dam, can still be seen. So at Turners there was an old sawmill, and afterwards a grist-mill.

Highland Mills and Tannery have been in possession of the Cromwell family many years, and have given name and business to the Lower Clove.

Other mills might be mentioned, as, for instance, the fishing-rod and tackle factory of the Messrs. Hall, and the iron bedstead factory at Southfield. Few parts of the country are more favored than this old town with water-power and desirable mill-seats.

The blacksmith was an important individual in a rural community, even in very early times. The plow had to be shod, tools had to be made; for there were no great factories in those days to turn out tools by steam. The country smith made the hoes and coulters and axes, often the carving-knife and chisel. In such a stony country the horses and even the oxen must be shod. The shop stood by some cross-road to catch customers, and was a mere shanty, but the resort of many a traveller and neighbor. They come with broken wagons and shoeless horses, and as they stand under the grimy shed about the glimmering forge their voices are heard above the ringing anvils and the puffing bellows. Not seldom are important questions of town politics and social ethics settled here. One of Rogers' groups represents the sturdy smith illustrating a siege in which he took part, the parallels of approach being drawn in the scales and dust at the foot of his anvil.

We remember that when our village geologist visited the shop of William Hudson he discoursed learnedly about oxygen and hydrogen. But the man of the leathern apron said, "He need not talk to me about his oxygen and cowdrogen, for I do not believe in them." But he did know how to make an ax or adz, and Hudson's tools were the best in the market.

He could also shape and temper a penknife blade. He had never heard of the spectroscope, yet he would watch the play of color when he was forging an axe, as the color changed from straw to pink and pink to blue, and when the desired tint was reached out he would snatch it and plunge it into oil or water, and produce a choice tool, while he did not pretend to any scientific explanation of the process. He died of apoplexy, in the height of his usefulness.

Cortland Rumsey, of Turners, was another skilled workman of the forge. He could repair even so delicate an instrument as a watch.

He also, like many others, felt the hand of Death, before whom the strong bow themselves, while the fairest wither like the flowers of spring touched by the frost.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INNKEEPING.

AMONG the earliest avocations was that of keeping houses of public entertainment. Their evolution has been the reverse of some others. The ancient caravansary became a hostelry; that, a coffee-house; then a tavern; and that a saloon, where only liquors are drunk and drunkards made. At that stage the publican becomes the synonym of sinner. But in the early settlement of the country, or before it was settled, and when modes of travel were primitive, there was a necessity for houses of entertainment where the traveller could stop and rest his beast and refresh himself. If there was a bar, it was because every one used liquor freely, not even excepting the minister. People travelled then on horseback, or by private conveyance, or by stage-coach, which had its regular routes, carrying, besides passengers, the United States mail. Wherever it was convenient for such to stop for rest or change of teams, a hostelry would spring up. All the way from New York, on the great stage route, were such places of entertainment. The Clove was a good day's journey from the city. Starting from Hoboken in the morning, travellers would find it convenient to rest, after fifty miles, at Monroe village; hence the importance of its hotels. There was one at the old or upper village very early. This old hostelry, ac-

cording to Homo, was presided over at different times by Brewster Tuthill, Isaac Van Duzer, Peter Ball, Daniel Vail, Sylvester Gregory, and Hophni Smith. Town meetings and elections were held at the old tavern, and many were the questions outside the ballot-box which were settled in blood between the athletes of the Upper and Lower Cloves and Southfield. It would be deemed a very tame election in which three or four of these contests did not occur. It had, for a sign, two men; some said it represented Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton shaking hands, something that modern bruisers do before they fight, but it is more likely it was the landlord welcoming his guest. When Monroe moved to its present site the hotel went with it, and was kept in the William Seaman house. Here the old stage would rumble up with the sound of bugle, and while the obsequious landlord would help out the dust-covered passenger, boots would snatch bandbox and bundle, horses would be changed, the mails be delivered, and the whole place be agog. All are curious to see the strangers and learn the news. There are some anxious faces, parents inquiring after absent sons, friends asking in regard to an accident or battle, lovers looking for letters; but the scene takes on more humorous coloring as Jehu jokes with the boys, or flirts with the barmaid; or the old bar-room loungers come up to be treated by some politician seeking votes. John Van Buren came thus to Monroe, and apologized for public drinking to the tavern loungers, much to their amusement. The Monroe Hotel was first kept by De Witt McGarrah; afterwards, at the newer site, by John Goff. It was here, in 1854, at a Fourth of July celebration, that the

toast was given, "The Monroe doctrine, the doctrine of Monroe."

Another hotel stood where the Granite House now is. This was kept by the father of David Lynch. It had a sign painted by a wandering artist, representing on one side a high-stepping horse, elegantly caparisoned, and ridden by a neatly dressed rider, who, on the air proceeding from his mouth, says, "Am going to law." On the reverse is the same horse, spavined and starved, while the man walks beside, saying, "I have been to law." It probably told the experience of mine host, as of many others. This sign was such a curiosity that visitors were usually taken thither to see this work of an old master.

There was another hotel at the other end of the village, to intercept the traveller from the other direction. It stood where Alfred Carpenter's house stands. It is related that the lazy landlord would send a boy to lead a traveller's horse up and down the scrub-oaks when he wanted him curried. There were plenty of such curry-combs in those parts then. It is also related that a lady and her daughter were riding from church on horseback; they took refuge from a shower under the hotel shed; when the young lady looked down upon her white dress, what was her disgust to see it covered with fleas! We are glad to say substantial dwellings and happy homes occupy all these sites now. Other routes through the Clove had places of entertainment well known at the time; such, for instance, as the hotels of John Coffey, George Wilkes, John Galloway, and M. Dickerman.

These were on the lower road, the grand route to Newburg and the river towns. Through this beautiful valley rumbled the Albany coaches, carrying

many a celebrity of the State, army, and society. But now all is changed, the splendid trains of the Erie Railway sweeping back and forth, bearing freight and passengers, like the countless corpuscles of an artery, to the great life centres beyond. Nor would a history of public entertainment be complete without mention of Peter Turner, who had the foresight to perceive that the Erie Road would have to pass through the Clove, and would need an eating-station within fifty miles of New York; hence his choice of the location now called by his name. Here he had a sawmill first, then erected a grist-mill; afterwards he built the hotel at the bottom of the hill. His restaurant was well known by every traveller, and was famed for its coffee and crullers. This afterwards developed into the splendid Orange Hotel, which was under railroad management, the moving spirit of which was the late James Turner, son of Peter Turner. This fine structure was burned, and the old hotel and restaurant recovered their ancient and unrivalled fame.

The late George Goff informed me that his father, Michael Goff, kept a house of entertainment on the old Bloomingdale road, just out of New York, before he moved to Central Valley; and that Thomas Addis Emmet, the Irish patriot, when banished, was entertained by him. The best rooms were given up to him and his suite. Mine host and his family took the rooms over the stables. George Goff was born during the time, "like his Master," as he used to say, "in a stable." Michael Goff afterwards removed to Central Valley, where his son John Goff was born, who bought the hotel at Monroe, one of the best-known in the county. He married Phœbe, the sister of Peter Turner, but left no children to succeed him.

CHAPTER XIX.

MERCHANDIZING.

ANOTHER occupation early in vogue was that of merchandizing; first the peddler came through, like Harvey Birch, with his pack of wares. He would spread out his trinkets and gaudy kerchiefs to captivate the servant, with tapes and needles, a tablecloth or dress pattern, for mistress, a jackknife for the boy, or "specs" for the old man. There was more of respectability about it then. Indeed, in the old country the peddler was the Christian colporteur, conveying secretly the sacred classics to Swiss chalets nestling in deep glens or on dizzy crags. The coming of the travelling merchant was always welcome, and was rewarded with rest and refreshment. But as wants multiply, something more permanent and expensive is needed; hence the country store. Look in on its bewildering variety of goods. You can hardly get in, for the boxes and samples of vegetables and fruits. Your progress is impeded within by cases of shoes and enormous boots. There are showcases containing all sorts of ribbons, laces, embroideries, with all those little dainty things called notions by the fairer part of creation. *Vis-à-vis* with them is another, catering to coarser tastes: full of pipes

and snuff-boxes, cigars and tobacco, colored sticks of candy and bull's-eyes. Gaudy prints adorn the counters on one side, while the shelves are plethoric with textures to suit every age and taste, from overalls for father to pinafore for "sis"; from a lawn for the bride to a scarf for the dominie. In battle array, on the other side, are all sorts of hardware, from a sickle to a razor, a monkey-wrench to a carpet-tack. Further on are groceries, wet and dry: tea, coffee, molasses, vinegar, starch, candles, sugar, bacon, codfish, and mackerel. Overhead are all descriptions of tinware and bits of sheet-iron for stovepipe, for the merchant must do some of the work of the tinker. Harness and saddles and horse-blankets are for sale till the harness-maker comes. Then there are seeds and bulbs and plants; often hay and feed. What a medley of smells, particularly in the cellar, where are the cheese and butter, fish and pork, and oils for paint or illumination!

The store is an attractive place in a country village. Women come to shop, but men love to sit on the barrels and talk and smoke, or eat crackers and cheese. All the petty happenings of the village are brought to light and discussed. One old man declared that he could not stub his toe behind the barn, or his old cat have kittens, but some one would report it.

When Mr. Goff fell into his well, he bet that before he was dry some one would report it.

When political campaigns were rife, discussions would run high, and sharp words be spoken. On one occasion two neighbors were discussing some question; one of them said: "You lie —— under a mistake." At first the other was ready for a blow;

but when he heard the entire sentence he relented, saying: "Next time I want you to put your words a little closer together." We recollect a man from the mountain coming in and asking if the merchant had any superb cheese. Just then a young man burst into a laugh. "Who is he?" said the irate customer. When informed he said: "He is a pusillanimous poor creetur'." A young druggist came to town and started business. He was inclined to be somewhat stilted in phraseology, and would talk of things in juxtaposition. Stepping into a store where the late Matthew B. Swezey was busy, he inquired what he was doing. He replied: "I am extracting the sugar from this barrel, and it is so contiguous to the bottom of the barrel, I am rather ambiguous whether I can extricate it." A pebble was handed me by one who had read a little of Lyell or Hitchcock, and an answer desired as to its nature. I described it as a water-washed pebble of milky quartz, veined with graywacke. "You 're mistaken," said he; "it is the petrified fruit of the Lepidodendron." One of the merchants had sent up a pattern of rather gaudy velveteen to the house of a Friend, for what was called a waistcoat. Next day his wife returned it, with the remark that it was not comely, as it was "all vanity and moss." "I want some Merrimac calico," said a lady. Several pieces were exhibited. She astonished the salesman by saying: "You call it Merrimac, but I 'll guarantee it was made in this country." One evening, when a store was closed, the frequenters of the store brought out a pack of cards and began to play. They were regarded then with such holy horror, that they were played clandestinely, as the very work of the devil. On the occasion referred to the minister

visited the store rather late. Seeing a light, he entered, when, lo! the contraband was out of sight, nor would have been suspected, had not one of the old gentlemen naïvely said: "Well, you nearly ketched the boys playing kiards!"

The early groceryman sold liquor from his store. Before the temperance reform it was customary so to do. Nor was it a small part of their trade. Then it was considered necessary to take a drop of something for every ailment and almost every stage of duty. The nurse must wash the baby in it; the old man must take it for his nightcap. The harvesters must have it in the field. The goodwife must have a little to keep off the megrims, and even the minister did not refuse what he called spiritual refreshment. It is not strange to find, upon looking over some of the old books, the frequent repetition of such items as "N. E. Rum, Apple-jack, Brandy and Cider." These, with tobacco, were the largest purchases of some of the mountaineers and miners. Whenever there was a little balance over, it used to be said that they took it out in these poisons. But time has wrought a change for the better, and a corner grocery for the sale of liquor belongs to the regions of barbarism or caricature.

The first store in Monroe was at the upper village, and was kept by Timothy Little, who married a daughter of Rev. Mr. Baldwin. His successors were Griffen and Vyle, with Matthew B. Swezey for clerk. When business forsook the upper village and settled around the present site, John McGarrah built the hotel for his son De Witt, and a storehouse for himself.

It is an interesting fact in regard to the father of

John McGarrah and great-grandfather of Messrs. Theodore and Eugene, that he was a member of the State legislature when the Erie Canal bill was before that body, and that he voted for the bill. But for that enlightened act he was burned in effigy by his political opponents!

On the opposite corner was the store of Matthew B. Swezey, who sold out to Chauncey B. Knight, the former continuing as his clerk.

Gates W. McGarrah built a store at the further end of the village, where, in 1843, he conducted business till 1847, when he died, much respected as a merchant and beloved by friends.

Henry Bertholf succeeded him, and he was succeeded by the sons of Mr. Gates McGarrah, Theodore and Eugene, who conducted the store in partnership for many years; it at last closing out with the latter, February, 1896.

Chauncey B. Knight built the brick store on the railroad corner in 1853, and occupied it until 1858, when he moved across the track and entered upon the railroad business. William S. Howell succeeded him. He took Jesse Strong in partnership. Manning F. Ten Eyck and Horace Swezey were clerks. B. F. Montanye succeeded. Afterward the store was burned, and two handsome brick stores took its place, one built by Geo. Reed, the other by G. W. Conklin. These became, respectively, a drug-store and a store for general merchandise. The drug-store was burned, but has since been rebuilt, making altogether a noble block.

In the latter building are offices and lodge-rooms, toilet-room, and water-power for different uses. The department store of Paddleford & Co. is on the main floor.

The moving spirit of this last enterprise is Geo. R. Conklin, who with Chas. T. Knight has a feed-store and steam-mill opposite, where from that centre they manage branch establishments at Chester, Goshen, Warwick, and Vernon in a neighboring State; while they advise with two of Monroe's sons in like business at Florida, N. Y. Thus this little village has wide-awake business men and appliances. Gilbert Carpenter, also on the diagonal corner, not to be outdone, has placed in his feed-store a telephone exchange plant by which a dozen neighbors can not merely send orders, but converse privately together, even playing over a piece of music or detailing a bit of domestic news. Soon he expects to extend his line so as to take in the wide, wide world.

William Bertholf has his tin and stove store, but from it also go out the wires of the Postal Telegraph, operated by his brother Frank.

Thus Monroe is true to its antecedents, and follows up the footprints and spirit of the scientific minds of the olden time.

Henry Mapes dealt out drugs for many years, but has taken up business of a nature more grave.

John Gregory is worthy of mention. He is the only surviving merchant of the ancient past. He is upwards of eighty years of age, and conducted the harness business more than fifty years ago in the upper part of the village. About 1870 he built a fine store and dwelling nearer the railroad, and there has resided since. His son Lester has changed the business, but his venerable father now alone wends his way to post-office and church, to find in this last, as of yore, the rest that comes to the weary. We could speak of others, younger, but they must wait until some new historian is born.

CHAPTER XX.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION.

THE earliest mention of a school in Monroe is of one held in the Presbyterian Church building at Seamanville. After that a log school-house was built just west of the church. John Brooks went to school here. Kinney McManus was the master, and he was a weaver by trade. He knew how to ply the shuttle of education as well, and fasten at least the three R's into the texture of the child mind. Here our poet and philosopher got his first start in education. The stone school-house followed, built of Houser iron-stone, a peculiar rock of this vicinage, well adapted for the purpose, because the irrepressible jackknife could make no impression upon it. Hiram Dean, or Danes, is remembered by some when a dreadful wen had driven him into retirement to a little cabin on Ryder Hill. He was a man of limited education, but a good penman. John Brooks was one of the teachers there; also his brother Fletcher. The former prided himself, next to scholarship, upon the art of making a quill pen. James Cromwell and John also wielded the sceptre here; also Simpson and O'Strander, David Lynch and Andrew Van Valer, McCullough and Brewster Tuthill. These were followed by Murray, of whom the wits said:

"Nothing was made in vain, since Murray could sing."

The teacher of that day, said one of them, "ferruled the scholars, mended pens, set copies, and made his ink of white-oak bark, at the close of the school." He boarded around, and collected his own dues — namely, $12 a month. The school-house was heated by a fireplace. An incident is remembered of the cotton clothing of a little girl taking fire, after which the teacher requested the parents to dress their children in woolen clothes. The text-books were the English "Reader," Daboll's "Arithmetic" and "Columbian Orator," and Murray's "Grammar." We have forgotten to mention that he said the teacher would sometimes thresh out several shocks of rye, to eke out a livelihood and keep his hand in good trim for discipline.

Education at that day was compulsory in a different sense from the present. The master's sceptre was the ferrule, — a rod bound at the end with a ring of iron, — hence called a ferrule, from *ferrum*, iron.

The iron-stone of the school-house was significant, and a type of the ages. Here the lines of Goldsmith well apply:

> "There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
> The village master taught his little school.
> A man severe he was, and stern to view;
> I knew him well, and every truant knew."

Playing truant was not uncommon in days when education was made so dreary, and was punished with severity. The swimming-pool, the orchard and the woods offered great temptations to the little prisoners. On the other hand, the hill and toboggan-

slide and the ball-game had their counter attractions, and many a jolly carnival had the boys and girls together, raising shouts that made the very welkin ring.

Among them were scholars who caught a glimpse of the value of education, and prized the book more than the ball. Despite the obstacles that lie along the path of learning, nevertheless, they scaled its heights and enrolled their names in the Temple of Fame. The teacher often had as thorny a road as the scholar. When he had to board out his little stipend he sometimes had hard fare. One we knew was forced to take up his quarters in a log barn, and was tormented all night long by the serenading of the cats that haunted the place. Some made themselves at home anywhere, careful, however, to select the good places, where they were quick to find the apple-bin, nut-closet, and cider-barrel.

Nor was he slow to learn the good qualities of the farmer's daughter, and by and by come and claim her for his bride.

When the district grew larger there was a demand for more room. Then they rose up and built a new school-house, a few rods further south. This time they chose wood for the material. They set it on the roadside, far from the temptation of brook or orchard, and where the milk-wagon could easily pick them up at the close of school. They put a belfry on it, but hung no bell. The oaken benches of the old school-house were exchanged for seats and desks suited to the sizes of the children. But the A B C was still often driven in like nails, as the children sung, and one of the pupils who was polished off there testifies.

But mental, like vital, force is invincible, and out

of this institute, as one of the teachers dignified it, graduated a goodly company who have done brave work in many walks of life. A remnant of these call themselves "the old school," and delight to meet occasionally and recall the episodes of school life over the historic cup "that cheers but not inebriates." The teachers of this day, too, were strong, enthusiastic, and made the best of the imperfect appliances and methods of the time. At the head we place the name of Brewster Tuthill, a man of strong individuality and iron will, who would brook no drones in his little hive.

Among the many who taught in that school-house was one who, in the judgment of one of his pupils, excelled them all. This was the Rev. John J. Thompson, pastor of the Presbyterian church. He taught five days in the week, and preached on the Sabbath. His pupil says: "As a teacher he could not be excelled; as a man, noble, pure, unselfish, living only for the good of others. He was the type of a perfect Christian gentleman."

Daniel Hallock held the post for a number of years,—a man severe, but skilled to rule. Neil Campbell brought the fervor of the "canny Scot" to his task, loved his profession, and let his benevolent heart and hand reach to the poor during the plague of the cholera. He exchanged the teacher's vocation for that of merchant, married one of his pupils, and died early. Mr. Hawkhurst made companions of his pupils, took part in their skirmishes and sports, yet maintained all the dignity and authority of the master, and so was reckoned a successful teacher. He afterwards entered the ministry of the Methodist Church.

Our friend George K. Smith brought the experience of the farm into school life and established a reputation as a skilful instructor, securing for himself the position of school commissioner, which he held for a number of years. He was playfully called Harvey Birch, because during the later years of pedagogic life "the law of love outlived the rusted rod." With him teaching was not a stepping-stone to something more lucrative, but he pursued his profession till he entered the shade of honorable retirement and cheery companionship, in a beautiful home near the scene of his toils.

Mr. Baker will also be remembered among the teachers of this time, from the circumstance of the change of his name to Knickerbocker, by the State legislature, for personal reasons.

After a while (1857) the district outgrows the yellow school-house, and the demand comes for more room. Then occurs one of those disturbances of the public mind which always attends the discussion of the question of a new school-house. Some want the old enlarged; others want the old rebuilt on the same site. Villagers want it in the village; some are afraid of the gardens and the noise, and would see it as far away as possible. The stone-age people want it of stone; the wooden, of wood. A compromise was effected after a stormy time. A lot was bought from the Presbyterian Church, on condition of building a fence between the lots. The posts were set, nothing further done. The lower story of the building was built of stone, to please the stone-age people, and the upper story of wood, to satisfy the others. The abecedarians were under the care of a lady teacher below, and the grammar classes

were upstairs, under the care of a male teacher, who was also principal. The method of education takes a stride forward now. It is more analytical. As one of the teachers said, "I teach my scholars to tear sentences all to pieces and get at their construction and meaning." It is now more of a system of education, drawing from the mind what it knows. In other words, it is taught how to think, the point at which true learning begins. A wide-awake teacher named Kane marked this period of transition from the old to the new. Mr. Robert F. Todd succeeded him. He was a most thorough educator and disciplinarian. He married Miss Louisa McGarrah, entered mercantile business, and has since died. Mr. George N. Greene was a teacher much beloved. One of his favorite phrases for the profession was that of "mental gunnery," or "teaching the young idea how to shoot." He married Miss Mary Ann Seaman, and entered a partnership with her father, William Seaman, in mercantile business in the village.

Myron D. Stewart succeeded Mr. Greene, and left a good record both as a man and teacher. He possessed considerable individuality, mental force and magnetism. He was a good disciplinarian, and yet his scholars loved him. His patriotism was very marked during the troublous times of the Civil War. He was called to be principal of one of the Middletown, N. Y., schools, where he died at his post at an early age, and loftiest tributes were paid his memory by pupils and comrades of his profession as well as his pastors.

Then a candidate for the school, although a graduate of Yale, was refused, on account of his juvenile appearance; Mr. Kirby was chosen, although he was

still more youthful. He disappointed none. He, after years of service here, was made professor at Cornell, and sometime was geologist to the Emperor of Brazil.

Mr. Owen enlivened his instructions with the popular college songs, and stepped from the birch to the quill, becoming editor of the "Fishkill Journal."

Mr. M. N. Kane was one of the most thorough and efficient of these teachers, a great enthusiast in his school work, and winning the encomiums of many patrons. He afterwards studied law and entered upon a large law practice in this village and in Warwick. He showed his appreciation of Monroe by wedding one of the former pupils of the school, Miss Emma Boyd. Mr. Arthur Knox followed his example by marrying Miss Sarah Charlton, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Charlton. He, too, did excellent work as principal of Monroe Academy. He afterwards studied law, but preferred the profession of teaching, which he has followed at the city of Binghamton, N. Y., with honor and success.

Mr. N. B. Chase was very highly esteemed as an accomplished teacher. After his term here he took charge of a school at Cornwall, N. Y., where his long continuance shows rare staying qualities.

Mr. J. D. Brownell was a scholar of winning modesty but high scholarship. He afterwards taught at Chester, N. Y., and turned his attention to the study of medicine, and is reported to have a good practice in Brooklyn.

Mr. A. Magoris must not be forgotten. After a splendid record as teacher, he studied medicine and became a specialist in his profession, giving attention especially to the ear and eye. His office is at Binghamton, N. Y.

The Academy had also many lady teachers who are held in high esteem—namely, Miss Mary Ann Seaman, afterwards Green; Miss Elizabeth Boyd, afterwards Still; Miss Elizabeth Webb, afterwards McGarrah; Miss Elsie Currington, afterwards Smith; Miss Mary E. Knight, afterwards Conklin; Miss Carrie Conklin; and Miss Sarah Howell, who held her position as principal of the primary department for an unexampled term of years, thus showing her ability not merely to be content, but to please. Many are the graduates of the school to-day who hold her in loving remembrance, and are grateful to her for teaching them not merely how to navigate the sea of science, but to honor the needle in the home life. She emulated the example of Dorcas in having her class make up comforts for the poor. She thus showed that she had the right view of education, namely, not merely teaching the three R's, but character-building, fitting them for this workaday world of want and suffering.

Now, in the year 1884, after the usual agitation, it was resolved to abandon the old stone and wooden structure and build a new one out on Main street, on the breezy hill north of the village. The new building is of comely architecture, commodious, well equipped with convenient class and assembly rooms, handsome furniture, and every appliance necessary for the present improved methods of education. It is well lighted, heated, and ventilated. It has been elevated to the rank of a Union Graded Academy, and attracts pupils from surrounding districts. Its principal, Eichenberg, is one who achieved distinction in one of the schools of the old town, namely, Turners, and therefore may be supposed to be almost "to the manner born." He has an accomplished staff

of lady educators, worthy successors of those recently mentioned, keeping up the reputation of Monroe for a desire to reach a high standard of education. An interesting ceremony of dedication was held, in which the clergy and prominent citizens took part.

One of the speakers said, "Let us call it the Temple of the Wingless Victory; for as at Athens it was said, Wisdom is now come to stay, and laid aside her wings. And so they built to her the little temple that bears that name on Mars Hill."

CHAPTER XXI.

PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS.

THE Indians had their medicine-men, a strange mixture of empiricism and superstition. They did know the virtues of many herbs, and so far as this part of their pharmacopœia was concerned, the practice based upon it was of value in the absence of more scientific knowledge. When the white man came, he had the same need, and even more, for the healing art. Bringing no physician with him, and remote from any, he would have recourse to the Indian to learn the names and uses of the herbs about him, and, if observing, would bring to his aid old remembered remedies, the nostrums of his ancestors, and add a few discoveries or experiences of his own. Thus there would arise some men, and oftener women, who would be a sort of authority in cases of sickness or disease. The remedies and methods of some of these self-constituted doctors were often absurd and nauseating. One old dame cured burns with powwowing over the patient. Another applied a carrot poultice. Fish-worms dissolved in whisky was their sovereign remedy for fever and ague, but the patient preferred to bait his fish-hook with the worms and take the whisky straight. White-oak

bark peeled upwards from the south side of the tree was given as an emetic, and peeled downward as a cathartic. Tansy, feverfew and catnip were favorite remedies of nearly every housewife, while hemlock seed was sown by one at every corner, the minister getting a double portion. Picra was given every spring as a tonic. It came to be associated with the Shorter Catechism, because often administered together, the result being that both were put in the same category. It was some time before the educated physician came in, and when he did he had no little prejudice to contend with. He often found, instead of taking, they were ready to give advice. It was not unusual for the physician to find his prescriptions superseded by the nostrums of some grandam, or himself bowed out to make way for some charlatan, with his pain-killers and magic madstone and wizard oil. It was a common prejudice to regard the art of healing as a matter of empirical craft, rather than of scientific study and investigation. To some it was claimed it was a divine gift, and, if a seventh son of a seventh son, a touch was sufficient to heal even scrofula. These people knew more than all the doctors. It was enough for one of these magicians to hold a hair of a distant patient to diagnose the disease and prescribe unerring remedies. The mountebank once declared officially that quinine would eat away the bones if taken as prescribed by the regular practitioner. But there were often well-intended interferences, by visitors or members of the patient's family, which were exceedingly exasperating at times. On one occasion one of the disciples of Æsculapius was portioning out a powder for a patient, when a

kind-hearted little woman put her hand on the doctor's shoulder, and said, "Now, doctor, don't give him anything ha'sh." He sprang to his feet indignantly, and said, "Who is doing this?" In the olden time the physician carried his remedies in his saddle-bags, for he had to go on horseback to many places. When gigs and phaëtons came in use, one had his made very narrow so that no one could ask to ride. Nevertheless, a lady asked if she could ride with him to her home. He told her to get in, while he leaped up behind and stood on the axle, holding the lines over the top. The pay was small at first. There is on the town books a charge of fifty cents for a "bleed" by Dr. J. R. Andrews. The profession was regarded as a benevolent one by some, who forgot that the physician, besides having obtained his knowledge at large cost, had a family to support and must keep up with the literature and procure the best appliances of the art. But, notwithstanding, many of his visits were gratuitous. He generously included the clergy and their families in his gratuitous list.

The earliest physician in the town of whom we have any knowledge was Dr. Baker, and of him we know little more than that he resided in the hamlet to which he gave the name of Bakertown.

The next in the memory of the old people was Dr. A. Gates White. He lived on the property now owned by the Brooks family. He exchanged it for the parsonage lot of the Cheesecock Patent, then owned by the Presbyterian Church, known later as the Van Valer Farm. He was regarded as a physician of no mean skill, and was a man of such high character that his patients were willing to name their children after him.

Dr. Joseph R. Andrews was the third in order of the physicians of the olden time. He was born in the town of East Haddam, Middlesex County, Connecticut, in 1778. He came to Monroe to practise soon after entering upon his profession, and married Julia, daughter of Nehemiah Clark and sister of Mrs. Stephen Bull and Nathanael and Henry Clark, well-known citizens of Monroe and Oxford. The doctor was quite tall, and when we knew him was erect in bearing, benevolent in countenance, with abundance of long, silvery hair. He visited his patients on horseback, with his medicines in a saddle-bag, a true physician of the old school. He was very highly esteemed both as a physician and a citizen. He was honored with the office of justice of the peace for years. He died October 18, 1849, aged seventy-one years. He survived his wife but a few weeks; her death occurring August 30 of the same year. Their children were Fannie (Mrs. Elijah Smith), Sarah, Elizabeth, Andrew, and Joseph. His epitaph, "Departed worth," is no false praise.

Dr. Ethan B. Carpenter was graduated at the University of the State of New York and the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the year 1833. He practised for six or seven years in Monroe. He retired from practice for five years, engaging in mercantile business at Elmira, New York. He then returned to his native town and engaged in farming, becoming an enthusiast in this new vocation. He was honored with an election to the State legislature, occupying a seat in the Assembly during the winter of 1852–53. He was a man of intellect, strong character, and decided convictions. He was a warm politician of the Jeffersonian school, wielding the power of a leader

over his constituency. As a practitioner he was regarded as eminently sagacious, and was frequently called in council long after he had retired from practice.

Dr. John C. Boyd was the only son of Rev. John and Margaret Gaston Boyd. He was born in Monticello, New York, December 2, 1819. After his school education in the village he was matriculated at Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania. Before finishing his course, he entered Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia. He was graduated March 1, 1841. He entered upon practice at Monroe, where he pursued his profession until the infirmities of age compelled him to retire; and even when too feeble to drive any distance, his old patrons would have no other, having such confidence in his skill. Dr. Boyd was a physician of rare gifts and qualifications for the opportunities of his day; keeping himself well informed in all the fresh discoveries and advances of his profession. He was studious, a constant reader of the medical journals, and a member of the Medical Society of Orange County, in which he took great interest. His constitutional temperament rendered him sometimes brusque, but it was usually toward those who put some real or fancied slight upon his professional etiquette. Those who knew him best found in him a warm friend, a cheery visitor, a faithful family physician of the old school, painstaking, and not merely sympathetic, but, when a case was critical, deeply anxious, watching the issue with a woman's tenderness. His field of practice was a wide and hard one, taking in the mountain and mining region, to cover which required many a weary drive over snow-clad hills and weary vigils in

many a humble cabin. He was the warm friend of the Church, being a generous contributor of the Presbyterian Church, of which, late in life, he became a member. He placed the clergy of all denominations on his free list, and most assiduous were his attentions to them and their families. He died December 8, 1892, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Dr. Emmet Seward Elmer was the son of Henry D. and Julia Ann Elmer, and was born at Unionville, Orange County, New York, December 30, 1849. After attending the schools in his own native village, he studied at Mount Retirement Seminary in New Jersey; then at Chester Academy, New York. In 1872 he was graduated from Ann Arbor Medical College. In 1874–75 he attended medical lectures in New York City, and was house physician in the hospital on Blackwell's Island for a time. His studies all the while were kept up either at Bellevue or the College of Physicians and Surgeons. About 1877 he settled in Monroe. He was highly esteemed by his fellow-practitioners and patients. His love for the microscope and readiness to explain its use greatly interested the young. October 18, 1887, he was married to Miss Sarah, daughter of Morgan Shuitt, Esq., and removed to Central Valley, where he pursued his practice till his death, October 26, 1893, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was brother of the Rev. Oscar Elmer, to whom we are indebted for these facts.

Dr. Frank Gignoux was the son of Claude Gignoux, a silk-weaver of Lyons, France. His mother's maiden name was Adele Christina, an English lady. The ancestors of the family were Huguenots, but his father was a Catholic. Several of his forefathers

were soldiers, and one was rewarded for bravery at the battle of Waterloo, fighting on the side of Napoleon.

The doctor was a nephew of Regis Gignoux, an artist of note. His father emigrated to Staten Island, New York, where the doctor was born. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Maryland, where he was a diligent student, judging from the numerous testimonials of scholarship in possession of the family. He was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons under Dr. Willard H. Parker, who pronounced him a most promising young surgeon, having unusual steadiness of nerve for a surgical operation. After the usual hospital practice he served as surgeon in the Army of the Potomac, the battle of Antietam furnishing his first experience of the realities of war. He married the only daughter and settled on the homestead of Judge Miles Hughes, in the upper village of Monroe. Here he devoted the most of his time to farming, but was always ready for consultation with brother physicians, who were glad to avail themselves of his skill in surgery. He died October 1, 1883, aged forty-two years.

CHAPTER XXII.

LAWYERS AND LITIGATION.

WE have already alluded to the fact that Monroe in its early history was the scene of no little litigation, for the reason that the boundaries of the Patent and the subdivisions of it were ill defined and poorly surveyed. Lines overlapped ; monument trees and stones, the simple landmarks, were likely to be removed innocently. With poor fences and inclosures, cattle would stray and trespass and so enhance the causes of dispute.

It used to be said, "It required more gumption to cross Broadway, New York, than to be a country justice." But men that had not merely crossed Broadway, but battled with the milkmen of Hester Street and followed up the tricks of middlemen, brought to the tribunal of justice in a country town no little shrewdness and common sense. They were not chosen, many at least, because of party influence, but because they were men who possessed more than average sagacity to understand some of the plain principles of law, and also how to apply the equities in its administration. The cases that came before them were usually petty cases of disorder or theft, some dispute over trespass or an estray in which often a little good sense coupled with good advice could adjust the affair

without cost to court or loss to client. A litigious, grasping justice had it in his power to stir up jealousy between neighbors and keep the community in a state of chronic war, or could pour oil on troubled waters and still the tempest of strife by a few strokes of magisterial common sense. Monroe was blest with some such justices of the peace. But of others in the olden time we have heard the complaint that they loved to encourage litigation, and kept neighbor in feud with neighbor, and so were accountable for much of the unrest of the early times in Monroe.

One might have thought from the lesson taught by the sign in front of the Lynch tavern,—the badly dilapidated horseman and his pitiful confession, "I have been to law,"—that lawsuits would be very uncommon; but, on the contrary, they were very numerous. In early days, when there were few excitements and amusements, a lawsuit, a horse-race or a funeral was a time of general concourse. Lawsuits were commonly held at the country tavern, and the tavern-keeper found it more of a harvest than the counsel or the court. Of course at times there were very serious questions to be settled, but as a general thing much of the litigation was petty and ought to have been settled by arbitration. We have heard a case referred to a justice in which the parties were joint tenants of a bit of land on which they raised poultry and were in dispute as to the broods of turkeys and chickens. Their classification of the little and the big little ones gave the justice a harder example than he had with his own corn when the hail beat it down, and he said: "I am in doubt whether I had better amputate or splinter up." Another justice had a perplexing case submitted to him for decision. An

Irish lady had a dog that thought himself a high commoner and ranged around among the gardens of Dublin at his own sweet will. During these predatory excursions he unearthed some of the tubers of a brother Hibernian and disturbed the order of his garden beds. Exasperated, he caught the trespasser just as the milk-train had hauled up at the station, when the happy thought struck him to put the prisoner in an empty car, close the door and send him on to parts beyond. When this became known to the owner of the dog, she had him arraigned before Squire Seaman. Never was a man of the law so perplexed to classify the alleged crime. The Irishman pleaded he just thought a ride would be good for the "baste," and he put him in the empty car to take a ride to Oxford. It was not maiming nor assault, not trover nor trespass, petit larceny nor grand. As soon as the justice could obtain silence,—for both wanted to plead at the same time,—he dismissed the case. Another memorable instance along this line was the Dorking case. A kind-hearted neighbor had procured from us a dozen fine Dorking fowls, remarkable for their pure white plumage and the presence of a fifth toe in place of a spur. One of those pettiest of felons, a chicken-thief, came one night, forced the lock of the hen-house and bagged the whole lot. Suspicion fastened upon a neighbor of unsavory reputation; search was made at his house, where white feathers gave him away, while inquiry at Turner's restaurant furnished indisputable evidence in the feet of fowls five-toed attached to birds bought recently from the suspected party. He was arraigned and tried before the justice. A five-toed chicken foot was shown in court, together with a list of the latest quotations of

the fancy poultry-market. Dorkings at that date were marked at from eleven to twelve dollars per pair. This brought the pecuniary claim to over fifty dollars; and as the breaking of the lock was an indictable offense, the court pronounced the prisoner guilty of burglary and grand larceny, and gave him the full penalty of the law, namely, six years in the penitentiary. Such exemplary damages put a pause to chicken thievery for a while. It is matter of record that the tender-hearted prosecutor relented toward the prisoner and after two years procured his pardon. But the generosity of his benefactor was rewarded by the culprit stealing a fine colt from Peter Townsend, Esq., for which he was sent up to serve out his full sentence.

Monroe has had its roll of lawyers as well as physicians. The persons who conducted cases before the justices were often lay practitioners who, having read Blackstone and the Revised Statutes, brought no little shrewdness and common sense to bear in elucidating points of law and evidence. If a professional ventured to enter the arena, he would be handled without gloves, particularly if it were a jury trial. It is a common observation that the man of books is outwitted by the child of nature and experience.

We remember an instance in which the help of a neighboring lawyer was sought, and while the man of learning was making up the *res gestæ*, he happened to apologize to his client for a smoky chimney, and wish he would go up and investigate the cause. When he had so done a bill was handed him for counsel fees, whereupon his witty client said, "I, too, have a charge of like amount for advice about the chimney."

Thomas L. Carpenter, son of Dr. Ethan B. Carpenter, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1868. He practised in New York and in the West. He is now connected with the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company of New York City.

John Charlton, son of Mr. Frank Charlton, of this village, was graduated at the New York Law School, has been admitted to the bar and is employed in the law office of Henry W. Taft, Esq.

Robert M. Gignoux and Claude, his brother, were the sons of Dr. Frank Gignoux; were born in Monroe; graduated at Yale University; studied, the former at Yale and the latter at the New York Law Academy, and after admission to the bar practised for a time at Monroe, but soon removed to the city, where they have an office on Nassau and Cedar streets, New York. They are reported to have a large practice.

Fred. Hulse, son of Jesse Hulse and Ruth Webb, studied law at the New York Law School, and distinguished himself by his studiousness, winning both honors and premiums.

Mr. M. N. Kane, although not a native of Monroe, deserves to be enrolled with its sons, having taught in its school and married one of its fair daughters, Miss Emma Boyd. He has a beautiful home in Warwick, and a law office there and in Monroe. He has the honor to be corporation counsel of the latter.

To the legal roster must be added the name of Lewis R. Conklin, son of Geo. R. Conklin and Isabella Roberts. He studied at Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, at Yale College, and at the New York Law School. He enters his profession with high aspirations and bright promise of success.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHURCHES AND CLERGY.

THE churches and clergy of the olden time are worthy of notice. Provision was made in the Patent, or rather in the survey under the Patent, for religious worship; the surveyor, no doubt carrying out the instructions of the patentees, sought out a lot for a parsonage, and rejected one as too poor, settling upon lot 24. This is the present Peter Bush farm. A log hut was built here, beside a spring, probably for the minister; but the spot was too remote from business centers for a church. The Presbyterians were the first to enter the field. The first sermon known to have been preached in this vicinity was delivered by Silas Constant, then a licentiate, under the care of Morris and Orange, known as an independent presbytery. He was stationed at Blooming Grove, and according to his own journal was accustomed to preach at the Clove. He began his work April 20, 1783, and was ordained September 25, 1784. About the former date he delivered a sermon to a congregation assembled under an apple-tree standing in the southeast corner of the orchard of the late Robert Fowler, Esq. The tree, shattered and broken, still remains; but the generation who knelt and prayed there, together with the preacher, have long

since entered on their rest. The fruit borne by this tree is of delicious quality, subacid, flushed, and tender as a strawberry. Being nameless and unclassified, it has been christened the Presbyterian apple. It is perpetuated in grafts in several Monroe orchards. This first sermon was not without its fruits, for the people arose immediately to build. Daniel Miller, mill-owner at Seamanville, gave a lot of about two acres near by, for church and burial-ground. It has been considerably diminished since by encroachments. Timber was cut, probably on the spot, for the meeting-house, as it was called. Neighbors of all denominations were called out to the raising. Nehemiah Clark was among the number. When the neighbors stopped for him on their way to the scene of operation, he had just been made happy by the birth of a daughter. Whether he went on to share in the natal joy of the parish, deponent saith not. We only know that she was afterwards married to Stephen Bull, and was known by a large circle of friends as Aunt Betsy Bull. The family Bible contains the record: "Elizabeth Clark was born the 5th month, 28th day, 1783." This was the day the first church building was erected in the old Town of Cheesecock. The building was not inclosed till long afterward. The preacher preached from the carpenter's bench and the people sat on the sills. School was held in it during the week, and neighbor Sutherland's sheep would take refuge in it by night. The congregation was not organized till May 17, 1784, by Rev. Amzi Lewis, of Florida, and Rev. Silas Constant, at the house of Mr. John Bell of Bakertown. The name taken was "The First Presbyterian Congregation of Cheesecocks." Archibald Cunning-

ham and William Miller, Jr., were chosen deacons. Afterward, say the minutes, "the church agreed to have a stated meeting, monthly, for business, conversation, and prayer." The names of those composing the church were: Archibald Cunningham and wife; William Miller, Jr., and wife; John Miller and wife; Thos. Davenport; Thos. Davenport, Jr., and wife; Samuel Hall and wife; Jas. Lewis and wife; Jane B., wife of Timothy Smith; Mrs. Jonathan Archer; — a little handful of corn whose fruit has since begun to shake like Lebanon. This religious movement was the result of an act of the legislature granting liberty of worship and regulating the organization of congregations, passed April, 1784. There were devout souls in the little flock, who deplored the low state of religion in the community, and the desolate condition of the congregation. Among them was good Mrs. Archer. Falling one day over the rude timbers, the people rose up and resolved to finish the building. They put in windows, door, floor, square pews, gallery, pulpit, and sounding-board. It was treated to two coats of paint, one in front, white, the other red, in the rear. But it was done so badly that one old man said he "could have thrown the paint on from a cup and done better." The sermons in those days were very long doctrinal discourses, with an intermission at noon, when the people lunched among the graves of the churchyard. The dominie would take the opportunity to answer inquiries, converse with the children, for there was no Sunday-school, thus becoming acquainted with the wants of his flock. We do not know whether to wonder more over the endurance of the minister, or the patience of the people. One old gentleman, it

is said, got tired, and going out, said, "I will go home and get my dinner, and if you are not through when I get back, I will hear you through."

It is related of one of the younger men that he would sit with his back to the minister in the old square pew and take a nap. One Sunday he had driven a pair of colts before his sleigh to the church with his sister. He had much trouble in tying them under the old trees. Just as the minister was about closing, his sister trod on his toe to awaken him, and he, dreaming it was his colts stepping on his foot, sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Whoa, whoa!"

The music of those days was of a primitive order, like everything else. The precentor stood up and gave the pitch with his pitch-pipe, and the choir joined in. The tunes were marvellous with their fugues and trills, while the doleful minors, particularly on a communion occasion, made the service seem like a funeral. One Sunday, when the choir had chosen a lively air, one old man said it sounded like "picking up chips." When an attempt was made to bring in a cello, a deacon took it and threw it out on the grass. When, later on, a melodeon was brought in, a stern Scotchman arose and bare witness against the profanation by walking out and slamming the door. But we must not get the impression that there were no skilled musicians or sweet singers then. Deacon Van Valer built several pipe-organs, and his daughters could all play and sing. They and Wm. V. Mapes' daughters, with some others, under the leadership of the late Virgil Y. Thompson, poured from the gallery of that old church strains of music compared with which "Italian trills are tame." But now

> "They are gone, all gone from their mountain home,
> And their song is not heard o'er the hills to roam."

There were no stoves in the sanctuary then. The matrons had their small foot-stoves, which they filled with coals and took with them. They were intended for the feet, but were sometimes held in the lap. The rest of the congregation must be kept warm by the sermon. The sanctuary was also without lights. When there was an evening service, tallow candles were taken and snuffed,—if there were no snuffers present, with the fingers, a feat some prided themselves upon, effecting it without burning the hand. What discomforts, the young will say: to walk half a mile, with no overshoes, through slush and zero weather, to sit in a cold church and listen to an hour's discourse on some abstruse point of theology or exegesis. But there was many a weary soul comforted in that old house of God, and not a few of the young as well as the old brought into the fold of God. One aged mother was received by baptism at her home when eighty years of age, and five generations were present. Seed was sown early and late, and none can tell "which shall prosper, whether this or that."

This old structure stood unaltered till about 1840, when a movement was started to remove to the village, then feeling the boom of the coming railway. One party strongly advocated such a move. Others, interested in building up Seamanville, desired it should remain where it was, claiming all that was needed was a renovation. These latter prevailed. The square seats were taken out, the sounding-board removed, the pulpit remodelled, and a stove put in. Thus it remained for another decade. Meanwhile the other party went out and joined with the Methodists in organizing the Methodist Church of Monroe.

The Presbyterian congregation was not incorporated until April 13, 1804, when the Court of Com-

mon Pleas granted application for the same. Samuel Gregory, Gilbert King, Samuel Webb, George R. Fowler, James Smith and Isaac Bull were the first trustees. The court also granted permission to lease to A. Gates White, as long as wood grows and water flows, parsonage lot No. 24 in the Cheesecock Patent, containing 150 acres, for the consideration of one tenth part of a cent if demanded. Then the trustees purchased for a suitable residence for their pastor, Rev. Howell Powell, 58 acres of land from A. Gates White, situated on the east side of the stage road in the village, said White to pay the sum of £200, without interest, for one year; afterwards interest annually, till all was paid. Thus the farm on the road to Turners was exchanged for the John Brooks place, and here the early pastors lived. This was afterwards exchanged for a tract of 35 acres nearer the church. If the former was a stone quarry, the latter was mostly a narrow strip between two farms and stretching across the summit of Bald Hill. It had the advantage of elevation, from which the pastor could literally oversee his flock; but by reason of situation it was anything but a fruitful hill. The dominie was informed by one of his parishioners during a haying frolic that "he saw the last grasshopper departing over the hill." After eighteen years of happy residence there, this was sold and the present glebe was bought, and on it was erected the commodious manse.

It may be of interest to note that the incorporation was once permitted to lapse, through default of election of trustees. Application was made to Commissioner Francis Letts for the renewal of the charter, which was granted January 23, 1822.

The salary for the first seventy years amounted to about 300 dollars per annum in cash, the use of parsonage and glebe, together with an annual donation visit.

This last was a peculiar institution, but adopted then by most feeble rural congregations. On a certain eve, the community were invited to the manse to pay their respects to the minister and his family. They would come, young and old, laden with gifts, from a quarter of beef, or a load of wood, to a pair of slippers for the minister, or a tidy for his wife. A sumptuous table was spread by the hands of the ladies, and all sat down to eat. We have read of the astonishment of some ministers to find that the men ate up all the women brought, and the mixed multitude turned his house into bedlam, rummaged the bureaus, tumbled the beds and made the raven over the study door utter his melancholy "Nevermore."

We never saw it thus in Monroe. The refinement of its people made such a scene impossible. Those who have given the world the laughable pictures from which the general impression has been formed of the rudeness of the occasions must have lived among an uncultured people. With us the gifts were generous; leaving larder, bin, barn and woodpile full.

While the large proportion of the gifts were in hard cash, it was never reckoned as an equivalent of salary. Instead of rudeness, we experienced the most tender consideration and loving ministries, not merely in seasons of joy, but much more of sorrow. When the death angel entered the parsonage, kindlier hands never came to minister in the name of Jesus, braving even the deadly breath of contagion. The record of such deeds is written in the book of God's remembrance.

A Christian lady, Mrs. Jonathan Witherbee, now gone to her rest, related the following incident: When I was a child I wanted to attend a donation visit at the manse. Her father, mother, and elder sister were going. "Why cannot I go?" she said. "Because every one carries a gift," said her mother, "and you have none prepared." Whereupon she at once sat down and secretly knit a pair of stockings for the pastor's daughter. Then, after the family had driven to the scene of festivity, she came on horseback, bringing her unique gift, doubly precious because the free-will offering of her own childish hands. Truly it could be said, "She hath done what she could."

An eye that can sweep the horizon of the past must discern a marked progress in the intellectual, moral and spiritual condition of society. We have seen how much of intemperance and immorality followed the War of the Revolution. Then, too, the atheism of the French Revolution had scattered its seeds everywhere. The Druid Society of Newburg, which so boldly profaned the most sacred things, exerted a baleful influence upon the growing Christian institutions. It were not strange if these winged seeds found lodgment in the fertile soil of Monroe. This will account for the slow progress of the church in early times. The ministers of that day found that while they slept "the enemy sowed tares." But they were men of faith, good deeds and full of the Holy Ghost. Their very difficulties drew out the very best that was in them. So far as we have studied them, they were men of blameless lives, judged, as they must be, by their time. Social customs were tolerated then that are tabooed now by all good

people. Judged by the moral standards of the time, they were men of lofty purpose and high integrity, far-reaching authority and influence.

Two sermons still extant demonstrate that one at least, the Rev. Simeon Jones, who preached more than a century ago, was a man of clear intellect, logical power and large acquaintance with Holy Scripture.

These men understood their commission to be to preach the Word. The acute speculations of to-day had not eaten out their faith. They bravely asked, "What saith the Scripture?" And so left not the flock to wander in the mazes of doubt, but pointed to heaven and led the way. Thus grew up around them many a noble character. Listen to one. When some one rudely asked, "Granny, what business have you and I to be staying here to cough and suffer?" she meekly replied, "Because it is the will of my Heavenly Father." We congratulated one aged mother upon the bestowment of her name on a grandchild, and asked if she were not proud of it. She said, "I have nothing to be proud of, but much to be thankful for." A venerable man declined the offer of certain religious books, on the ground that they were not original, but all plagiarized from one book which he already possessed,—his Bible.

Thus while all the former ministers are gone to their rest, their works follow them. They need no letters of commendation. They could say, "Ye are our epistle."

The following is the full list of ministers who have served the church, namely:

The Reverend Silas Constant, 1783–.
" Simeon R. Jones, served one year.
" David Baldwin, served four years.

The Reverend Howell Powell, 1804–1806.
" —— Porter, served 18 months.
" James H. Thomas, 1814–1816.
" John White, 1823–1824.
" Hosea Ball, 1824–1826.
" John Boyd, 1826–1834.
" John Jay Thompson, 1836–1846.
" Daniel N. Freeland, 1847–1881.
" Thomas Thomas, 1882–.

The Sunday-school was organized in October, 1819.

The church in the village was dedicated February 15, 1853. Sermon preached by Rev. Wm. D. Snodgrass, D.D., from Ecc. v : 1,—"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God."

Rev. Hosea Ball was born May 11, 1792; married Sarah Helms of Southfield, New York, September 12, 1817; studied theology with the Rev. Silas Constant; came to Monroe in 1824 and supplied the Presbyterian church for two years, during which there was no little religious interest under his ministry. He organized the Sabbath-school while ministering here. He preached at the old church at Seamanville, and during his residence in Monroe taught school at Buttermilk Falls five days of the week. He was settled also at Greenburg and Dobbs Ferry, in Westchester County. The latter portion of his life was spent on his estate near Southfield, where he engaged in farming and stock-raising, but was often called upon to preach and solemnize marriages among the peasantry, by whom he was highly respected. His sermons and other papers full of interest are in possession of his daughters,

residing in the village of Monroe, and show him to have been a man of earnestness in his profession and possessed of no mean talent. He died January 1, 1876.

Rev. John Boyd was born December 14, 1762; died at Monroe, 1842. He was married to Margaret Gaston, April 10, 1806, by William Boyd, his brother. He was graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, May 7, 1788; licensed to preach the Gospel, December 21, 1791, at Chamberstown; was ordained and installed, April, 1794, at Carlisle; preached at Tuscarora and Falling Water, Virginia, from October, 1794, to 1801, for £100 Pennsylvania currency for two thirds of his time; preached as supply for two years; called to Newton and Hardwick, Sussex County, New Jersey, April 13, 1803, for the sum of $250 at each place; resigned 1811. He preached at different places, mostly in New Jersey, until the year 1820, when he went to Monticello, where he preached until 1826, when he came to Monroe. He served this church as pastor until 1834, when he retired and dwelt among his congregation, honored and beloved until the day of his death. His children were Mary, unmarried; Elizabeth, married to Mr. Frank Woodhull; Margaret, married to Mr. Thompson of Hagerstown, Virginia; Matilda; and John Cumming, who was a twin. He became an eminent physician. The daughters are remembered with their mother, Mrs. Margaret Boyd, as ladies of unusual charms of person and manner. The family lived at the manse on the site of the Brooks mansion till Mr. Boyd built the late homestead in 1823, which was occupied until the death of Mrs. Dr. Boyd in 1896.

Rev. John Jay Thompson was born in Goshen,

New York, and studied theology with the Rev. Ezra Fisk, D.D. He married Sarah, sister of Nathanael Webb, Esq., elder of the Presbyterian Church, and a well-known teacher and editor. The first settlement of the Rev. Mr. Thompson was at Centreville, Greene County, New York, whence he removed to Monroe in 1836. He served the church with great devotion and fidelity until 1846. During a portion of the time he taught in the public school, where he won the affection of the pupils by his gentleness and scholarship. The esteem in which he is still held illustrates the poet's line, "The law of love outlasts the rusted rod." Removing from Monroe, he taught at Bloomingburg, New York, several years, and died June 12, 1849. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. E. D. G. Prime, from the text, "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart,"—Isa. lvii: 1. It was a beautiful tribute to a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mrs. Thompson died March 10, 1888. She spent most of the time in Monroe, where she was a true "mother in Israel," devoted to every good work. Their children were: Mary, wife of C. B. Knight; Sarah, wife of Mr. Stickney; Grace, wife of David Felter; Julia Caroline, editor of "Woman's Work for Women," who died in Philadelphia; J. Howard, who died at Port Byron, New York; Benjamin W., whose biography appears elsewhere, and Margaret Boyd, wife of Rev. C. B. Newton, of Lahore, India.

The Rev. Daniel Niles Freeland was born in Philadelphia, May 15, 1825. His ancestry on his mother's side were early identified with the history of that city and of the American colonies. His great-grandfather was with Washington during the darkest hours

of the Revolution, at Valley Forge and the crossing of the Delaware, and his brother was editor of "Niles' Register," the journal published at Baltimore that rendered notable service in supporting the cause of freedom. Another grandfather, Daniel Goodman, was one of the founders and an officer of the Second Presbyterian Church in the days of Whitefield, from whose ministry it sprung.

He attended the preparatory of the University of Pennsylvania under Rev. S. W. Crawford, D.D., and was specially prepared for college by the late Henry D. Gregory, afterwards Vice-President of Girard College. He entered the university in 1840, and graduated in 1844. He entered Princeton Theological Seminary in the same year and graduated in 1847. He was called to the Monroe Presbyterian Church in the fall, and was ordained and installed pastor on March 9, 1848, by the Presbytery of Hudson.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Milne, of Milford, Pennsylvania. The charge to the pastor was given by the Rev. John Newton Boyd; the charge to the people by the Rev. Robert McCartee, D. D., of Goshen, New York.

On the 21st of September, 1848, he was married by the Rev. C. C. Cuyler, D. D., to Mary E., the second daughter of Robert Burwell, of Philadelphia.

He served this church for thirty-four years, being called from it to a pastorate at Pelham Manor, a new enterprise on the Sound. He served this church as pastor for eight years, when, his health failing, he resigned and entered on a service as stated supply to the churches of Hawthorne and Waldo in Florida. After six years in this field, his sight failing, he returned North, resigned active ministerial work and

entered private life, living among his children, in whose Christian homes he enjoys a serene old age.

Rev. Thomas Thomas, the twelfth minister and third pastor, was born at Averuqueron, Wales. After the usual common-school education, he was prepared for college at Whitestown, near Utica, New York.

He was matriculated at Union College, Ohio, and graduated in 1877. He entered Alleghany Theological Seminary, taking a one year's course, completing his studies at Union Theological Seminary, New York, taking a two years' course. He received the degree of A. M. from the New York University. He was ordained and installed at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, where he preached seven years. He was called to Monroe in 1882, where he was installed pastor of the Presbyterian church, and after sixteen years of efficient service remains intrenched in the love and loyalty of his people. He married Miss Lillie Taylor, daughter of John Taylor, an elder of this church.

A bright cluster of olive plants gather about their table, and are full of promise for the future.

The new Presbyterian church was built in the village, and the old white meeting-house, at Seamanville, was abandoned to the moles and the bats. The latter had literally taken possession of the attic. The occasional appearance of one in the room below was a sign for general inattention to the sermon, particularly on the part of the small boy. The evil one seems to prefer that form to that of an angel of light. A swarm of bees usurped part of their domicile one Sunday. They had alighted just under the eaves of the rear of the church the day before. During the service they sent their warriors into the auditorium to investigate the situation. They did not alight on the lips of the min-

ister, but among his locks, warning him to unwonted earnestness, too. Even the hum of the busy workers failed to produce drowsiness with the habitual sleeper. The dominie thought to balance the account with the bees next day, but found that a neighbor, Austin Miller, had scratched his name on the red siding, which, according to the bee-hunter's code, gave him claim to honey and swarm. So transient are the sweets as well as the glory of the world!

Such of the material of the old building as was available was used in fitting up the basement of the new. The frame was sold to Nicholas Cock and Sons and was moved to Cornwall, for a wagon-maker's shop. The piece of ground left was literally God's acre. For seventy years it had been a cemetery.

> "Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Mingling with them are the ashes of one of the pastors, of two pastors' wives, and the children of four.

For years this beautiful piece of ground was unfenced, trespassed upon by wandering cattle and made a potter's field for paupers. One of the pastors, shocked at such a condition of things, circulated a paper and obtained subscriptions for the building of a fence. The stone wall was built by the late Henry Hunter. The granite pillars were procured from the Pierson Granite Works at Ramapo. Iron gates were purchased and put in place to guard the sanctity of the ground. Intrusted with such an heirloom, it becomes the sacred duty of the congregation to guard and keep it in neatness and order, in memory of those "who are not dead, only gone before."

A bell was presented by Mr. Lewis H. Roe, of Port Henry, New York, in memory of his father, Genest M. Roe, M. D., who for many years was ruling elder in that church. The bell weighed one thousand pounds, and cost four hundred and fifty dollars. The inscription on the bell is "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sounds." It was hung in the belfry May, 1873. A handsome communion service was presented by a summer visitor and worshiper, Mr. James K. Dunham, who was also an officer of the Broadway Tabernacle under the pastorate of Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D. The pulpit Bible was the gift of Mrs. Hannah N. Freeland, of Philadelphia, mother of the pastor of that name. The following have served in the eldership of this church:

Archibald Cunningham,	John Taylor,
Samuel Gregory,	J. Warren Helme,
Andrew Van Valer,	S. C. Van Vliet, Jr.,
Genest M. Roe, M. D.,	Joseph Youngs,
David Smith,	George R. Conklin,
John K. Roe,	Eugene McGarrah.

Messrs. Young, Conklin and McGarrah are the present board.

The Methodists very early held religious services in the town. They worshipped in the old mill of Nicholas Knight, in a room where stood an ancient spinning-wheel, says my informant. Its thread and spindle were not inapt reminders of the brittle thread of life and destiny. Sometimes they met on Forshee Hill. They did not erect a church until 1840. It was dedicated in the winter of 1841.

The public mind at that time, as well as business, awoke after a long depression into new life. The

Erie Railway was organized a short time before, and the track was laid to Monroe. This changed its site from the upper to that of the present village. The Methodists were quick to discern the advantage of their present location.

It started from the first with a numerous and earnest membership. The blessing of the Spirit of God has made the church largely instrumental in promoting the spiritual welfare of the place, and has contributed many a lively stone to the temple not made with hands. It has given also several of its sons to the ministry, as George Ezray and Seely Tuthill; while several of its clergy, as Rev. Messrs. Hoyt and Hearn, have bequeathed their work to their sons, well remembered here. That church also has had many worthy names on its roll, such as David Bull and Franklin Bull, Walter Roberts, Nathan Strong, Elisha Stevens, Samuel Cooley, and Peter Ball. The church edifice, very plain at first, was remodelled under the pastorate of Rev. D. McCartney, struck with lightning under that of Rev. Mr. Hearn, and is now a model of beauty and convenience. The congregation owns a fine manse in the village.

When first organized, Monroe was included in a circuit embracing Vail's Gate and other points. The clergy filled a number of appointments and sometimes made their residence elsewhere. Usually there were two incumbents to supply the circuit.

The following are the names of some of the older and best-remembered ministers: Revs. T. F. R. Mercein, N. Humphreys, J. M. Hawkhurst, R. A. Shurter, J. Millard, D. B. Turner, W. Blake, E. Dennis-ton, M. M. Curtis, U. Messeter, S. H. Saxe, D. D. Gil-

lespie, J. W. B. Wood, R. M. Roberts, D. McCartney, Z. N. Lewis, George Hearn. Some of the more recent appointments are Revs. J. B. Hoyt, E. Heroy, and G. W. Downs.

The Society of Friends also early held religious service in the vicinity, first at the house of James Cromwell, for about ten years. The Blooming Grove house was built 1815, that in the Clove about 1780, rebuilt 1820. The separation took place in 1828 when the orthodox severed from the other portion and built a house for themselves. While their numbers have diminished in the neighborhood of Monroe, their young people having entered other communions, they still retain their strength in the lower part of the town, where their simple virtues and piety exert a beneficent influence on society.

The Episcopal congregation in Monroe at first worshipped in the Presbyterian, and then in the Methodist Church, building a house of worship in 1869, when it was dedicated by the Right Rev. Henry Potter, D.D., and placed under the care of the Rev. Chas. Babcock, rector at Greenwood and afterwards Professor of Architecture at Cornell University. He was succeeded by the Rev. Henry M. Dows, who served the church for many years, and left a record for scholarship, earnestness, and piety. Its corporate name is Grace Protestant Episcopal Church of Monroe. Its present rector is the Rev. A. H. Ormsbee. The congregation from small beginnings is pushing its way among older churches, showing notable zeal and desire to build up society in the knowledge and life of the Saviour of the world.

The Roman Catholics have long held services in the town, but for many years in private houses or

halls. At length they purchased the house built by John Jenkins in the village. This they fitted up as a chapel. They gave it the name of the Church of St. Mary's. In 1896 this was removed and a beautiful house of worship was built and consecrated by Archbishop Corrigan, with the name of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

The church is an ornament to the village, and much is hoped from it in training those of that denomination in the ways of truth and uprightness.

Its priesthood have been Fathers Byrnes and Hughes. Fathers Hannigan and Ward officiate at present.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

THE temperance cause has had earnest champions in Monroe. We have stated that John Brooks delivered a temperance lecture in Blooming Grove when he was a young man, long before the Washingtonians or any of the modern reforms were thought of. The venerable man said some resented it, because they regarded it as personal. There were many stills at that time in that town. But Monroe was not without at least one, on the Still Brook, kept by a Mr. Bell. It was not regarded as inconsistent for a Deacon Giles to have a distillery, or a minister of the Gospel to accept a glass of wine from the sideboard of a parishioner. We have heard of one divine who would repair to the house of a good deacon after morning service and take what was called "a wee bit" to brace him up for the second, or afternoon, service; and of another who was accustomed to send away his demijohn for what was supposed to be molasses. When the messenger brought it home on a stormy evening, he was asked if he would not step in and have something to keep out the cold. He said, "No, I thank you; I took a little of the molasses out of the jug." It was not unusual to have such spiritual refreshment at funerals and even ordinations. Bills are ex-

tant — although, happily, not in the archives of a Monroe church — which contain, among the items of expense for such an occasion, a gallon of old Jamaica spirits. What wonder there should be scenes unworthy such occasions, and cases of intemperance calling for the censure of the church! With such examples in high places, it were not strange if the youth grew up to regard such indulgence as not merely pleasant, but manly. One of the young men said he was startled, on his way from college, to hear the name of his own father quoted in the bar-room in justification of social drinking. But that was a feature of the time. Conscience had not awakened to the enormity of the evil. And yet even then there were those who, like the sons of Rechab, frowned upon it, and did what they could to stay the evil.

For the last sixty years the pastors in the town have been earnest advocates of temperance. It was always advocated on a Scripture basis that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, at last it stingeth like a serpent, and biteth like an adder." On one occasion Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, then Methodist Episcopal pastor at Chester, New York, afterwards bishop, delivered a memorable sermon in the Presbyterian church, from the text, "Every tree that the Lord hath not planted shall be plucked up," in which he compared the tree of intemperance to the deadly upas, poisonous in root, branch, blossom, and fruit.

A reform club was organized about twenty years since that flourished for a time, winning many from the saloons; and in a pleasant reading-room, furnished with books and games, and having discussions every week, much good was done. But it was al-

lowed to languish and at length come to an end. Yet good came out of it, and some who were reformed stood firm.

The ladies of Monroe have always felt a deep interest in the temperance cause, and well they may, for it is usually woman that feels the heaviest weight of the curse, when she sees the strong arm of husband palsied, or the boy for whom she has prayed caught in the irresistible threads of the octopus of drink. They have encouraged speakers and attended meetings and bidden every effort to bar the current that has sometimes threatened to destroy all that is fair and promising. They have now an organization of their own, a branch of that society instituted by the late Miss Frances E. Willard, the W. C. T. U., and it is hoped it may save many a victim and throw up such a barrier against the saloon as shall be mightier than a wall of granite. A sanitarium for the application of the "gold cure" has been planted just beyond our border; while we welcome it as a humanitarian institution, it is sad there should be such a need. The true gold cure is the old motto, "*Obsta principiis*" ("Resist beginnings"), and the still higher one, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

An incident of the reform club is worth relating. Some of the leading laity and older clergy had been very active, when one of the former playfully said: "We have heard from the old stagers, now let the young colts have a chance," meaning the young men.

This brought out the happy rejoinder from the Rev. George Hearn: "Yes, put up the old horses that have pulled you over the hard, dusty road, and bring out the young team and show up their points.

Hitch them up, while the passengers rest awhile. The driver takes the reins, the bugle sounds. The colts prance and curve their necks and switch their long tails, but the coach does not move. The driver uses the whip, the hostlers take them by the bit, but they refuse to move in the direction wanted. 'Take them out,' says the driver. 'Give me the old stagers for work.' When they are hitched and the signal is given, off goes the stage amid the cheers of all inside or out." Quite true of other enterprises that advance only when the willing take hold.

CHAPTER XXV.

HUNTING AND FISHING.

EVERY nation and people have their recreations. Such are characteristic of the time and locality. Hunting and fishing are among the most primitive, becoming almost part of the necessary toil. The early settler feels a twofold pressure: that of clearing the forest of dangerous animals, and, being remote from market, the need of getting supplies for his table from forest and stream. Rifle and rod are his indispensable companions. Then there was plenty of game. The Dutch navigators declared they saw, from the *Half Moon* as they sailed up the Hudson, in the forest, lions, unicorns, and other fabulous beasts. The fire-water they drank probably confused their vision and their zoölogy, as is not unusual. One of the old people said he had seen in the meadow, just above Greenwood, tracks of panther and bear, where they crossed from one mountain to another, and those of wild turkeys as thick as chicken tracks about the hen-yard. Clinton mentions the presence of beavers and their work in constructing their dam. One well-known citizen tells of being pursued by a wolf when sent for the cattle on East Mountain. That leap and that howl, and his wild ride over the rocks, he never forgot. A party were going up to a certain fortune-

teller's on Rye Hill when a bear met them. They suddenly lost their faith in the supernatural, leaving the witch of Endor to study the stars alone that night and wonder why the heavens were so unpropitious. Ursa Major sometimes put in an appearance in these terrestrial parts, if we may credit the story of the Prim Swamp bear-hunt of a later day. It seems the report was circulated in the village that a bear was seen in the swamp beyond the village, whereupon every huntsman was abroad with gun and pitchfork. A goodly number of dogs and boys followed. A Frenchman called Chevaux de Frise volunteered to go in and drive the animal from his lair. Like the boy Putnam, into the den he crept, then fell back, followed by the growling beast. Instantly the pack of dogs rushed in. As he wheeled, the little Frenchman grabbed the bear by the long hair on his haunches; then followed, said my informant, one of the wildest battles ever seen. The dogs yelped, the bear growled, the Gallic hunter was swung right and left in a wild tussle. One old man cried, "Hold him! hold him!" then threw away his gun and fled. When the bear presented a vulnerable side where he could be shot without injury to his brave antagonist, Mr. David Knight drew a bead on him and laid Bruin low.

Panther and wild-cat would often steal down from the mountains where they denned and seize a shoat or calf, when the whole neighborhood would turn out to hunt them to their lair. Even the women were good shots, and knew how to defend their poultry-yards from possum and hawk. Sly Reynard would occasionally depredate upon the harem of the old gray goose, perhaps killing the "very one she was saving to make a feather bed"; then there would be a fox-chase in

earnest,— no "purp and anise-seed affair," but a wild tear around Pedlar Hill and Woodcock, resulting in the trophy of a red or a silver pelt. Deer were not infrequent in the forests at quite a late period. In hunting these beautiful animals, it is related of one that he was so excited upon seeing a splendid buck approach, that he snatched his ramrod and stuck it into a log and dropped his rifle, being too excited to fire. Another was posted on one of the shores of Mombasha to watch for a deer, while others would drive him into the lake from the other side. As a fine buck came swimming toward the former huntsman, he attempted to seize him by the horns, when the agile beast lifted him on his antlers and tossed him headlong into the thicket, with his suit nearly torn from his body. Such were some of the sports and hair-breadth escapes of those stalwart men and women of old Monroe.

It is not singular that Izaak Walton should have many disciples in this region. For, as we have seen, there was much water there. The lakes and brooks were stocked with fish even when the Indian roamed the forest. He speared the salmon, as he leaped the falls of the Ramapo, and from his birch canoe enticed perch and pike to ingenious snares. The surveyor speaks of a trout-brook, near Sugar-loaf, where was an Indian settlement; so that these speckled beauties antedated the white man. Pickerel and black and rock bass were an importation of recent date. When Mr. Jonah Brooks caught his first four-pound bass, he insisted upon going home, because it was glory enough for one day. With what devotion many followed this apostolic avocation, even the dominie, of whom a wag said he always knew when his barrel of pork was out, for he would see him with his rod on his shoulder!

What a joy to plunge into the solitude and whip some wild stream, wading, climbing over slippery rocks, and skittering a gaudy fly over riffle or pool! There one gets at the very heart of Nature, and if he have a knowledge of the gentle art and golden patience, he is not likely to come home unrewarded. A fishing fever usually was of days' duration: one the preparation, in which the bait of minnows or crickets were captured, or flies made. We say made, for Mr. Townsend captured a splendid trout with a fly made of a yellow envelope and a bit of red sealing-wax. It was a grotesque sight to see several gentlemen on their knees in some bit of stubble chasing crickets and grasshoppers. The collection of rents, and sowing of tares by the housewives in consequence, was a standing joke. The bait must be preserved alive, and if it were minnows, they were placed in the spring. Then, long before daylight, the jolly party would be off. All day long they would toil, often returning with the spoils of the beautiful lakes which afford young and old so much of innocent enjoyment. Sometimes there were amusing experiences. Mr. John Goff slipped in while fishing through the ice. He took out his pocket-knife and cut ridges in the ice to grip with his fingers. But they slipped. He then induced his dog to bring his mittens, which lay on the ice. These he let freeze in the ridges, and thereby he pulled himself out.

Allen Knight hooked a big turtle at Mombasha. He was weak and sickly at that time, and found the huge terrapin too much for him.

As he was about taking a plunge, Mr. H. J. Bertholf caught him by the waist, then Mr. C. B. Knight reinforced the rescuing party, and all came ashore together, not omitting the rebellious hardshell. Two

dominies had fished all day and taken nothing. A fisherman called for help; his boat was full of water. He had caught one of these snappish creatures, and was holding him down with his oar. The dominies offered help. "Why don't you tie him?" asked one. "I never heard of tying a snapping-turtle," he responded. Then the man of the cloth showed him how to put his anchor-rope in his mouth for a bridle, and when his head was drawn in, draw the rope under the shell and tie a flat knot over his tail, and he was secure.

"Well," said the other dominie, "this is a great note, that a dominie should teach an old fisherman how to tie a turtle." "Well," responded the fellow, "what these dominies don't know, there 's no use knowing." Then he filled their empty basket with fish. We can vouch for the truth of this. For the next we rely on tradition: that a drunken fisherman was drowned one Sunday. When he was fished out, and his wife sent for, her lament was in the memorable words: "Poor Joe, he went fishing fifty times on Sunday, and never got drowned before."

The fishing advantages of Monroe, and the many sports of the woods and streams, always make it an attractive spot. How many congenial spirits it brings together for innocent amusement, and what advantages it offers for summer visitors and permanent residents! Cottages and club-houses are springing up at present on crest and lakeside, but there are still some shaded nooks where the lover of nature can fill his fernery or trout-basket unmolested by the world of fashion and folly.

The people of the olden time had other amusements beside fishing and hunting. They had stone-bees and

raisings. The women had apple-cuttings, quiltings and spinning-frolics. The yarn or flax would be given out, and at an appointed time and place the material would be returned, and there would be a feast, possibly a dance of the stately minuet or Virginia reel. Corn-huskings were not uncommon in bringing young and old together in innocent frolic, resulting in many a wedding. Horse-racing was a favorite sport, defended on the ground of improving the stock of horses. The lane was the race-course. But it was found that racing-day attracted such a motley crowd, and was attended with so much drunkenness and disorder, that public opinion at length suppressed it.

Snakes of different species have abounded, as might be expected in such a stony region. Not merely the harmless garter and saucy milk snake that glides in and out of the milk-house, and the insinuating black snake that robs the robin's nest, but the deadly rattler and copperhead. These two last, like their moral counterparts, the thief and the murderer, den together, leading some to suppose that they are merely male and female. But the close student of nature puts them in different classes. They both alike are hated, and realize the truth of the divine promise, "I will put enmity betwixt thee and her seed." One of our ladies climbed to a nook on the East Mountain, where she was accustomed to go to read and sew. Suddenly she found herself in the midst of a circle of rattlesnakes, which had come out of their dens to sun themselves. Heads were erect, tongues flaming and rattles ringing out alarm and defiance all about her. There was little chance for retreat. Plucky maid! She picked up stones that lay around in abundance, she pelted them right and left, till she made a way by which she

could make a safe retreat, and lived to recount to her children her adventure and draw the lessons of life it clearly taught. Often these and their congeners, the pilots, would be thrown up with a forkful of hay upon the hay-wagon, when the low meadows were the scene of such labors. It was not an easy question to settle which were the safer post, that of pitcher or loader. A fight with a lively rattler at such a time was excelled only by a scrimmage with a nest of hornets or yellow-jackets.

Not many years since a rattlesnake was killed in Mrs. Carpenter's garden in the village. One of our savants begged the carcass to experiment with and test it as an article of food. He had eaten alligator and couter in Florida, and assuming that all things are given for a useful purpose, whether fish, flesh, or fowl for food, he was determined to carry out his theory. After considerable difficulty he persuaded his sister to cook some of the rattler. He tasted it and said, "It has a wild-gamy flavor." He then took some on a little dish to the good lady in whose garden it was killed. When he offered her the present, she said, "B——, set that dish on the end of the piazza. Thee has enough rattlesnake to supply all the village." It is needless to say that this experiment was not a success in adding this new dish to the cuisine of Monroe.

Rabbit-hunting was more of a pleasure to those who participated in it than to the farmer; for, as the game took refuge not seldom in the stone fences, rods of fence were often torn down, costing $1.50 a rod, to capture a poor little rabbit worth but a shilling.

Bee-hunting and bee-raising were sources of amusement to some. The skilled bee-hunter knew how to follow the honey-makers to their improvised hives in

trees and old buildings, showing skill in following them, and knew how to capture their stores without the sound of trump or shout of battle like the Japanese warriors. But a common method of bringing an escaping swarm to a halt was to summon the whole household, and, armed with pans and stovepipe, fill the air with horrible discords, enough to rend the ears of the listener and bring every musical ear to surrender. The watchful apiary seldom had to resort to such methods, because a swarm always alights near by before it starts to its more distant destination. Then there were some, like the late Nathanael Thompson, who could handle them with perfect ease, uncaring if ever receiving a sting. Others were not so successful in their management. One of the ministers loved bee-culture, but had constant difficulty with them. They used to swarm when he was absent, or on Sunday when he was occupied. One evening he sent for a neighbor to help him hive a swarm in an apple tree. The skip was washed with hickory leaves and made ready. Then the swarm was coaxed reluctantly into the hive. But a number of stragglers alighted upon the persons of the operators. The neighbor found some inside his trousers, and played some fantastic tricks before the windows of the parsonage, where ladies were assembling for a prayer-meeting. The dominie carried some bees on his clothes into the meeting, where the sting of one chided his dullness, and the presence of others kept all awake.

Hornets and bumblebees, so called, were a great annoyance in the harvest-field, particularly the low meadows. We have seen a general stampede from these wild marauders. One old mower, however, loved

to fight them, and would beg that they be left undisturbed till evening, when he could have the pleasure of burning them out. In resisting one of these fiery little animals, he gave himself such a rap on his knee that he had to leave the field. His employer, the dominie, too, carried to the pulpit a swollen eye as the result of a similar encounter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MILITIA TRAINING.

IT may not be improper to include militia training among the amusements of the time, although it had a more serious intent. Under the old militia law all able-bodied men over eighteen years of age were required at stated times to assemble for military drill. The militia of the three towns, Monroe, Cornwall and Blooming Grove, formed the ninety-first regiment of the nineteenth brigade, fifth division of the army. In this town there were three ununiformed companies, yclept barefoot companies, and one uniformed company. The latter were dressed in a neat suit of white and gray, with hat adorned with red and white feathers. The officers were in gayer uniform and cocked hats. The ununiformed appeared as fancy or necessity dictated. They were required to provide their own weapons; and such a variety of dress and weapons, from an old flint-lock musket to a hickory cudgel, has scarce been seen since the days of Sir John Falstaff. There were company drills, officer parades and general training. The last was supposed to embrace all the virtues of the others, while it absorbed the greatest attention. For days there would be a brushing of feathers, burnishing of old muskets, and pipe-claying of belts. On the gala day might be seen the multitude

wending their way to the campus on the flat. Motley groups of all classes, conditions and color, of men, women and children, in all sorts of vehicles, or on foot, in all their holiday apparel, were seen hastening to the proud spectacle, each afraid it would be over before he should get there. Strategic places are chosen, booths set up for the sale of gingerbread, card cake and beer, the volunteer commissariat of the citizen army. Soon the brave soldiers are seen with homespun suits and motley weapons, and the band at their head, and their gaily caparisoned officers on their proud horses, as fully alive as their riders to the glories of the pageant. The word of command is given, the line is formed, or attempted to be formed; for it is difficult to get some of those barefeet in line, and some of those shillalahs to ground at the proper moment, and keep the eyes right from wandering to the groups of the fair or the tables of the commissary. But when arranged to suit a military eye, they go through all the evolutions of the field, with drum, fife, flag and guidon, proud of the service they were rendering their country. Of course, in such volunteer soldiering, composed of such a motley throng, there would often be scenes of merriment. It was related of one of the officers that he was very impatient of any breach of order, and would charge down upon a noisy group and snatch the loudest from the field and drop him in the graveyard near by. Nor were the officers exempt from being the target of wit, for it is still told that one of these forgot the manual and ordered his men to haughey around a mud-puddle. The drummer of this regiment was George Mapes, a member of an old family remarkable for musical gifts. George excelled them all, and was the

pride of Monroe. He was said to have had a trial match with the drum-major at West Point, and to have compelled the strutting man of the bearskin hat to throw up his baton in despair. Little is said about the fifing. Perhaps it was not so essential as the drum, or possibly it may have been nothing to brag of, as was the case later on, when the fifer said, "If I come to a note I cannot play, I do not play it"; this giving it a Wagnerian effect. Under such inspiring strains the column would march and counter-march, charge and retreat, till the sun would sink in the west, when the order of dismissal would pass along the line, and then would ensue such a stampede and intermingling of the motley throng, soldier and civilian each breaking for home, glad when this mimic war was over. But while it seemed a burlesque, it served to keep the old military spirit alive; and even after the law was repealed which appointed public militia trainings, the martial flame was kept alive which broke forth in sober reality during the Rebellion, and impelled some of Monroe's best and bravest sons to go to the front and jeopardize their lives for Liberty and Union.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

THE country singing school was another source of amusement. Far back in the history of the town, it was the custom to engage a singing-master to drill the young folks in music. That divine art was needed then, as now, to beautify home and social life; and where there was no instrument in the churches, it was essential not only to be able to sing, but to read music. Hence the winter class in music was a desideratum. A Yankee singing-master would come into the county with his violin and establish classes in every neighborhood. Congenial souls and harmonious voices would interchange visits, thus promoting neighborliness and wider musical culture. It is a well-known fact in ethnology that certain tribes and families are musical, while others are incapable of distinguishing musical tones. Gottschalk's "Last Hope" to some is little better than a Chinese march in which there are no semitones. The man who has no music in his soul, if not always "fit for treasons," certainly loses much of the sweetness of life. Monroe had its full share of good voices, or the possibilities of such. For singers are both born and made; that is, voices which in the rough seem very unmusical, can be taken and trained and polished

so as to yield satisfactory results. This work of finding and training both voice and ear was the task of the singing-master. When the raw material presented itself for the first time, and was put through the elementary principles, it were enough to discourage and distract the cultured ear; but the same voice by and by will sound the deep diapason, or sigh through the semitones, with marvellous skill. The singing-master needed to have a stock of good-nature and patience. The law of the survival of the fittest prevails here, as elsewhere in nature. The early forms and nomenclature made the task of master and pupil hard then. The former talked of breves and semibreves, crotchets and quavers, semi- and even demisemiquavers. The parts were divided into so many classes that it was difficult for one to tell whether the voice was fitted for air, or second soprano, or counter, alto or tenor, baritone or bass. With all these fine distinctions, there were voices that could not be classified; the only alternative being to be asked to desist. Some wiseacre tried to simplify the art by inventing the buckwheat notes; thus trying to aid the ear by the eye. But the system yielded no better results, and hence was soon abandoned, like many labor-saving expedients in education. There must be a certain amount of toil to acquire any treasure in the school of life. The prizes in music are at the goal of the stadium. But we fancy the race was needlessly hard in those days. Probably taste and fashion had much to do with it. Glance at the old tunes used in church: Devizes, Russia, Invitation, with its fugues, the gloomy minors, China and Windham, associated not merely with the funeral, but also with the communion. The numerous trills

required great flexibility of voice, and the intricate fugues as great accuracy of time. But the pupils were catechized upon dynamics and rhythm, and exercised in appoggiaturas. Sweeping up and down the gamut, vaulting over bars, and holding breath at rests, they acquired the skill to meet the difficulties of that divine science. One of their favorite exercises was the round, and they swung "Old John Cross," beating in the A B C till they were as dizzy as the schoolboy whirling under the rod, and shouted "Scotland's Burning" with cries of "Fire!" sufficient to arouse the whole village. If they shed tears over some pitiful minor, they were all in good humor again over "Cousin Jedediah." Now they try some old Gregorian chant, and then are asking, "Don't you hear the ripe fruit falling?" They try some sweet strain of Mendelssohn, and even aspire to the intricacy and grandeur of the "Grand Hallelujah." All through the Civil War they sang the "Star Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and other patriotic songs, not merely training their voices, but firing their spirit of patriotism at home, while brothers and fathers were maintaining the honor of the old flag in the field.

These singing-school exercises usually culminated in a concert in which the whole musical talent of the place would be laid under contribution, neighboring help called in, and a grand programme would be given with instrument and voice. Although the strains have died away, the memory remains of solos, duets, and choruses, grave and gay, from the "Little farm well tilled" to the oratorio of "Esther," with its intricate variety of action and personality. Sometimes the convention would come, and then the whole county would send its best voices to be trained by some spe-

cialist like Professor Palmer or Perkins in a whole week of song.

The earliest mentioned teacher of singing in Monroe was Professor Converse. He was the father of Professor Charles Converse, the composer. The father was very popular in the olden time, and regarded as the model of a singing teacher, painstaking, tactful, and patient. Andrew Van Valer rendered good service to the cause of music. He and his daughters for a long time took the lead in the music of the church. He built four organs, a piano, with violin and cello. He was a man of remarkable energy, decision, versatile talent and robust piety. He died at Watkins, New York, March 14, 1882, aged ninety-four. His was a fruitful old age.

Professor I. B. Swezey was engaged many successive years in teaching music in Monroe. Notwithstanding his peculiar theory and phrases about the shock of the glottis and tacting tones, he gave such attention to voice-culture as to develop some excellent singers.

Professor L. L. Ross also was a favorite. He had a choice collection of humorous songs, several of which were original, and were often encored; such as "The little brown jug, with its glug, glug, glug," "How many might have gone to Washington if it had not been for you," and "The little farm well tilled." "The little wife well willed" was another favorite, and struck a responsive chord in many a heart. Professor Ross's work culminated in bringing out the oratorio of "Esther" with no little success.

Out of all this devotion to the art grew a choral society which flourished for many years, and gave concerts every winter, which formed a most delightful social amusement. The leader in this was Mr.

Eugene McGarrah, who to his large acquaintance with music, vocal and instrumental, added exquisite taste, and by his sincere love of its highest forms enthused others and so gave the public many a musical treat. Above and beyond his companions, *facile princeps*, he sought to educate them up to his standard, and we believe not without a degree of success. Several musical compositions have proceeded from his pen—among them an original Te Deum and some church tunes.

Others who were among the sturdy supporters of the singing school were Henry Mapes and wife, the Misses Boyd, the Thompson brothers, and many others whose names we have not space to recall.

The musical entertainments of Monroe were often indebted to performers from other towns, among whom were Professor John Marvin, Jesse Strong and William Howell. We mention with special emphasis the name of Samuel Marvin, brother of John. His bass voice was of wonderful depth and richness. He was often present to inspire with his manly face and genial manner, to help swell the anthem or take his part in duet or solo. He was called, in the freshness of his manhood, to go up higher and take his part in that grand "Hallelujah" whose voices are like those of many waters. He died March 23, 1881, aged forty-two years, six months, eleven days.

Other sweet singers who have made the walls of the old meeting-house ring, and thrilled many a tired toiler in the home, are among the white-robed choristers, while some who loved and survived are saying:

> "Oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

ANOTHER source of amusement was the Debating Society. There is a period in intellectual development when it is awaking from sleep and, tossing off its environment, wants to try its nascent powers. As soon as a community gets leisure from the toil of settlement, it aspires to grapple with other problems. It has its renaissance, or revival, of reason. Like a child with a new knife, it desires to try its edge on everything alike, even the old heirlooms, family portraits and furniture. With it the results of experience, the institutions of the past and even the deductions of science and philosophy are to be tested, and hence are brought to the crucible and scales. Milton says, "Let all the winds of doctrine loose." Truth has nothing to fear, so it be untrammeled. Even with respect to great established faiths there is always room for discussion, and an inspection of the solid foundations on which they rest tends often to confirm and convert the traditional faith into the faith that is the substance or demonstration of "things not seen."

Monroe had its waking up in the forties, when enterprise in the shape of the iron horse came snorting up the Ramapo. New families were coming in, new enterprises starting. They caught a glimpse of the

Milky Way, and concluded to stir the star-dust with their chariot wheels. The society met in the shop of John Jenkins, where minerals, magnets, books and curios confronted the members. The moving spirits were John Brooks, Dr. Ethan B. Carpenter, Alfred P. Hulse, Brewster Tuthill, David Lynch, Abner Howell, John Jenkins, George Goff, James Cromwell, Jonah Brooks and Ebenezer Earl. Judge White and Matthew Howell, of Blooming Grove, would sometimes come over and take a hand in the contest. The meetings were conducted with parliamentary precision and were largely attended. The questions discussed took a wide range, embracing subjects political, metaphysical, moral and theological. In these tournaments many a spear was broken, many a proud knight in the armor of sophistry put *hors de combat.*

A brave matador would leap into the ring only to find himself on the horns of a dilemma. Some self-confident debater would broach some utopian theory, or tangle himself in some casuistical knot, when a sally of wit would bring him to his senses. One of the exciting questions discussed was "Is married life more conducive to human happiness than single?" One of the older men argued that it would be more so if there was as much care taken in selecting partners as was exercised in the improvement of stock. Just here some wise woman spoke out and said, "Then they would not take you." But all their theories were as thistledown, for each followed the bent of his inclination, looked up his missing rib and took his place in the more serious battle of life.

When the next generation came on the stage, there was a desire to repeat the experiment of a debating society. This met in the basement of the Presby-

terian church. Some of the old war-horses, such as Alfred Hulse and Dr. E. B. Carpenter, survived to help on the enterprise. To these were added A. B. Hulse, Theo. McGarrah, Job Mapes, Geo. Ezray, Chauncey Newkirk, Roe Pilgrim, Joseph Andrews, Henry Mapes, Samuel Bull, Geo. K. Smith and the author. The interval from 1854 to 1859 was full of exciting political and economic questions, and these were debated with no little zeal and seriousness. There was no time for the hackneyed questions of such societies when the country was seething with the problems of the Missouri Compromise, the Fugitive Slave Law, and the extension of slavery into free territory. These and other serious questions were debated with great earnestness, and much instruction was elicited. But as the issues approached the momentous period when the appeal was taken from the forum to the field, the society closed. The tendency of these discussions some were inclined to regard as evil, because of assaults upon established faiths. But, when buttressed in truth, such assaults are as futile as the waves against a rock of adamant; while the exercise of investigation and discussion, even though it strike a rock, is salutary, helping to mental discipline and character-building. It is our opinion that these contests tended to awaken talent and fit some of its members for the legislature, legal profession and editorial chair.

A village library grew out of the first Debating Society, but it had only an ephemeral existence; and a reading circle from the last. Both have merged into the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League, and it is hoped they may be longer lived, founded as they are on a religious basis.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOVE OF LIBERTY AND PATRIOTISM.

MONROE was forward in every good cause. Its people, male and female, were liberty-loving, patriotic, and aspiring after higher planes of order and right. This was well illustrated in the wish of one of its aged men that he could live to see constitutional liberty established throughout the world. As far back as 1808 the Fourth of July was observed in a public manner. A procession, civic and military, was formed at the upper village. Seventeen young girls, dressed in white, rode in procession to the old church, Mr. Moffat heading the column, carrying a liberty-cap. Our informant, Mrs. Daniel Knight, said she rode beside Miss Galloway. The bonnets they wore stood out like a wheat-fan, and were tied down over their ears. The oration was delivered by her brother, Mr. John Brooks. In the evening there was a feast and merrymaking.

The next occasion of patriotic interest was the celebration of Greek independence in the year 1832. That brave people had succeeded in breaking the yoke of the unspeakable Turk, and every lover of liberty and classic fame sympathized with the struggling Greeks. The Rev. John White was the moving spirit in Monroe. He aroused the people to con-

tribute, and considerable money was raised to aid the cause. A grand public meeting was held at the old historic church. Navarino bonnets, in honor of the decisive battle, were worn by all the ladies. The frame was of pasteboard, covered with ribbons and flowers to suit the taste. One of the old men declared that when he saw a woman dressed in one of them, it looked like a canoe coming.

A second Fourth of July celebration was held in Monroe in 1855. A procession was formed, with Mr. John Jenkins as marshal, dressed in an officer's uniform of the olden times. It proceeded to the new Presbyterian church in the village, where an oration was delivered by Charles Winfield, Esq., in the presence of a large assembly. Refreshments were served by the ladies in the unfinished basement. A public banquet was given at Goff's Hotel, at which speeches were made, and the famous toast given, "The Monroe doctrine, the doctrine of Monroe."

Another occasion worthy of mention was the observance of Centennial year — 1876. It was celebrated by an entertainment at the Presbyterian parsonage, consisting of an exhibit of relics of the ancient past, and an old-time supper at which the ladies appeared in Lady Washington caps and antique costumes. It was astonishing what an array of old things were brought out from garret and bureau. There were spinning-wheels for flax and wool, cards and combs, hatchel and break, brass candlesticks and snuff-dishes, andirons and bellows, a clock of the reign of Louis XIV, finger-rings and brooches, old silver and china, samplers and needlework, a warming-pan, foot-stove and old tinder-box and flint. Mrs. Dr. Gignoux contributed fine old miniatures of the family, and

Mrs. Alfred Hulse loaned the wardrobe of little Miss Nancy Brewster, a dwarf relative of her family, who was presented to General Washington, and received by him with marked favor. She was scarcely over three feet high; her slipper would fit a child of five or six years. This entire entertainment seemed to materialize the olden time with its modes of life, and bring the gray fathers and mothers, with their quaint attire and industries, in moving panorama before us.

This brings us to consider another illustration of the love of liberty and patriotism on the part of these people. As years rolled on, the institution of slavery came to be regarded more and more as a stain on the escutcheon of the country, as well as a blot on civilization. The question had been thoroughly discussed in the debating societies of the town, and although there were strong minds in favor of the constitutional recognition of it, yet sympathy would always lean to the side of the oppressed. The reading of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Helper's volume on slavery kept alive the excitement. This culminated in the firing on Fort Sumter. The Sunday when the news arrived the whole community was set ablaze. Flags were hoisted, groups of anxious men assembled, and plans and possibilities were discussed. When troops were ordered from West Point, and marched across the East Mountain and boarded the train with their cannon at Turners, the excitement reached its highest pitch. Then men enlisted in earnest. Monroe contributed the noblest of its sons.

This, of course, enlisted the profoundest love of mothers and sisters. One mother wished she had more sons to give. The ladies and children met to work in aid of the noble organizations which were

looking after the welfare of the brave boys in the field. The school children scraped lint. The young people met and peeled fruit, dried and barreled it. Old linen and soft flannel were contributed; in short, everything that could minister to the sick or wounded. More than a thousand dollars' worth of useful articles were sent. And when the slaves began to come in, after the Emancipation Proclamation was published, supplies were sent to them; one good dame begging the outworn glasses, and putting them in the cases as helps to learn to read. After the victory at Gettysburg there was a wild demonstration on the street. The Parrott gun which the patriotic had bought by subscription was brought out and hauled along the street, one of the prominent citizens mounting it amid wild huzzas. Afterwards it was fired. But the most satisfactory demonstration was when peace was proclaimed. Then the whole village was illuminated. The event was celebrated by patriotic sermons and anthems of thanksgiving.

The recent war with Spain called out some of this latent patriotism, and the sympathies of the best people were with the administration in the endeavor to deliver the Spanish colonies from her inhuman and tyrannical government. Flags were displayed, the national colors were worn by the citizens of the place, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested when news of the illustrious victories of our army and navy arrived. Monroe was represented at the front by at least one volunteer — namely, Henry Brewster Carpenter, son of Ethan B. Carpenter, Jr. He was a member of Company F, 71st New York; he returned from Cuba, and died of fever in his native village, September 12, 1898.

CHAPTER XXX.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, MILITARY AND CIVIC.

AMONG those who went to the war was John Forshee, born November 20, 1836, son of Barnard and Eliza Forshee. After studying medicine and serving as surgeon at the Sailors' Snug Harbor and on the Panama Steamship Line, he enlisted in the Army of the Potomac. He was appointed assistant surgeon of the 66th New York, and then surgeon in the 11th New York, with the rank of major. He was in all the battles of the Peninsula under Gen. McClellan. There, amid the marshes and during the forced march, he was taken with dysentery and came home to die. Among his last words were: "Who is in command?" He died November 25, 1862, amid the gentlest of ministries from a loving mother and sisters. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Another young man of great promise who went to the war was J. Howard Brooks. He was the second son of John and Sarah Brooks. After his brother T. Benton had enlisted, he joined him in the field with Serrell's Topographical Engineers, operating in Tennessee and Kentucky. Afterwards he entered the service, and was with a company of sappers and miners at Petersburg, where he was shot while on the intrenchments. He died a few hours afterward, during which he expressed the warmest yearning for his aged

father and mother and sister at home. His death occurred August 9, 1864, aged twenty-four years, six months, two days.

The following lines are selected from a poem full of the deepest pathos, penned by his venerable father:

He loved his dear country, and prompt at her calling
He laid all his home joys and fond hopes aside.
He sought the front ranks, and there, bravely falling,
A patriot brave and a martyr he died.

For the last time on earth on that manly stature,
On that comely form and face, we have gazed;
On that fair ensemble, and that noble nature,
Which all who knew him and all who saw, praised.

We look for his coming when past the cars rattle;
We turn with fond look to the opening door;
Alas! he comes not, he has fallen in battle.
Except in our dreams, we shall see him no more.

Then farewell to comfort while here we shall languish;
My hopes all lie buried with him that has died.
My lot is to weep, my life is but anguish,
Until I find rest in a grave by his side.

A neat monument was erected to this brave young soldier, a number of patriotic citizens taking this method of showing their sympathy for his memory and the cause in which he fell. On the occasion of its erection, General Thomas Francis Meagher uttered the sentiment: "Great cities have their architectural piles and mausoleums, but the true monuments of a rural community are her brave sons."

Major Thomas Benton Brooks says: "I had the good fortune to be born in Monroe, N. Y. (June 19, 1836), and, better still, to be the son of Sarah S. Ketchum and John Brooks. As if this were not good

luck enough for one person, the most intimate friend of my boyhood was my cousin, the late John H. Knight, whose superior, on the whole, I have never known." Benton received his early education in the district school, and it was most carefully supplemented at home. His first matriculation in the school of usefulness was in assisting his father on his farm of fifteen acres. He describes him as "an old-fashioned farmer of small means, who sometimes gathered his grain with a sickle, and cleaned it with the wind." At the age of thirteen he drove a yoke of big Devon oxen hauling sand, lime and stones for the "Granite House," which was erected for a homestead in 1849. The task which particularly tried the young farmer was the picking and burying of small stones on this emphatically stony farm. He also assisted his father in the work of surveying, and exercised his ingenuity in inventing an instrument for the measurement of angles. With this goniometer, assisted by his young companions, he triangulated and mapped Knight's millpond, loving it better than any other sheet of water he ever knew 'twixt the Golden Gate and Golden Horn. When about sixteen years of age he taught the district school in Eagle Valley for three months, for the marvellous sum of ten dollars, "boarding round."

About this time the surveying party of a proposed railroad from New York to Oswego came up the Ramapo Valley, which he joined as axeman. After cutting his hand so badly that he could not swing the axe he was promoted to be chainman, and then rodman. The projected road having fallen through, he entered the service of the Erie Company, and was first leveller and then transit-man while the double track was being constructed.

From this he stepped to the position of assistant to the city surveyor of Paterson, N. J., at a salary of sixty dollars a month. About 1853 the Topographical and Geological Surveys of New Jersey were organized under Dr. Kitchell. Mr. Brooks applied for a position, but was offered nothing better than the place of axeman at half the salary he was getting.

Though advised against it, he accepted the position. It was part of his duty to carry the heavy, awkward plane-table for the surveyor, and in doing this he had a chance to learn the use of the instrument by watching the work closely. Plane-tables were at that time scarcely introduced into this country, and were used only on the Coast Survey, and there chiefly by foreigners. In this case the surveyor was an Austrian who was so dissipated that he soon became unfit to do the work. Within a few months Mr. Brooks succeeded him as topographer, with geological duties, at sixty-five dollars per month, and retained the position until the work so injured his eyes that he had to give it up. The next winter found him in Florida, where he obtained work, first as linear land-surveyor, and then as "ordinary seaman," pulling an oar or the chain and recording observations for a United States Coast Survey party working on the Gulf of Mexico. He believed he knew more about the use of the plane-table than did the chief of the party, who, however, did not seem to think so. Confidence in his own ability to "work his way up" always marked his career.

When the survey was finished he added an experience to his life of which he often speaks as having been valuable and delightful. He shipped as "landsman" on a cotton-ship and "worked his passage" home. There "I got my first taste of salt

water," he says, "and made the acquaintance of Jack Tar, with whom I have been on good terms ever since."

By this time he had come to the conclusion that surveying and engineering is a profession, and not a trade as was at that time believed by many. He entered the then recently organized School of Engineering of Union College. A part of the two years' course he was instructor in field-work, and graduated in 1858 as civil engineer, taking the highest marks. The degree of M. A. was conferred upon him a few years later. It was the wish of his friend and preceptor, Professor Gillespie, that Mr. Brooks should succeed him as head of the Engineering Department of Union College; and had Mr. Brooks been willing, he could undoubtedly have had the position.

During his college vacations he made a topographical survey of the "Augusta tract," owned by the Lorillards and now the site of Tuxedo Park. He was assisted by his brother John Howard and his cousin Fletcher B. Brooks. This was followed by surveys of the great Stirling estate, and later by that of the large mountain iron and forest properties then known as the Greenwood and Ramapo, and others extending along the Ramapo Valley from Monroe to Suffern, and from Greenwood Lake to near the Hudson River. During this period he spent a winter (1858–59) in Philadelphia, attending lectures at the embryo School of Mines of the University of Pennsylvania, where he received his strong bent for the study of rocks under the instruction of the poet-geologist Prof. J. Peter Lesley, teacher and founder of Topographical Geology. This brings us to the period of the War of the Rebellion.

After the disastrous battle of Bull Run he resolved to enlist, and did so as private in the 1st New York Volunteer Regiment of Engineers, Company A. He recruited a part of his own company in the mountains where he was best known, and from the number of those with whom his professional work had acquainted him, and excellent soldiers they were.

The records of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, of which he is a companion, summarize his services thus:

Brevet-Col. Thomas Benton Brooks, U. S. V., was mustered into the service as 1st Lieutenant, Company A, of 1st New York Volunteer Engineers (Col. Serrell's), September 10, 1861. Promoted to Captain, and later Aide-de-camp, with rank of Major, August 17, 1863; resigned October 6, 1864. Brevetted Lieut.-Col. U. S. Volunteer Engineers, March 13, 1865, for "distinguished services at the siege of Fort Pulaski, Georgia"; Brevet-Col. for "gallant conduct during the operations against Charleston, S. C., and meritorious services during the war." He had part in Dupont's expedition against Fort Royal, S. C. Served most of the war on the staff of Major-Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, including operations on Folly and Morris Islands, S. C.; was assistant engineer in the siege of Charleston, S. C., and reduction of Fort Wagner; served temporarily on the staff of Major-Gen. B. F. Butler, and was wounded at Drury's Bluff, Va., May, 1864. He was on cavalry duty with Gen. Gillmore against Confederate Gens. Morgan and Duke in Kentucky; served as topographical engineer temporarily on the staff of Major-Gen. S. C. Carter in East Tennessee, also that of Major-Gen. A. E. Burnside. After the capture of Fort Wagner, S. C., he received the Sum-

ter medal. His reports are embodied in Gillmore's "Siege of Fort Pulaski and Siege of Charleston."

"He is one of the most noteworthy cases, of which there were so many, of extraordinary military capacity suddenly developed in young men whose training had heretofore been exclusively in civil pursuits." (John Hay, "Life of Lincoln," Vol. VII, p. 483.) Gen. Peter S. Michie, of West Point, in an address to the "Veteran Association of the Department of the South," says of him (see Brooklyn Proceedings, 1893, p. 27):

"Unquestionably the central engineer in the siege of Fort Wagner, defending Charleston, is our gallant comrade Col. Brooks. Ordinary language cannot do justice to his self-sacrificing devotion in the dangerous and difficult service to which he was assigned, nor to the full measure of his manhood in its successful performance. Endowed with an active mind and extraordinary energy, with vigorous physical powers, these were continually drawn upon until he had almost reached the limit of human endurance. He was a most indefatigable worker, peculiarly fertile in expedients and in emergencies, indifferent to personal danger when duty demanded it, and in every respect an inspiration to the whole command."

While serving at the siege of Petersburg, Va., his only brother, Lieut. John Howard Brooks, also of the New York Volunteer Engineers, fell while on duty in the trenches August 9, 1864. He was a gallant, accomplished young officer who would have risen to distinction in the army or in civil life. After this event, at the request of his parents, Col. Brooks resigned and resumed the practice of his profession. His first work was on the Geological Survey of New Jersey, this

time under his valued friend Prof. Cook. While at work in the iron regions about Ringwood he became acquainted with Abram S. Hewitt, Peter Cooper and his son Edward, who owned the Ringwood estate. Through these gentlemen he was offered a position with the Trenton Iron Company, and had for a time general charge of the iron mines, acting also as paymaster. About this time he filled for a short time a similar position with the Greenwood Iron Company, under its late owner, Peter P. Parrott. He laid out the "new road" from the O'Neal mine to Greenwood furnace. Messrs. Cooper and Hewitt induced him to go to the iron regions of Lake Superior in the interests of the Iron Cliff Company, which owned a vast property near Marquette, Mich., with headquarters at Negaunee. The Hon. Samuel J. Tilden was president of the company. Col. Brooks was made vice-president and manager. He remained three years with this company, surveying, buying, building and running charcoal furnaces and opening mines.

He married, January, 1867, his schoolmate Hannah Hulse, daughter of Albert P. Hulse and Harriet Tuthill. Their children were Howard (died at Munich, Germany); Stella, wife of Rufus S. Woodward; Alfred, assistant geologist on the United States Survey, now (1897) on leave of absence to attend the International Geological Congress in Russia; Hildegard, born in Dresden, reclaimed for her country by the Union flag which was hung over her cradle; and Mary Potter.

He now entered on private work as prospector and mining engineer. Soon after he took charge of the Economic State Survey in the iron region of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

In 1873 he took his family abroad for several years. Though broken in health, he took much unfinished State work with him. In London and Dresden he completed his reports on the Michigan and Wisconsin iron regions, returning several times to America on professional duties. Fred. J. Knight was with him in the field and in Dresden, assisting him in topographical, magnetic, and geological work. At this time he was made a fellow of the Geological Society of London, and corresponding member of the Geological Society of Edinburgh.

In 1876 he brought his family to Monroe for a winter, and then moved to Balmville, north of Newburg, New York, where he bought "Glen Hathaway" on the Hudson. He said of the place: "It is a little Cosmos. I have never seen another seventeen acres with more varied attractions."

When his wife's serious illness and his own failing health no longer permitted him to continue his professional duties, he turned his attention to farming. He bought Oak Grove Farm in New Windsor, and moved there in 1883, soon after the death of his wife. When he became obliged to spend the winters in the South for his health, he interested himself in stock-raising in southwest Georgia. With his friend and business associate, Professor Pumpelly, he bought, or, rather, built up, by several purchases, Roseland plantation, eight and one half square miles, in Decatur County, Georgia. Their idea that the best use to make of the worn-out cotton and forest lands of the South is to turn them into pasture was at that time a new one. He still finds log-cabin life in the Piney Woods healthful, delightful, and economical, characterized as it is by the pleasure of riding and driving,

by the cheer of the sunny climate, and of the "light-wood" fires on the hearth.

In 1887 he married Miss Martha Giesler, a Prussian lady, and in 1889 the whole family went abroad for two years, for the education of the children. The major, being a true Cincinnatus, takes time to write articles for the public journals, giving the world the benefit of his scientific and practical observations and experiences through a life of varied and remarkable activity. Had he not broken down in health before middle age, he might have achieved great things.

Benjamin W. Thompson was the second son of the Rev. John J. Thompson, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Monroe, New York. He was born in Middletown, New York, in 1833. After school-days he entered the employ of his brother-in-law, Mr. Chauncey B. Knight. His health failing, he went to Florida, and engaged as tutor in the family of Col. F. L. Dancy, State Engineer, residing on his plantation at Orange Mills, on the St. John's River. Here he remained one year, when, his health having been restored by the soft air and out-of-door exercise, he removed to Jacksonville in the same State, and entered the store of Mr. Little as clerk. In August, 1856, when the yellow fever broke out and a large proportion of the people fled, he, with a number of other devoted young men, offered his services to the alcalde of the city to nurse the sick. He remained on duty at Camp Detention until the plague subsided. A vacancy occurring in the branch house at Fernandina, Florida, Mr. Thompson was chosen to fill it; but, pending the negotiations, he discovered that the firm included the sale of liquor in their business. To this his conscience would not allow his

consent. When they yielded to his conscientious scruples, dropping both the sale of liquor and Sunday traffic, he entered the firm, and did a flourishing business under the style of Ellis, Macdonough and Thompson.

About this time Mr. Thompson became interested in the building of a Presbyterian church at Fernandina, of which he was chosen elder and Sunday-school superintendent. His sister, Miss Caroline Thompson, came South, and while engaged in teaching became his companion and most efficient co-laborer.

His health becoming impaired, he resigned his business and rested awhile; but as soon as his strength would admit, he started business again with J. D. Gould, of Delhi, New York, in Fernandina.

In January, 1861, the legislature passed the Ordinance of Secession, when a new epoch commenced in the life of Mr. Thompson and his sister. At once active military operations were begun. Every able-bodied man over nineteen years of age was required to report for daily drill, unless enrolled in some military company. As the latter seemed to offer less annoyance, he, with other Northern men, joined such a company. But he soon discovered he had fallen into a trap; for the order was published that such companies must enter the service of the State, under penalty of confiscation of goods. Now came the crisis. A reign of terror prevailed after the fall of Sumter, which made it expedient for Northern people to flee. Mr. Thompson disposed of his goods, and with his sister and several others ran the gauntlet amid great perils, reaching the Northern lines in safety. He now went to Port Byron, New York,

where his brother Howard resided, and there purchased the "Port Byron Gazette," which he edited with success till he felt it was his duty to enter the service of the country whose cause he pleaded so earnestly. In ten days he recruited a full company, and was chosen its captain. This was Company F of the 111th New York. His regiment was ordered to Harper's Ferry, where, after a short engagement, the whole command was surrendered by Gen. Miles, pending which, the general was shot. Captain Thompson was sent with these troops to Chicago, to be held until exchanged. When this exchange was effected they were armed anew and shipped to Annapolis, where his command was joined to the Army of the Potomac. When General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, June, 1863, Captain Thompson made that memorable forced march to Gettysburg, during which so many brave boys succumbed to fatigue. Such a march puts every military virtue to the test. Captain Thompson fell out, after a day's march of thirty-three miles; but on the eve of the 1st of July he reported for duty, and took his position at the head of his company, now drawn up at the foot of Seminary Hill, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Here they received the fire of the rebels under General Lee, and Captain Thompson described it as a keen blade of flame sweeping the entire crest of the hill above them. A shell exploded against the very rock behind which his men were lying down, wounding him severely. Yet he fought through the entire battle from exposed positions, and with no other rations than such as could be obtained from the haversacks of dead rebels.

On the morning of the 5th he could muster but ten

able-bodied men, and his own feet were so swollen that he had to go into hospital for treatment. As soon as recovered, he reported again for duty. He was now promoted to the rank of major. At his own request, he was appointed to the command of the 32d United States colored troops. His regiment was ordered to Charleston, where it was located at Hilton Head. Here he met the lady, Miss Adeltha Twitchell, who was engaged in teaching, whom he afterward married.

Major Thompson was soon promoted to the post and rank of provost-marshal at Hilton Head, and thereafter provost-marshal-general of the Department of the South, by General Gillmore. He was made also flag-of-truce officer, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. This important position brought under his control many Confederate officers and civil officials of high rank, governors, and even Jefferson Davis himself. Prisoners, rebel and Union, were at his disposal. He organized the expedition sent to meet the prisoners liberated from Andersonville, who were marching, or, rather, dragging themselves, toward Jacksonville. He sent out a train-load of supplies to meet them, and when met, according to his description, they were the most forlorn crowd that civilized warfare ever witnessed: haggard, starved, diseased, covered with vermin, gaunt, with staring eyes as of famished beasts rather than men. Many died before the train met them, and others before they could be conveyed to a place of comfort. We need not say with what assiduous attention, sympathy, and care Colonel Thompson ministered to them. He was tempted to try a little of military irony upon Jefferson Davis and other rebel leaders by putting them for a

while on hardtack, that they might taste some of the rigor to which many a brave Union soldier was subjected.

In the summer of 1865 his regiment was mustered out of service, when he retired to private life. He removed to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and there married Miss Twitchell, whom he had met while in command at Charleston. He had charge of Dodge's Mills for a time, then became cashier of the banking-house of Taylor, Weed and Co. He was also secretary of the Fire Insurance Company. He was appointed Indian agent by the United States Government, during which he endeavored to correct some of those abuses which General Grant so strongly condemned. But when a Democratic administration came in, he was superseded by a political appointee. He has since been engaged in commercial business in Minneapolis, and in an enterprise having as its object the redemption of a large tract of land in one of the Northwestern States, by turning the stream of a river over the barren tract.

Alfred Preston Hulse was the son of Jesse Hulse, of Blooming Grove, where he was born February 4, 1805. He was sent to the country district-school, which in those days was very primitive. Its textbooks were Daboll's "Arithmetic," Murray's "Grammar," and the "English Reader." Yet these, well instilled, have laid the foundation of many a scholar and noble character. Daniel Webster had little beyond these and "Poor Richard's Almanack" with which to start upon his intellectual life. But a few simple tools such as a jackknife do wonders in the hand of a boy of brains, and that was what young Hulse must have been. He certainly knew how to

make good use of the few educational tools placed in his hands, often sometimes better than a fortune. He soon graduated from the oaken bench and carved desk to the plow and team. This continued his education along practical lines, and fortified him with good health. He early married Harriet Tuthill of the same town, a lineal descendant of the old Puritan elder Brewster. When they united their fortunes to fight the battle of life, his father insisted they should settle on the ancestral farm. But the ambitious young man disdained to depend upon other human arm than his own. Looking beyond his own beautiful valley, he saw there was good land in the Clove, and at once resolved to go thither. His father, indignant, said: "Well, go there, then, and eat rye bread the rest of your days." They went, and, purchasing the farm between Monroe and Turners, known as the Archer farm, there they hung the crane, and reared their family of two boys and four girls. Mr. Hulse was endowed with a mind of remarkable power, quick in penetration, inclined to rapid generalization and deduction of principles and axioms, which he enunciated with Emersonian terseness. He was an inexhaustible reader, purchasing new books on his favorite topics regardless of cost; and during his noon spells would lie on the floor, drinking from such artesian wells as Comte's "Positive Philosophy" or Carlyle's "Hero Worship." He was impatient of authority and established faiths; he sought to investigate for himself and formulate his own faith and philosophy. This naturally threw him into antagonism with conservative minds; but he was a generous debater, a good neighbor, a patriotic citizen, loyal to his country in its struggles, faithful, accounting

for his personal property when the government had need of funds. He was one of Monroe's representative men. His home, plain in its furnishings, was one of unusual attraction for the brightness of its conversation, its overflowing good humor, and unbounded hospitality. Mrs. Hulse was always ready with her kindly offices where there was sickness or want; and was that good housekeeper whose bread had the reputation of being always light, to whom a neighbor said: "With what do you mix your bread?" She replied: "I always mix it with judgment." Mr. Hulse died February 26, 1887, and Mrs. Hulse, December 27, 1884.

John H. Knight was born on the old homestead November 23, 1827. He was the son of Daniel C. Knight and Catherine Brooks. From his earliest boyhood he was remarkable for a thirst for knowledge, and stands as an example of that sort of genius which consists in application. He did not enjoy the advantages of what is termed a liberal education, but was sent to the common school of the district in which he always lived. In the words of a friend: "Long before he arrived at manhood he had read every book of travels, biography, natural history, fiction, and science that was in the old district-school library, and many others of like character, which he obtained from other sources." He considered his own native town a field worthy of his study, spending many leisure hours in investigating its fauna and flora till he became an authority on such subjects. He was an original investigator, disdaining authorities, preferring to gather the data himself, and draw his own conclusions on every subject to which he turned his attention. But while clear and decided in his own

convictions, he was modest in their annunciation, always manifesting a spirit of charity and liberality toward those of others. He was an ideal agriculturist, enthusiastic in his vocation, practical, bringing all his energies to bear to make it honorable and get from it the best results. After bringing the home farm to a high degree of productiveness, he took up other pieces of land in the vicinage, and made gardens of them. This gave employment to large numbers of field-hands, whom he paid liberally, and from whom he exacted no more than was just. Their tears to-day bespeak the esteem in which he was held. His singular success along these lines led to his selection to take charge of the model farm of the State of New Jersey, under the care of Rutgers College, situated near New Brunswick, from 1865 to 1868. Here, with Professor Cook listening to his suggestions, he was able to make experiments with manures, soils, seeds, and implements on a liberal scale, and furnish data of scientific value, not merely for himself, but for every farmer throughout the country. This appointment did not unfit him for the quiet or the thrift of the home agriculture upon his return to Monroe, for he devoted himself to the development of the ideal milch cow, which he believed he found in his beautiful Netherland, or belted, stock. Throughout his life he was always studious of what would promote the best interests of his fellow-men, unselfish to a fault. He was genial and bright, a good conversationalist, a man of sound judgment, of strict integrity, temperate, and always on the side of good morals. He was married February 13, 1861, to Millicent, daughter of Weeks Seely, of Oxford, New York. He was brother of Chauncey B. Knight and of Mrs. J. Henry

Bertholf. He died March 3, 1883, lamented by all who knew him, an irreparable loss to the whole community in which he lived, as well as to the farming interest he so well represented.

From local causes, such as bold mountain scenery, with noble landscapes, wide fields for enterprise and skill, and, still further, with such a grand history of men and events forming the background, it does not surprise us that Monroe should have been the home of no little varied talent. It has had farmers and gardeners and dairymen, who were on the alert for every improvement in their vocation. Were there better seed, feed, or appliances, tools or machinery, there were those always ready to adopt them. John K. Roe and Alfred P. Hulse were the first to introduce the mowing-machine. Monroe was early in the field to adopt the plan of soiling and of storing ensilage. The Paterson brothers were the leaders in the last improvement. Horse-forks and elevators to unload hay had early advocates, while model barns and stables have been the outgrowth of no little discussion and experiment. Monroe has had its inventors and original investigators. J. Milton Bull was the first to suggest the milk business. Benjamin Bull invented the platform scale and cutting-box. David Mapes invented, as he thought, a perpetual motion which was ingenious, but lacked continuance. John Jenkins found a new mineral among our hills, and named it Monroeite. He also discovered the use of calc-spar for lamp-stands and other ornaments. Bailey Cooley was sanguine over the supposed discovery of coal. A trace was found, but not enough to claim the State premium. Carving a ham suggested to John Boyce the imitation of the femoral socket in

the construction of a shaft-clip. John Miller invented the automatic coupler, and constructed a hub-borer and a hand sawmill. Charles Clinton invented a movable cork for horseshoes, and a cannon composed of hoops and staves, also a shell and steam-engine; A. B. Hulse, a safety railway frog for switches; John Bouton, a self-locking window-fastener. But even where there was no original inventive genius, Monroe has been rich in sound practical talent among her mechanics, merchants, and artisans.

Professional artists she does not boast, but some choice amateurs have graced her annals. Poetry is one of the arts that flourish on such a rocky soil. Painting and sculpture wait for a more advanced civilization. Poetry is indigenous to virgin soils and mountainous regions. David drew additional inspiration from the hills of Bethlehem and the mountains round about Jerusalem. Homer was the blind poet of Scio's rocky isle. Burns and Scott were under the spell of snow-clad Ben Nevis and the crags of lofty Ben Lomond. Joseph Rodman Drake composed his "Culprit Fay" hastily one summer day, amid the Highlands of the Hudson. We are not surprised that Monroe, therefore, should have those who, having tasted of Clove water and bathed in old Mombasha, should plume their wings and try the flights of poetry. Ebenezer Earl sometimes wrote verses. We recollect one political satire.

Mr. William Van Duzer, the son of Samuel and Ursula Van Duzer, was born in Monroe, and spent his early years here; but most of his life was spent in New York City, or at the Capitol, where he was engaged in one of the departments of the Federal government. He found leisure to write at least one poem, which is

full of pathos and sentiment. It seems to have been written at different periods of his life, which it divides up into twelfths: twice six, three times six, till twelve times six is reached, which probably closed his life and song. He was characterized by urbanity and a fund of humor. His memory was well stored with reminiscences of the olden times in Monroe.

Miss Kate Arnell was much beloved as a writer of occasional verses, which were held in high esteem, as she also was, among the generation gone by.

John Lamont, father of Charles Lamont, Esq., and grandfather of Fred. Lamont, supervisor of Monroe for many years, had a portfolio full of verses which had the ring of the heather and braes of the home of Burns and Scott. One of his, entitled "All Things are Falling," was full of deep philosophy and solemn truth.

Among the most prominent of the older *literati* of Monroe was Mr. John Brooks. His father emigrated from Blagg's Clove and settled in the village of Monroe, where he made weavers' shuttles of apple-tree wood.

John was born in 1784. He went to school at the log school-house kept by McManus near the old Presbyterian church at Seamanville. Afterwards he taught in the stone school-house above the village. He was appointed one of the justices of the peace by Governor De Witt Clinton in 1819, and the name of S. S. Seward is attached to his commission. He was storekeeper for the Stirling Iron Company in 1832. He was sent to represent Orange County in the sixty-eighth session of the New York Assembly at Albany, which commenced January 7, 1845.

He belonged to the liberal wing of the Democratic

party, and claimed that he had his political creed straight from Thomas Jefferson. He took an active part in the debates of that legislative body. An important measure was the amendment of the State constitution, toward the adoption of which he contributed an influential part. After his return he built the Granite House, where he spent the remainder of his life in farming, surveying and reading until his death. He was a man of varied gifts, thrifty, honest, industrious and hard-working. He was well read in books, but was well acquainted with nature and men. He was a good debater and an interesting conversationalist, his utterances being the fruit of long years of observation and experience in different walks of life. He was an ardent patriot and lover of liberty, giving two of his sons to the cause of his country. On his death-bed he expressed his desire to live only that he might see constitutional government established throughout the world.

The loss of his younger son in battle at the siege of Richmond much impaired his vigor of body and mind. He died November 17, 1871, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

We have already quoted one or two of his poems. We will now add another, more modern than they, but no less crisp and epigrammatic. It was written at Escanaba, while on a visit to his son Benton, who was employed as overseer at the iron-works at that place.

"We have plenty of books on all art and science,
From pigmies and punsters quite up to giants
Who think they have found all nature's reasons,
Uncaring how guilty they might be of treasons,
Or change in indestructible forces,

Tracing her out through all her dim courses;
Which forces, like matter with which they unite,
May change *ad infinitum*, themselves infinite;
That all the imponderables of earth, air and ocean
Are found out at last to be nothing but motion;
That they are covenanted one to another,
And may be transmuted each into other.

They chop metaphysics in so learned a way,
You cannot understand one half that they say—
'Tis doubtful, I think, if even do they."

— ESCANABA.

The rest of the poem is of political cast, referring to the exciting questions of the day, and would not interest.

Mrs. Sarah Brooks, his wife, was no less remarkable as a woman and mother. While busy with her housekeeping she took charge of the education of her children, having them read and study beside her, while her deft hands were busy with needle and bread-tray. She was a careful reader, alive to all the questions of the day, and knew how to impart what she read to her children. She was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, industrious, energetic, patriotic. When she had lost a son in the service of his country, she wished she had more sons to give to the cause of freedom.

Monroe had other prominent men in the past whose names are worthy of mention, such as Robert Fowler, Esq., a man of refinement and culture and fine presence, a justice of the peace and member of the Assembly.

Miles Hughes, Esq., brother of Col. Samuel Hughes, was a prominent public man who occupied positions of trust. He was much respected.

Hudson McFarland was a citizen of Southfield, where for many years he was a political leader. He is remembered as a man of large brain and sagacity, who filled a number of official positions.

Peter Townsend, son of Peter and grandson of Solomon Townsend, was, like his ancestors, one of the iron kings who developed the mineral and business wealth of the old town. He was a man of large capacity and application to the industry to which he was devoted, generous to his employees, and with a fund of good humor; while his hospitality, administered by his charming wife, Mrs. Caroline Parrish Townsend, was boundless. It was a sad day when their rugged workmen carried them out and laid them to rest on the cliff on the old homestead at Southfield.

Peter P. Parrott was another of the iron kings. He was brother of Robert Parrott, of Cold Spring, N. Y., who was associated with him in the iron business. Under the supervision of the former, the iron was taken from Monroe mines, smelted at the furnace at Greenwood and shipped to the works at Cold Spring, and during the Civil War was manufactured into the celebrated Parrott guns, the method of making and reinforcing which was their own invention. They introduced also the manufacture of mineral cotton, used for fireproof packing and filling. The slag, while incandescent, was made to flow in the current of air from the blowers, and was scattered like snow-flakes to lodge and cool in a large chamber. He said at that time there were only two others like it in the world.

Mr. Peter P. Parrott was a man of remarkable cheerfulness, geniality and energy. He had been a whaling captain in early life, and long retained his

fondness for the freedom and adventure of that kind of life. His conversation was bright, his manner most cordial toward neighbor and employee. His home was situated above a lovely glen, looking down upon lake, forest and garden, teams passing and furnace engines throbbing and sending out their pillars of fire and smoke; and here, with a bright family circle about him, he seemed the very favorite of fortune. But the fall in the price of iron and the cost of transporting fuel rendered it necessary to close the works; and now the whole place, from Wilkes' almost to Southfield, has been converted into a park, under the name of Arden, the family name of Mrs. Peter Parrott. A beautiful Episcopal church and rectory remain as mementos of the taste and character of the former owners and controlling spirits of the place.

Morgan Shuitt, Esq., was for many years one of the most prominent citizens of Central Valley, where he exerted a controlling influence in its politics and public affairs. It is enough to state concerning him that he was elected to the Board of Supervisors in 1849, and was reëlected to that post each year thereafter until 1881, having served thirty-three consecutive years, the longest term of service of any elective officer in the State.

Mr. Shuitt was a born leader of men. He had the rare honor of having accorded to him both ability and honesty by his political opponents. He is another of the shining marks that have been a target for the King of Terrors.

Peter Turner was a leading citizen of Turners. He and his wife came from Buttermilk Falls, and founded the hamlet bearing their name very early in the century. He started a sawmill and then a grist-mill.

He said the people then were so disorderly that he had to mark out a line about the premises beyond which he forbade them to intrude. He soon built the hotel at the foot of the hill. When the Erie Company was organized he saw what a favorable location he possessed for an eating-station on the railroad. He then built the restaurant, and afterwards had an interest in the Orange Hotel. He was a successful manager, and gave his house the reputation of setting a good table. His son James succeeded him, and was regarded as the prince of providers.

Elmore Earl was highly esteemed in the same hamlet, and for many years exercised the office of justice of the peace. He was honest and capable, leaving behind him a good record for fidelity.

The roll of worthy sons would be incomplete without the name of Chauncey B. Knight. He was the eldest son of the late Daniel and Catherine Knight, both prominent in the memory of the present generation. His parents belonged to a long-lived family, but he was called away in the very midst of his days of usefulness. He was born on the homestead in the village, and received his education at the district-school. He was lame in early life, using a crutch, yet was able to hold his own in the sports of his companions. He turned his attention to mercantile pursuits, and entered into partnership with Gates W. McGarrah in 1845, at the corner of Church and Main streets, for the sale of general merchandise. In 1846 the latter built a store near the depot, and dissolved the partnership with Mr. Knight. The latter then continued the business on his own account, with Matthew B. Swezey as clerk. In 1849 he built the

brick store opposite the railroad station, and removed his business thither. In 1851 he was appointed station agent by the Erie Company, when, in connection with it, he turned his attention to the lumber and coal trade, together with that of flour and feed. He renovated the old mill, putting in a new overshot wheel, with other improvements. When the wheel was found inadequate, he built the steam-mill and the present office. In 1861 he was appointed postmaster, retaining the office till the day of his death. In 1864 he was elected supervisor of the town, retaining the office till the town was consolidated. He formed a partnership with George R. Conklin for the sale of flour, feed, coal and lumber in 1863, which continued harmonious till it was dissolved by death. He was a trustee of the Presbyterian church for upwards of thirty years; also its treasurer, taking great interest in the management of its temporalities.

In 1846 he married Mary, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Jay Thompson, and his children were five — namely, Charles T., his successor in flour and feed at Monroe; Fred. J., civil engineer; Henry B., merchant at Goshen; Caroline T., wife of Rev. O. Elmer, of St. Paul, Minnesota; and Mary T., wife of George R. Conklin, head of several branches of business centering at Monroe.

Mr. Knight was a man of integrity, honest in business, a kind father, a friend of the wage-earner, a patriot, and a man of affairs, to whom many looked for counsel in different walks of life. He was a man of public spirit, to whom the village of Monroe was largely indebted for many improvements. He attached his friends very strongly to him, having that rare quality of bonhomie that makes one a welcome

companion in business or recreation. He was fond of the manly sports of field and stream; and those who shared these recreations with him will never forget his untiring patience and his genial conversation at the camp-fire or on the trail.

He died July 24, 1880, much lamented by friends and business men, who came from distant parts of the county to testify their regard for him. His memory is tenderly cherished by those — of whom the writer is one — who have been indebted to him and his goodwife, who was his inspiration in every good work, for hospitality shown and shelter given when the whirligig of time had made them waifs on its stream.

His home was often called the Home of the Friendless, so often it offered shelter to relative and neighbor. It was one of those Monroe homes whose latch-string always hung out.

To this symposium of worthy sons we might invite many other spirits. Some still in the flesh are hardly less memorable. But there would be a manifest want of symmetry, and even justice, if we passed without notice the fairer portion of Monroe, namely, her daughters. They have contributed to its reputation and helped shape its destiny in a quiet way not less than its sons. They have not filled professors' chairs, nor been appointed to the Coast Survey, been made supervisors or sent to the legislature, but they have instructed those who have filled all these positions. They have not yet been made electors to State or Federal offices, but we have seen them at the polls, with refreshments, to induce an honest, temperate vote. They have not been called to bear arms, but they have been called to give up their sons to their

country, and provide comfort and aid for the wounded and dying. In humblest homes we have seen the unfolding of beautiful and heroic character silently and fragrantly as some night-blooming cereus. We have noted in humblest sphere some "nameless in worthy deeds who awoke to find them fame." But Monroe has had some ladies of remarkable individuality of character and talent, who, if their environment had been more incisive, would have written their names on the scrolls of fame. They were, like some of the flowers of everglade and cañon, hid from the madding crowd, but worthy of a place in princely conservatory. And yet, perhaps, the humility of their surroundings gave them their mission and enabled them to play their very part in the great economy of life. We have known mothers who had jewels of which they were as proud as Cornelia; one busy with needle and distaff, yet teaching her children at her side; a skilled housekeeper in touch with the literature and journalism of the day; one that could wield the brush, another the pen, another that could minister to the mind diseased, another whose very smile brought sunshine to the sick-room. One is the mistress of a Presbyterian manse far out toward sunset, another of a Baptist parsonage in the blue-grass region, another a city physician, another a musical professor and teacher. Lawyers, editors, physicians, teachers, as well as ministers, have come to our old town to find their wives; and all, we fancy, for the reason that they knew a good thing when they found it. Now, as reference has been made elsewhere to a number of these worthy dames, it remains for us but to sketch one or two.

One, in particular, comes to our notice because re-

cently deceased, and so prominently known, namely, Mrs. Rev. Charles B. Newton. She was the youngest daughter of the Rev. John Jay Thompson, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Monroe. She was born in this town, and was named after Mrs. Margaret Boyd, wife of Rev. John Boyd, and a lady of most estimable character. Maggie's early education began in Monroe, and was continued in Bloomingburg, New York, whither her parents removed after her father's resignation of the Monroe church. The death of her father in 1849 broke up their home, and sent mother and children to find homes with relatives. Strong characters, like steel, are tempered by furnace fire. Mrs. Thompson and Maggie found it so. For a while they leaned on the arm of the oldest son, J. Howard Thompson, but he was removed by death, at Port Byron, New York. Then the younger son, Benjamin, was their dependence while their residence was at Monroe, where they made their home with the oldest daughter, Mrs. Chauncey B. Knight. Now she enters upon the profession of teaching. Her first charge in this town is the Long Pond school. Here she endeared herself greatly to pupils and patrons.

Her younger brother, Benjamin, having enlisted in the service of his country during the Civil War, and returned with honors as Colonel Thompson, Maggie went to reside with him at Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

While residing here, the zenana work in India was attracting the attention of Christian women throughout the world, and Maggie gave it her warmest sympathy. She felt she had a call to this special work.

The Ladies' Union Missionary Society, hearing of her interest, offered her an appointment, but she pre-

ferred to go out under the auspices of her own church, and accordingly received an appointment to the field of northern India by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. She embarked in October, 1869, and had as her companions Miss Sarah Morrison and Messrs. Tracy and Kelso. She spent her time on shipboard studying the language, and after a tedious voyage she reached her destination. Dehra Doon was her first field, where she had charge of a girls' school. Here she became acquainted with the Rev. Charles B. Newton, of Lodiana Presbytery, to whom she was married. Still she continued her missionary labors, and was a true helpmeet to her husband in his work of teaching and itinerating. Her letters at this time to friends and schools at home reveal her deep love for the work to which she had devoted herself. Dehra Doon and Woodstock were household words with the children at Monroe.

At her instance, Muriam Gurdyal, a Hindu child, was taken under the care of the Monroe Presbyterian Sabbath-school, and she afterwards attained distinction as a trained nurse.

Mrs. Newton was the joyful mother of six boys and one girl. Several of these accompanied their mother to this country and received part of their education in Monroe. It is with pleasure we recount their intention to devote themselves to the same blessed work in India, while they have left behind pleasant memories of their noble character and bearing. Mrs. Newton's health broke down under the enervating climate and work, and after trying the hill country she was compelled a second time to return to this country. While here she was untiring in efforts to awaken a deeper interest in the cause of missions, so that she gained

strength slowly. At length she felt she must return to her husband and little girl left behind in that far-off land. She obtained consent of her physician at last, and returned in the spring of 1897. She lived but a few weeks after her arrival, falling asleep peacefully after twenty-eight years of missionary service, at Landour, Northern India, June 20, 1897. She met death with all that sweet cheerfulness for which she was preëminent, and breathing out her life in prayer and song, she lay down to rest, "and her works do follow her." Mrs. Newton's sister, Miss Julia Caroline Thompson, was also devoted to foreign missions, and although not called to go to the field, did most efficient work in editing the missionary journal termed "Woman's Work for Women." Previous to that she had been an efficient teacher in Monroe, and accompanied her brother, as we have stated elsewhere, to Florida, and taught there, and shared in his remarkable trials and escape from the South at the breaking out of the Civil War. Her health broke down under her literary labors, and quite early she was called to her reward.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EARLY ROADS.

THE earliest roads about Monroe were mere Indian trails. These were the most natural and easy routes from one trading post or village to another. They did not, like the modern traveler, seek the most level and easy way, but usually the most direct, even though it carried them over rugged hills or through dense forests. They had little to transport, and that mostly on foot, so that they did not need wide road-beds or even very solid ground. They could find their way by the faintest footprints, broken twigs or leaves, such as a white man would not notice. Clinton mentions such dim paths several times in his Field Book. While surveying on the Isaac Thompson farm at Turners, he crossed the Indian path to Ramapo.

Another such path extended from Sugarloaf and Belvale, where was an Indian settlement, to the Clove, where he mentions another on the Dr. Roe place. Another crossed the East Mountain to Haverstraw.

But when the white man came he required more substantial roads and traversable routes. He could not find his way by such obscure indications as these children of nature; hence blazed the way through the forest. Then he began to remove obstructions

that wheeled conveyances might take the place of travel on foot and horseback; hence he sought more level routes. We have stated that other parts of the county had begun to be settled before the time of Clinton's survey. These people must find their way to the river and great city, hence a road was early made from Goshen to the valley of the Ramapo, over the East Mountain to the river and through New Jersey to the city. Clinton crossed the Goshen road to Stirling, near the Indian settlement at Sugarloaf, where he spent a night in a wigwam. He refers to another road which crossed Schunemunk and, from his allusions, can be traced over Bloom Hill to Dickerman, thence over East Mountain to the river at Haverstraw. As lots were taken up and white settlements established, roads would soon be in demand, and when the demands of peace were slow the exigencies of war forced new routes and new constructions. Thus there was a military road constructed further inland and more hidden than the road down the valley of the Ramapo, which was infested with cowboys and watched by English cavalry. This old Revolutionary road passed west of Tuxedo up among the defiles of the mountains stretching from New Jersey to Monroe, and military trains with ordnance and ammunition were transported during these stormy days continually by this route from one part of the field to another.

These early roads were rude in construction. There was little attempt at engineering. They were simply cut through forest, over hills, a few of the worst obstructions removed, ditches and water turns never thought of. Hence travel in those days was travail. Vehicles and teams would be mired and pries were

needed to lift the struggling stage-coach out of the terrible ruts and sloughs. A facetious stage-driver said sometimes the only way he could see to drive his team was by the ears of his horses sticking out of the mud.

This condition of roads led to the construction of turnpikes along the great mail and passenger routes. The first turnpike of which we read in Orange County was one from the house of Moses Cunningham, which was near Knight's mill at Monroe, to the intersection of the Stirling road near the house of Stephen Sloat. It was charted in 1800. This was extended to Suffern and to Hoboken. It also was stretched northwardly to Goshen and called the Goshen turnpike. Its gates were standing fifty years ago at James Ball's and near Southfield. At Chester it intersected the turnpike from Warwick. At Goshen it merged into the Newburg turnpike, and there, deflecting northward, it became the grand highway on that side of the river to Albany. First the upper, then the lower, Clove, lay thus in this route, and through these favored sections was most of the land revealed between the whole of the State west of the river to New York. The section through the village was more crooked than now. It was shaped like a letter S, curving back of G. R. Conklin's and coming out at Alfred Carpenter's. Not far from here the coach was once robbed by footpads. At the mill it passed up over Forshee hill to Southfield. The road to Seamanville kept well up on Howell's hill to the church. It passed over the dam to Barton's hill to Turners. The lane was a private road, used as a race-course sixty years ago.

There has been great progress in road-building in

the last few years. The introduction of improved conveyances, the demands of milk transportation, and now the coming of the bicycle have all contributed to make road commissioner and pathmaster mend their ways and encourage the construction of better highways.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ERIE RAILWAY.

THIS railway has been so closely identified with the interests of this town that it may not be amiss to give a short sketch of its history. Some parts of it read like a romance.

The first idea out of which it was evolved was the need to connect the inland lakes with the seaboard. Such communication was necessary both for commercial and military reasons. Governor De Witt Clinton was the first to suggest the building of a canal. The Erie Canal was built and finished in 1825, and the grandson of the surveyor of the Cheesecock Patent has the credit of it.

But the application of steam to land carriage having soon been demonstrated a success, some ingenious mind conceived the idea of binding eastern and western New York by a railroad. The first experiment in this State was a short line from Albany to Schenectady. The late John B. Goff described a trip on the road, in which the conductor had to get out and sweep off the track with brooms, a light snow having obstructed the train. The late W. D. Snodgrass, D.D., also, in his jubilee address stated that he was going to Presbytery at Schenectady. Some of the brethren chose to go by steam. He took the stage-coach, and arrived there first. Out of this small be-

ginning developed the great New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

But long before this was constructed, for it grew in sections, and was consolidated from them, Erie was conceived as a unit — one grand, comprehensive, broad-gauge railway along the southern tier of counties from the Hudson to Dunkirk on Lake Erie.

The first charter was granted in 1832 by the State of New York. Its first president was Eliezer Lord; its chief engineer, Henry Seymour.

The estimated cost of this enterprise was three millions of dollars, a large sum for that day.

The projected route was starting from New York to cross by ferry to Hoboken, then laying a track through New Jersey to strike New York at Suffern, and then take the westward route to the lake. But their project met with an obstacle at the very outset. The State of New Jersey was unwilling to grant such a franchise to a foreign company without the payment of heavy royalty. This was declined; hence the route had to be changed and steamboat transportation adopted as far as Piermont. This involved unexpected cost, especially the construction of a long pier to accommodate the boats bringing freight and passengers up the river.

The first report showed an expenditure of six millions. Means and credit were now exhausted. Subscription books were opened, but means were not forthcoming. The company was forced to suspend. In the settlement proposed the State was willing to release its loan of three millions if the stockholders would give up half their stock. This gave great dissatisfaction to farmers of Orange County, who were large shareholders. But there was no alternative.

The company is reorganized under the name of the New York and Erie, and takes a new start. It has comparatively an easy task through Rockland County, but when it strikes Monroe, Orange County, its toils begin. It strikes a rugged mountain region, through which a stream pursues its sinuous way, now on one side of the rock road-bed, again on the other.

The engineers took advantage of the water-level, but found they had many bridges to be provided for. Two of Monroe's sons took their first lessons here, namely, Phineas H. Thompson, who was track-master, and T. B. Brooks, who was employed with the engineer corps.

The first train reached Monroe in 1841. It was a construction train. It created a great sensation, some meeting it at Seamanville, the young girls leaving the milking-yards in sunbonnets and aprons. They climbed on the sides of the engine when it stopped. "We were permitted to ride to the village," said our lady informant, "and we got our clothes greased, but it was one of the great events of our lives." After it reached the village of Monroe the hands ran the engine on the switch and reversed it. They then repaired to the hotel of Mr. John Goff for a meal. The boys then, true to instinct, climbed on board and commenced monkeying with the brakes and lever. They soon found out how to open the throttle, which they did. But they did not learn how to use the lever. The engine soon began to move off slowly down the track. They tried to stop it, but failed to reverse the engine. They tried their best to overcome the mischief by throwing wood and rails before the monster, but on it kept till near Seamanville, when the engine hands, scenting trouble,

ran down the track, put on the brakes and stopped the runaway; but not a boy was in sight, or there would have been more pungent memories of the escapade.

In 1847 the road-bed had reached Middletown, and by 1848 it had crossed the mountain to Port Jervis.

Beyond Port Jervis the work becomes far more difficult. The cutting of rock ledges along the Delaware, the spanning of gorges by bridges, the crossing of lowlands by viaducts, demanded the highest efforts of science, yet in 1851 the track was completed to Dunkirk, and the last spike of the single wide-gauge track of the New York and Erie Railway was driven.

All this while the steamboats conveyed the passengers to Piermont, where they were transferred to the trains of the road. We remember at this time an incident of Conductor Ayres, who, hearing the complaint of an old lady that she had left her umbrella on the boat,—"Never mind," said he, "I will telegraph for it." He touched the bell-rope overhead, went forward and soon returned with the lost article. "La! what can't the telegraph do!" was her exclamation. Concessions having been obtained from the State of New Jersey, the track was laid through that State to Suffern. The steamboats to Piermont were taken off in 1852. The road, with its single track, covered 470 miles. In 1860, when its double track had been laid, it covered 773 miles; and now, with its numerous branches, 2087, a most wonderful network covering many States, gathering the wealth of the richest regions of our fair land, and illustrating not merely the engineering skill of the country, but giving employment to the largest capital and the highest talent of any single enterprise of the kind. It

gathers and brings the wealth of the continent and pours it into the lap of the metropolitan city of the country. When it taps Orange County it becomes a "milky way," millions of gallons of milk, with other dairy products, being transported over its track to swell the wealth and supply the wants of Greater New York. What began in a milk-train of two or three cars conducted by Joseph Northrup, has become one of the longest and most profitable trains on the road.

In the earlier period of the history of Erie, its affairs were honestly managed, and prosperity dawned on the road. But after the opening of the Civil War, when speculation created a sort of fever, the road fell into bad hands. James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould managed to get control; the one becoming president, the other controller. They held one fourth of the 30,000 shares, a large proportion of which were fraudulent. They now began to manipulate the market after the fashion of Wall street. To further their schemes, they put on excursion trains, promised new depots, and gave the appearance of unlimited credit. Then were built the Grand Opera House on Twenty-third street and the Orange Hotel at Turners. Fisk managed to secure control of the Fall River line of steamboats. These he fitted up with palatial splendor, and on them entertained his friends with great excursions. He dressed in the splendid garb of an officer, and would stand at the gang-plank and receive his guests with the magnificence of an admiral. He had the ambition and avarice of a Nero and all his unscrupulousness. He soon reached out and, with the aid of a party of roughs, seized the Albany and Susquehanna road. About this time an Orange County farmer went to hear Christy's minstrels, and Christy,

satirizing Fisk, said, "When I want a partner I shall choose one who can steal a railroad." A new rival—Cornelius Vanderbilt—appears in the field. The old financier, however, finds the new King of Erie too much for him. As fast as he buys stock, Fisk and Gould manufacture it. At last the victim is gorged, an interview follows between him and his rivals, the old man swoons, his tormenters are alarmed, and the matter is compromised and hushed up.

The career of Fisk culminated in the affair of Black Friday, September 24, 1869. A plot had been formed to make a corner in gold. He got control of six millions. There were but twenty millions afloat outside of the United States Treasury. Fisk on that morning went into the gold-room in his shirt-sleeves, and proclaimed himself the Napoleon of the street, offering to bet 50,000 dollars in gold that gold would go up to two hundred before night. No one viewing the scene can forget the consternation created, nor the fierce conflict of bulls and bears that ensued. Fisk himself had to flee for refuge to the Erie rooms at the Opera House, where he rallied his roughs, who defended him with shot-guns. Terrible was the upheaval. Credit was shaken from cope to base. Adjustments were called for. Even the conspirators called a halt. In the settlement it is a curious fact that, according to Professor Andrews, $4,500,000 of debt was unloaded upon Erie, merely by the change of two letters —Tr. (treasurer) for J. G. (J. Gould).

But these high-handed proceedings at last came to an end. The highest legal talent was employed—no less than David Dudley Field, Esq., and Charles Francis Adams, Esq. Tweed, Fisk, and others were indicted for malversation of funds. Tweed fled at

night and embarked on an outgoing vessel, but was overtaken, brought back and died in prison. Fisk stood his trial, but when asked, "What became of the funds," he insolently replied, "They have gone up the spout, where the woodbine twineth." Before punishment could be meted legally he was shot by a rival, Edward S. Stokes, at the entrance of the Hoffman House. Thus ended one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of "wicked and unreasonable men," from whom the great apostle prays we may be delivered.

It goes without saying that these transactions depressed the credit of the road and brought Erie to bottom prices. Said the Rev. James Wood about this time, while preaching over Oxford Depot, and being disturbed by Sunday trains, "This is the great New York and Erie Road, stock seven cents on the dollar."

The impossibility of overtaking the debt sent the road, in 1875, a second time into the hands of a receiver. Out of this dilemma it emerges on April 27, 1878, reorganized with the new name New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. But this name, like some that aristocracy give to children, tired them to write, so the company, after another reorganization in 1893, came out with the more simple and sensible sobriquet of the Erie Railway. With that may it go down to history, and its prestige never grow less!

An incident of some historical interest occurred in the summer of 1850. The late J. Henry Bertholf was waiting at Turners station, when the superintendent, Mr. Charles Minot, arrived on a passenger-train. An express was then due, but was behind time. It was the law of the road for west-bound

trains to lay off till the east-bound reported. Seeing what delays this occasioned, Mr. Minot entered the telegraph office and startled the operator by commanding him to wire the operator at Port Jervis to hold the express till he should arrive. After proper verification he went out and ordered the conductor to proceed; he refused, and was immediately discharged. Then the engineer was ordered to pull out, but he would not take the risk; whereupon Mr. Minot pulled him from his cab, and gave him suitable marks of his displeasure. Then he leaped on the engine, and ran it to Port Jervis, and found the other had not yet reached Lackawaxen. This is said to have been the first instance of the kind, and was the beginning of the system so universally adopted of running and directing trains by telegraph.

The gradients of the Erie road are of interest, inasmuch as they indicate the relative levels of Monroe and some of the neighboring villages. We are indebted to Mr. John B. Bertholf for the following facts. From a profile furnished by him representing topographical surveys of that road, we learn that the grade begins at Jersey City, with five feet above tide-water. Then it runs with little variation to Hackensack Junction, where it begins to rise. Its first ascent is by a grade of 46 feet to the mile to Rutherford; there it falls back to Passaic Bridge, starts again, and mounts 111 feet to Paterson. It dips again to Hawthorne; then starts again, and continues to rise to Monroe by a gradient of 42 feet to the mile. This gives Monroe a level of 606 feet above tide-water at the station. This is 147 feet above Chester, 150 above Goshen, 44 above Middletown. The grade from Monroe to Oxford is by a

descent of 59 feet to the mile, exceeded only by the ascent, to Otisville, of 60 feet to the mile. The summit of the east division is just beyond Otisville, and is 901 feet above tide-water.

The summit of the Susquehanna division is 1373 feet above tide-water. On the western division at Tip Top it is 1783 feet above.

Its heaviest gradients are exceeded by those of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and very greatly by some of the English roads.

The Erie road, while opening up so much of business to Monroe, has had the earnest coöperation and loyalty of its best citizens. It has also enlisted some of its best manhood. Take an instance or two: Phineas H. Thompson, son of Phineas Thompson, of Turners, commenced railroading for the company, in the spring of 1841, as a track boss, from Turners to Monroe. After that he was promoted to be conductor of an express-train running from Jersey City to Elmira, now the No. 1. This position he held with honor till the autumn of 1860, when, his health failing, he resigned; and soon after, exhausted by the incessant care and responsibility of his position, he died. He had the reputation of strict fidelity to his trust.

Virgil Y. Thompson also early devoted himself to a like vocation, starting in about 1850; and was soon promoted to be conductor of an express-train. He early wore out in the service of the company, and, like his brother, died in the prime of life.

Brewster Mapes, son of Job Mapes, of Monroe village, turned his attention to railroading, and is remembered as a very popular conductor of passenger-trains. After years of service on the road, his

comrades report him as enjoying *otium cum dig.* as postmaster at Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

The company has had the services of many other citizens of the old town in some of its varied departments — constructive, telegraphic, baggage, or passenger. We need but mention the names of S. W. Miller, section superintendent; Daniel Bertholf, John Bertholf, William Boyd,— all in important positions in the telegraph service; William H. Smith, Peter T. Smith, in the baggage department; while Chas. W. Rumsey, of Turners, is superintendent of the Erie ferries.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

APPEARANCE OF THE OLD VILLAGE.

WE have already stated that the first site of the village of Monroe was on the stage road, about half a mile south. When the Erie road was laid out through the Clove, there was a movement to meet it and secure the advantages of business it offered. But there were some buildings on the present site before that. Nicholas Knight had bought lands of Hophni Smith, Andrew Van Valer, and David Knight, as far back as 1808, and built where Clarence Knight lives. This we mention as the first house in the southern part of the village. Next this was the storehouse of McCullough and Lynch. This, when altered to a dwelling, was the residence of Mrs. Mary Conklin. Next was the site of the cabin of Claudius Smith, the siding being of plank, set perpendicularly.

Opposite was the mill, originally Cunningham's mill. It was bought by Nicholas Knight, and for ninety years has been in possession of the family. On the south side of Mill street, west, was the residence of Daniel, and later his brother, Jeremiah Knight.

Returning to Main street, the first house on the hill going north was the miller's house. We are told the father of John Brooks lived there and plied his trade of making shuttles sixty years ago.

Next was the Letts property, now the residence of Henry Ryder, blacksmith. This originally was a low, double house where a private school was taught by Miss Sarah Thompson and Miss Mary Stickney. Next was the office of Dr. E. B. Carpenter, adjoining which was his house. It was afterwards the harness-shop and residence of John Gregory. Next to it was the dwelling of Job Mapes, the village tailor. His son Brewster was for many years a conductor on the Erie road. Phineas Brooks lived about this spot, and Oscar, his son, had a shoe-making shop adjoining. The shop of John Jenkins stood where the Catholic church now is. His shop contained the village library and minerals, photographic and undertaker's goods, for he was a multi-gifted man. His shop was burned in the fifties, and replaced by a cobblestone house, once the residence of the late J. K. Roe.

The Jenkins residence was saved, and is now the home of Henry Mapes. Next were the shop and outbuildings of John Boyce. The latter were burned on New Year's eve, 1875.

Next was the residence of Albertson Newman, father of Mrs. Mary Davy, who, then an infant, was thrown out of the window into a snow-bank during a fire. This was the winter of 1835. The house was rebuilt by Jeremiah and Daniel Knight. The Presbyterian manse now occupies the site. Next was a fine orchard planted by Andrew Van Valer. Then the tannery house, now the Methodist Episcopal manse. Next, the residence of the late Gates W. McGarrah. Some distance to the north was the little tin-shop of C. Newkirk. Daniel Fuller's was next, then the store of the Misses McGarrah, Aunt

Hannah and Nellie, interesting relics of the ancient past. Next was the store of Mr. G. W. McGarrah, built in 1843.

The brick store was not in existence then, but a gravel bank occupied the corner opposite the railroad. Over the road was the garden of John Gregory. From that almost to Alfred Carpenter's there was nothing but rocks and scrub-oaks, except a little garden where the C. B. Knight residence stands, cultivated by Phineas Brooks, the stones taken from which were enough to macadamize rods of road.

A log cabin stood beyond, north of the road, occupied by one Hall, who had, it was said, twelve daughters. At the site of Alfred Carpenter's house was a tavern kept by James Mapes. On the south side of the stage road were rocks and scrub till we reach the Lynch tavern, with its quaint sign. Here John Brooks built a little stone house on which is this inscription:

$\frac{1}{3}$ Highland Cement

$\frac{2}{3}$ Beach Sand

1830

J. B.

This small house has an arched entrance for wagon, and five rooms, none of which are on the same level. The Granite House was built by the late John Brooks about the year 1850. Here both he and his wife lived, reared their family and died, leaving it and its well-tilled fields a monument of their thrift and sturdy industry.

The former property once belonged to the Presbyterian Church and was occupied as a parsonage. Rev. Messrs. Howell and J. Boyd resided here. Next was the little house, still standing, occupied by a chairmaker. Then came the house of Mrs. Harvey Shove. The Joshua Mapes property, shop and house followed. Next, the Railroad Hotel, kept by A. Stickney. Over the track was the Dr. Joseph R. Andrews orchard and house. The latter was built in 1811. Beyond his barn stood a large black oak which was struck by lightning as Mrs. Andrews lay on her deathbed. Back in the lot was an old house once occupied by Nathan Mapes, who had seven sons and one daughter. The names of the sons were James, John, Jonathan, Joshua, Julius, Joel and George, all men of marked traits of character. The last was an accomplished drummer.

A little house occupied by T. Early remains next the Andrews property. There was nothing on the Presbyterian Church lot. Next was the residence of Dr. Ezray; next, the dwelling of Mrs. Scobey, daughter of Mr. Van Valer; next, an old tavern, quite near the road. M. B. Swezey lived and died here. Wm. Seaman bought it and set it back. Next, a tailor shop kept by Job Mapes. Up-stairs was a little, low room where prayer-meetings were held. Next, the store of Matthew B. Swezey. In the middle of Church street was a large hickory tree, once a liberty-pole. Over the street was the store of John McGarrah. His hotel stood next. John Goff occupied it fifty years ago. Back in the lot were the ruins of the old David Smith log house. David Webb lived on the hill toward the brook, and Thos. Jenkins at the foot of the hill.

Church street was the old Dunderberg road, cut through in 1814. A half-century ago there were no buildings on it but the Methodist Episcopal church, the Dr. J. C. Boyd homestead and the old Van Duzer gable house, for a while the residence of Rev. J. J. Thompson. Still further east were the Julius Mapes homestead and the Presbyterian manse.

Now such was old Monroe. What a change a few years have made! Now the single street has ramified to many, the weather-boarded dwellings have been superseded by handsome cottages; solid brick warehouses and blocks take the place of stuffy shops and straggling stores; while mills, creameries, and academy and churches contrive to make it one of the most wide-awake villages of the county. Think of it: two newspapers claim and use the prestige of its name!—"The Monroe Herald," published by Jas. J. McNally, Esq., of Goshen, and "The Monroe Times," edited by Eugene D. Stokem, Esq., of Central Valley. Monroe village also boasts a Meyers ballot machine, an ingenious affair that makes voting and counting easy to the intelligent, but by the ignorant is as much dreaded as the old iron instrument of torture called "the Virgin."

But we must not omit old Centreville of fifty years ago, now Turners. Then it was a little cross-road village, with a handful of houses clustering about a blacksmith shop, public-house, mill and school-house.

This last contained one low, square room, three sides occupied by desks on which a generation had graved its hieroglyphs. The center was a parallelogram of oaken benches drawn up around an old rusty box-stove on which many a chestnut was roasted. A high desk with narrow seat was the throne from

which the monarch of this petty empire dispensed the mysteries of learning and enforced them with the rod. Here also on Sabbath evenings the neighboring clergy preached, for there was no church edifice at Turners then. None of the older people can forget the fervor of the Rev. Mr. Hermance, or of the present writer as he stood with three tallow candles before him and a pair of snuffers to trim the little farthing rush-lights while he sought to win to the higher life some of those restless youth to whom the whistle of the New York express was far more attractive than the silver trumpet of Sinai and Calvary. Turners now has a flourishing Methodist Episcopal church, Sunday-school and Epworth League, which together are making their influence felt upon the moral education of the community. For many years there was a sanitarium here, under the management of Dr. Gillette. His daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Meyers, has succeeded him in his profession, and enjoys a well-earned reputation.

The Orange Hotel, built in 1864, was for a time an ornament to the place, but was destroyed by fire on the night of December 26, 1873, restoring the custom to the old restaurant established by the late Peter Turner sixty years ago. His hotel is standing, and still retains the memory and prestige of good cheer and skilful management by both host and hostess in the early days of railroad travel.

The Creamery of Turners, under the management of its farmers, flourished for many years. A rival creamery is in process of building, under the auspices of the Erie Company, on the shore of the mill-stream.

Southfield is another of the villages of the old town. It was formerly called Monroe Works. The

nucleus of the place was the iron-works of Townsend Noble & Co. The elder Peter Townsend, whose family-seat was at Chester, Orange County, built a mansion here in the midst of a large tract of land owned by him. A nail-factory was established on the railroad, which was operated for a time. This has been followed by a shoddy-mill, and since by an iron-bedstead factory. The hotel of the late John Coffey was at Southfield. It has a flourishing Methodist church and Sunday-school.

About a mile east of Turners is another and much younger village, namely, that of Central Valley. It is about half-way between Tuxedo and Woodbury. It is situated in the midst of beautiful scenery, flanked by the Highlands on the east and foot-hills on the west, in a clove, or narrow valley, stretching fifteen or twenty miles in length. The nucleus of this village was a celebrated boarding-school kept by Professor Cornell. Here many Cuban youths were educated. Then was started an Institute Hall, where lectures and religious services were conducted. Boarding-houses sprang up as soon as this region came to be better known. These created a demand for stores and a post-office. Now there is a flourishing Methodist Episcopal church, with all the institutions that belong to it. A grand sanitarium has been opened by Dr. Ferguson, which has already attained eminence for its professional skill and efficient nursing.

The Summit Lake House, kept by Elisha Stockbridge on the East Mountain, is a very popular resort. Situated on the banks of a beautiful lake, and on the very mountain-top, it offers attractions to the sportsman and the lover of sylvan solitude and communion with nature.

A couple of miles further north is another village of the old town. It was once called Orange, but now is called Highland Mills. The water of Cromwell Lake flows through this part of the valley. Its hydraulic power early marked it for a mill-seat. A grist-mill was built here many years since, owned by the Townsend family; also a tannery which bore their name, but was operated for many years by Joshua T. Cromwell. The late William Vail was postmaster many years; also Morgan Shuitt, and since Peter Lent. A Friends' meeting-house was early built in the vicinity; also a Methodist church. The fishing-line factory of Henry Hall & Sons was removed hither from Woodbury. Hill Crest House, with its cottages, is a popular resort of city people; also the Cromwell Lake House, kept by Oliver Cromwell, a lineal descendant of the old Protector, a favorite retreat of the lover of quiet and rest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LANDMARKS OF MONROE.

AMONG the ancient landmarks of the old town was a Balm of Gilead tree, which stood on the farm of James Smith. It has this bit of history: it was brought as a riding-whip by a young lady from Connecticut some sixty years ago, and was planted by her upon alighting here. It was recently blown down by a storm. Many of two generations ago sat in its shadow, and their children played there.

Man-of-War Rock is always associated with the old town of Monroe. It is a great mass of rock, lying in the middle of the old Ramapo turnpike, about three miles from Southfield. It is not a boulder technically so called, but a mass torn from the adjacent mountain by some convulsion of nature in prehistoric times. Its outline somewhat resembles an old-fashioned wooden war-ship; hence its name.

The famous mule, sheep and rabbit tracks, according to Major T. B. Brooks, are on the road from Arden, or Greenwood, to Haverstraw, and near the town line. They consist of impressions in relief, as if made by the animals designated by the name. But the antiquity of the bed-rock forbids the possibility of the existence of such animals at the period when the rocks were laid down. The lining of the tracks

with iron gives probability to the supposition that they have been nodules of bog-iron ore which have formed by percolation, while fluid, into crevices of the older rock. Then these in turn have been dissolved out by exposure to the weather, while the harder rock remains intact. A square block of stone stands near the spot, resting upon four smaller stones resembling an altar. The spot was visited by Major Brooks and Professor Peter Lesley, of the University of Pennsylvania, several years since, and they came to the conclusion that it was no altar, but an erratic boulder resting upon stones of different periods accidentally placed. This scientific investigation explodes the romantic speculations, if not superstitions, which have gathered around this strange phenomenon.

Another curiosity of the old town is the Natural Bridge. Ruttenber, in his "History of Orange County," describes it as follows: "The waters of Round Pond, in making connection with Long Pond, flow under a natural bridge, the breadth of which is fifty feet, and its length up and down stream seventy-five or eighty feet. It is used as a bridge, and one may ride over it and not be aware of it. There is no daylight under it. The stream on the upper side passes into a cave and is lost to sight until it emerges from another cave on the other side." Willis describes it as "a massive porch covering the last stair of a staircase by which a mountain stream descends into a mountain lake." It differs in situation only, however, says Ruttenber, from the subterranean passage of the outlet of Washington Lake. There is no little obscurity both in the geography and the rhetoric of this description, but the mystery is cleared up by one of Monroe's enterprising sons, Civil Engineer

Frederick J. Knight, who writes: "I have been at the Natural Bridge, and find that it is at the south end of Poplopens Pond, on the inlet, not the outlet." And this is the bridge that Ruttenber referred to and quoted from Willis. There is no natural bridge on the stream from Round to Long Pond, as mentioned by Ruttenber. The bridge is about seventy-five feet long, perhaps twenty to twenty-five feet above the water, and has a large cave at each end, daylight not being visible through it. An old road now seldom used passes over it.

As Monroe is the lake region of the county, we cannot but mention its beautiful lakes as features, if not landmarks. A mile and a half brings us to Round Pond and its lovely island. Here are boats and bathing-houses, opportunities for fishing and rowing. A few rods south we can sail upon or fish in Walton Lake. Over the farms further south we look upon the lovely surface of Mombasha. Here we may cross to the Lucky Rocks and take a five-pound bass or a twelve-pound terrapin, gather pitcher-plant from one of its floating islands, or enjoy a fish-fry with the Hain Club. We order our buggy and drive down the new boulevard to Tuxedo, the Loch Katrine of this region. Here we feast our eyes on club-house, cottage and lawn, or plunge into the thicket and catch a glimpse of deer, a covey of partridge, or even hear the challenge of a wild boar. If we are not careful, however, and venture a little poaching, we will have the gamekeeper down upon us, and we have to read Sir Walter or study our Shakspere in the lockup. Other lakes are not far away: Sterling, full of splendid bass; Greenwood Lake, the Windermere of old Orange. How often we have dropped a line here at early day!

What sails and picnics we have had! We wonder if these lakes will not some day produce a Wordsworth or Rogers, Scott or Coleridge.

The disciple of Izaak Walton kens of a famous trout-brook, mentioned by Clinton in the Field Book, running through Dutch Hollow and past the door of the late Charles Fitzgerald, Esq., who welcomed those who knew how to throw the fly and skilfully take the speckled beauties from their haunts. Such also knew of other streams in the mountains where the hermit-trout dwell and will rise only to the expert fisherman. The famous Ramapo has many a riffle and cascade where the Indian once speared the salmon-trout. The lover of nature can find a fine cascade at Augusta, where the river leaps and rushes down a steep of some ninety feet. The antiquary as well as the artist also can find a striking ruin there — the archway of the old iron-works and anchory of Townsend & Co. There are many famous springs about Monroe that gave the Clove water the reputation of making its lover wish no other. Pity it did not conquer a thirst for stronger drinks! Chalybeate springs abound in the iron region. A remarkably cold spring is seen on the J. K. Roe place. A fine spring jets from the Cromwell Lake, which has been inclosed for use at the hotel. The Seven Springs Mountain House, on the crest of Schunemunk, boasts of as many living springs out of the flinty rock. But some would be disappointed if we forgot the mill-pond on which the village stands. It has been the scene of many adventures, and the center of much local history. Claudius Smith probably looked upon it. Washington's dragoons gave their horses drink from it. One of the old men of the village fell in while getting ice. An-

other, showing how he did it, repeated the immersion. A facetious citizen floated a decoy duck out on the water and drew the fire of the sportsman. It was probably the 1st of April. Once the frogs bred in such quantities that they spread over the whole country like the plague in Egypt. Once the dam gave way, affording the boys a grand fishing holiday. What a carnival the ice would present in winter, and what pleasure in rowing and swimming in summer! No landmark of old Monroe is as dear as the old mill-pond. One of the clergy gave it the romantic name of "the Turtle's Delight."

It may interest to state that it was a favorite saying that with the freezing of the mill-pond canal navigation closed; with the freezing of Round Pond the North River froze to Newburg; but not till Long Pond froze did the river close below Newburg.

"As the mountains were round about Jerusalem," so are the mountains round about Monroe. On the east are the Highlands, like the mountains of Moab, seen whenever its citizens look toward sunrise. Ten miles of rock ridges, with many a peak, defend them on that side. Only one or two passes give access in that direction—one over Bull Hill, the other up to the Stockbridge Hotel. Either of these could easily be defended against an enemy. On the south are Forshee Hill and the Southfield Mountains. On the west, the Belvale Mountains and Sugarloaf, standing like a sentinel, overlooking the valley below. Schunemunk guards the northwest. It has a bastion on the eastern corner. High Point is a weather signal-tower to the observing. When it wears its night-cap late in the morning, it indicates falling weather; when the cap is early doffed, it betokens a serene day. The

black rocks loom up from the mountain-top, and from their summit a wonderful scene presents itself. The eye sweeps the entire horizon, taking in the Catskills, Butter Hill, the Fishkill Hills, Bull and Pine Hills, Mount Bashan, Sugarloaf, Belvale and Goose Pond Mountains, with lakes, farms, mines, mills and villages galore. The Devil's Race-course lies on the northern slope of old Schunemunk, but the visitor needs none of his counsel or company, for he who climbs these steeps can find sweeter communion nearer to the heart of nature.

One other landmark is Bald Hill, very dear to us because at its foot we first hung the crane. Here we toiled and studied, and here the sunshine lingers in our memory longest and our children fell asleep. It is the Acropolis of the village. Here the Monroevian will make his last stand, if the Spaniard or any future foe should overrun the land. From a little pond at its base the bones of a mastodon were recently dug by the late Martin Konnight. The mammoth was once the monarch of the Ramapo, and probably these old hills and forests echoed with his roar. But he passed away like his successor, the Indian, and some day some strange race may be moralizing over the ruins of our grandeur.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RECENT OCCURRENCES.

SEVERAL disastrous fires have occurred from time to time, which have greatly affected both the appearance, business and very political status of the village of Monroe. While the burning of the shop of John Jenkins led to the erection of the first grout building, and the burning of the Boyce shops on the night of December 31, 1875, removed unsightly buildings and gave the Presbyterian manse a new barn, the fire that occurred on the night of November 2, 1873, led to still more important results. It broke out in the flour and feed store of Carpenter & Webb, spreading to adjoining buildings, which were replaced by better. On this occasion word was sent to the fire department of Goshen, to which a ready response was made and relief sent.

The difficulty in procuring water from wells for such an emergency opened the eyes of the citizens as to the need of a better water-supply. Public meetings were held, at which several propositions were made and discussed, one of which was to bring the water of Round Pond into the village. But the chief difficulty was that such a measure could not be carried out without incorporating. This excited strong opposition on the part of larger owners of real estate, and was soon abandoned.

On the night of March 17, 1895, another fire started not far from the former, and burned its way north and east to Lake and Main streets, consuming the stores of Messrs. Jacqmein, Reed, Bouton, and Welling, together with the large brick double store of the late C. B. Knight. This was built in 1849, and had just been refitted with plate-glass windows and other improvements. Thus this whole corner was swept away except the frame store of Mr. Eugene McGarrah.

But great as was the loss of property, it resulted in the public good. For not merely were handsome buildings erected in their place, but a public nuisance was gotten rid of, namely, the corner sometimes called Cape Horn. At the junction of Main and Lake streets was a sloping sidewalk where several accidents occurred. Here the wife of a citizen broke her thigh. One of the clergy was passing when it was slippery, and some wag exclaimed: "The wicked stand in slippery places." He quickly responded, "Yes, you may; but I cannot." Another of the cloth was passing when an urchin came out of the brick store with a jug of molasses. The boy's feet slipped, and the jug was broken. Between the molasses and the ice the dominie caught a fall that added long-remembered sweetness to his cup.

Then the public road encroached on the property of the railroad, and when the corner was rebuilt the company required the owners to draw the sidewalk many feet back, giving now a handsome frontage to the new stores.

The proposition to incorporate the village now began in earnest, having its origin in the necessity to provide better means to fight the destructive element fire. Accordingly, after some discussion a census of

the population was taken, and, still further, a survey of territory in the vicinage, made by Engineer Frederick J. Knight. A population of 781 was found residing on the area contemplated. This was in May, 1894.

The general boundary chosen is a line drawn from the farm of Gilbert Smith to the farm of Franklin Mapes, thence to Seamanville, including the old burying-ground, the Forshee and Wm. V. Mapes farms, and around the John Knight farm to the point of beginning. The territory is one mile and 263 thousandths of a mile square. At a public meeting held July 31, 1894, a vote was taken, and 111 were found in favor and 45 opposed to the measure. Upon this decision the necessary steps were taken towards incorporation.

The village election was held August 21, 1894. Henry Mapes was chosen President; J. Lester Gregory, Treasurer; Frank Griffen, Collector; Gilbert Carpenter, Henry Morehouse and George R. Conklin, Trustees. August 28, 1894, the trustees organized a Board of Water Commissioners, with Gilbert Carpenter, President; G. R. Conklin, Secretary; Henry Mapes, Treasurer; Alexander Potter, of New York, Engineer-in-chief; Frederick J. Knight, of Monroe, Assistant.

Under the direction of this board, the water of Mombasha Lake was brought to supply this village.

The water-works were built, and the water was turned into the main October 10, 1895. The fall is 245 feet at the railroad station. One foot in Mombasha gives 108,000,000 gallons. Consumption first year, 17,000,000 gallons.

The following lines were composed by the Honor-

able A. B. Hulse, suggested by the completion of the system of water-works bringing the water of Mombasha Lake to Monroe, and published originally in the "Independent Republican":

All hail, all hail, this glorious day!
Mombasha's here, she's come to stay;
Beneath, above, around Monroe
Her pure and crystal waters flow.

Her misty sprays and dashing streams
Are sparkling in the bright sunbeams,
While silently, unseen, below
Her mighty currents throb and flow.

As Moses with his wondrous rod
Smote Horeb's rock before his God,
So did our Village Fathers smite
With rods of steel and dynamite
The rocks that bound Mombasha's shores,
And brought her waters to our doors.

We'll drink none but thy waters pure,
Then longer will our years endure;
In founts drawn from thy waters, too,
We'll bathe, and thus our youth renew.

Our lawns no longer will be seen
Dry, crisped, but dressed in living green.
Like gems of emerald they'll appear,
And beauty fill our heart with cheer.

The fire-fiend, most dreaded foe,
Who, when least looked for, strikes his blow,
Is ever hanging o'er our head —
A constant fear, a constant dread.

At noon, midday, at night's dark hour,
Will here be broken in his power.
He'll have to beat a quick retreat,
And lay his sceptre at her feet.

How many, many blessings more
Mombasha still may have in store,
I cannot tell; I only know
She'll shower them all upon Monroe.

Now let us all our glasses fill
With Basha's water with right good-will;
In union drink with one accord
The good health of our Village Board.

We know the path you had to tread,
No roses lined the way it led;
But toil, anxiety and care
In measure full you had to bear.

Now, here's to you and your good health;
May you be blessed with more than wealth.
Here's to the triumphs you have won.
God bless you all! Well done, well done!

—Homo.

Mombasha Lake is three miles from Monroe village and two hundred and forty-nine feet above the level where the Erie Railroad crosses Main street. Its waters are extremely pure and crystal-like, and contain the slightest trace of iron,—not enough to affect the taste, but just enough to render them wholesome and health-giving.

The village election of March, 1898, resulted in the choice of Ananias B. Hulse, President; Theodore Clark and Sanford S. Lewis, Trustees; Henry Mapes, Treasurer; Ezra Welling, Collector; Edward H. Seaman, Police Justice.

By ordinance the names of the streets of the village have been changed and finally fixed. Among them are such historic ones as Ramapo and Schunemunk. But the climax was reached when one on the outskirts was called Freeland street,—for what

reason we cannot divine, except that fifty years ago it was full of snow-banks and "thank-'e-ma'ams," and, like its namesake, there was room for improvement. For time, that stern old conjurer that wrinkles and furrows our faces, ofttimes takes the kinks out of roads, adorns the face of nature with vines and mosses, and has even made the Rotten Row of the city of London into the abode of aristocracy.

And now, as our task draws toward a conclusion, we may say it has been a pleasant one, truly a labor of love. While it has been a symposium, with the company of those who have gone before and left their footsteps on the sands of time, we have had before us the present generation, especially the youth of Monroe; seeking to impress upon them the lessons which the noble history of their town, the folk-lore, and the natural advantages of its situation have for them. If they will look out on the superb mountain-girt plain, what a field there is for growth! But let them eliminate from it everything that would put the bar sinister upon its fair escutcheon. While loving their native hills with all a Switzer's patriotism, let them climb to the mountain-tops and look to the wide, wide world beyond, and help with honest toil to solve some of its great problems of labor, liberty and fraternity. What the age wants are men of integrity, administering every trust conscientiously, "faithful in little, faithful in much." Pursuing the good of man and the glory of God, we bid adieu to our readers with a few lines found in our portfolio:

Where the Highlands plant their feet,
  On the clover plains below,
Nestles a hamlet neat—
  The village of Monroe.

What time the sunlight gleams
On silvery Ramapo
Reflected in her streams
Is picturesque Monroe.

Beside the long-drawn street
The graceful maples grow,
And lights and shadows meet
On our pathway in Monroe.

The anvil doth resound;
The mill-wheel echoes low;
And wheels of industry spin round
In wide-awake Monroe.

By academic walks
The children come and go;
By fireside list the talks
Of old folks in Monroe.

Her church bells sound the lay,
That young and old may know
The life, the truth, the way
To the hills beyond Monroe.

On her with lavish hand
May Heaven brave gifts bestow,
And choicest benison command
On the good folks of Monroe!

—Nil.

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